

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV.

JANUARY, 1888.

NO. 3.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.



BAPTISM OF CHRIST. (FROM CRYPT OF LUCINA. ACCORDING TO ROSSI AND ROLLER.)

AMONG the many objects of interest which claim the attention of visitors to Rome are the Catacombs, or subterranean cemeteries of the early Christians, outside of the city walls. They attract alike the archæologist, the historian, and the theologian. It is now more than fourteen hundred years since the celebrated scholar and monk, St. Jerome, the translator of the Latin Bible, then a student at Rome, used to visit that vast necropolis with his friends on Sundays to quicken his devotion by the sight of the tombs of martyrs and confessors from the times of persecution. "There," he says, "in subterranean depths the visitor passes to and fro between the bodies of those that are buried on both sides of the galleries, and where all is so dark that the prophecy is fulfilled, 'The living go down into Hades.' Here and there a ray from above, not falling in through a window, but only pressing in through a crevice, softens the gloom. As you go onward, it fades away, and

in the darkness of night which surrounds you that verse of Vergil comes to your mind :

"'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent'
(Horror on every side, and terrible even the silence)."

The same impression is made in our days, only the darkness is deeper and the tombs are emptied of their treasures ; yet the air is filled with the associations of the past when heathen Rome and Christian Rome were engaged in deadly conflict which ended in the triumph of the cross.

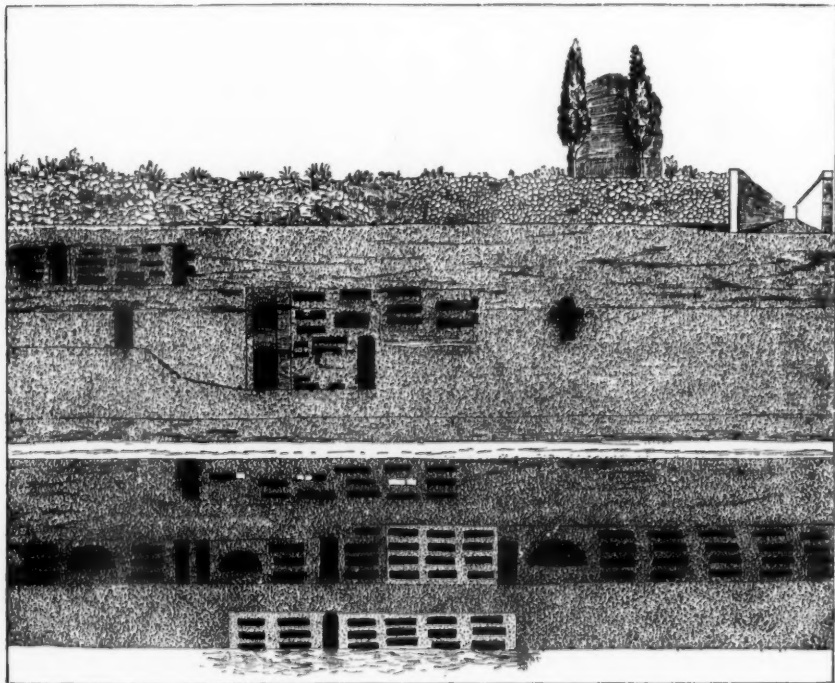
Not many years after the days of Jerome, who died at Bethlehem in 420, the Catacombs were virtually closed and disappeared from the memory of the Christian world. The barbarian invasions of Alaric, Genseric, Ricimer, Vitiges, Totila, and the Lombards turned the Eternal City again and again into a heap of ruins and destroyed many valuable treasures of classical and Christian art. The pious barbarism of relic-hunters robbed the graves of martyrs and saints, real and imaginary, of their bones and ornaments and transferred them to the Pantheon and churches and chapels for more convenient worship. Cart-loads of relics were sold to credulous and superstitious foreigners.

In the year 1578 they were unexpectedly brought to light again, and created as great an interest in the Christian world as the discovery of long-lost Pompeii and Herculaneum in the eighteenth, and the discovery of Nineveh and Babylon, Mycenæ and Troy, in the nineteenth century. Some laborers in a vineyard on the Via Salaria, digging *pozzolana*, came upon an old subterranean cemetery ornamented with fresco paintings, sculptured sarcophagi, and Greek and Latin inscriptions. "On that day," says De' Rossi, "was born the name and the knowledge of *Roma Sotterranea*." A new chapter of ancient church history was opened,

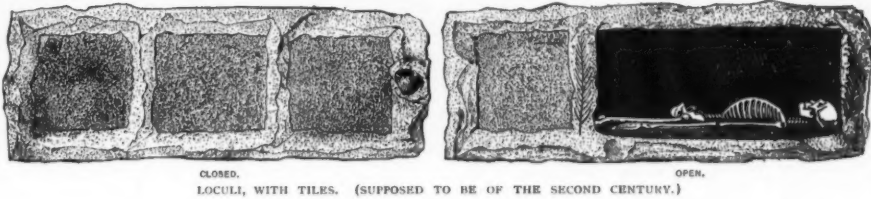
full of instruction about the domestic and social life, the manners and customs of the early Christians, and their religious views in the face of death and eternity. But it was only in our generation that the Catacombs were thoroughly explored and made the subject of systematic and scientific research, free from dogmatic and sectarian prejudices. The acknowledged pioneer in this department of antiquarian knowledge is the still living Cavalier John Baptist de' Rossi of Rome. His monumental Italian work, "*Roma Sotterranea*" (Rome, 1864-77, 3 vols.), richly illustrated, and his periodical, "*Bulletino di Archeologia Christiana*," are the chief sources from which Allard, Northcote and Brownlow, Marriott, Kraus, Lundy, Withrow, and others have drawn the material for their more popular works. Next to De' Rossi must be mentioned John Henry Parker, who in the twelfth part of his "*Archæology of Rome*" (Oxford and London, 1877) discusses the Catacombs, and Théophile Roller, a French Protestant pastor who devoted years of study to the same subject and embodied the results of his researches in two large and richly illustrated folio volumes, "*Les Catacombes de Rome*" (Paris, 1879-81).

For a long time false opinions were entertained which have been dispelled by modern research. The Catacombs were supposed to be forsaken sandpits and stone-quarries, excavated by the heathen and occasionally used as receptacles for the corpses of slaves and criminals. But it is now ascertained from the difference of soil, which is not at all adapted for building material, and the mode of construction, that they are of *Christian* origin and were intended from the beginning for burial-places. Another error, that they were places of refuge from heathen persecution, has likewise been abandoned. The immense labor required for their construction could not possibly have escaped the notice of the Roman police; and the heathen persecutor, by simply closing the access, could have easily smothered the Christians by thousands if they had taken refuge in those dark and narrow passages. In spite of the knowledge gained on the subject within the last twenty years, these errors are still repeated in popular books, and even in Dr. Killen's "*Ancient Church*," republished in New York, 1883.

The Catacombs, on the contrary, owe their origin to Roman *toleration*. The imperial government protected by law the burial



A SECTION OF THE CATACOMBS SHOWING SEVERAL STORIES OF TOMBS.



clubs, composed mostly of poor people who by regular contributions secured decent interment for their relatives and friends. The Romans were not savages, but civilized men, and respect for the dead is an instinct of human nature — "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

The Catacombs, then, were excavated by the early Christians for the express and sole purpose of burying their dead. The hope of the resurrection of the body made them averse to the custom of cremation then prevailing among the Greeks and the Romans. They adhered to the older Jewish custom of burying the dead in rock-hewn tombs and galleries. Hence the close resemblance of Jewish and Christian cemeteries in Rome. After Constantine, when the Christians could afford to buy and hold land and could bury their dead without fear of disturbance, they located their cemeteries above-ground around their churches and chapels.

in life and in death. The little oratories with altars and episcopal choirs cut in the tufa are probably of later construction, and could accommodate only a few persons at a time. They were suited for funeral services and private devotion, but not for public worship.

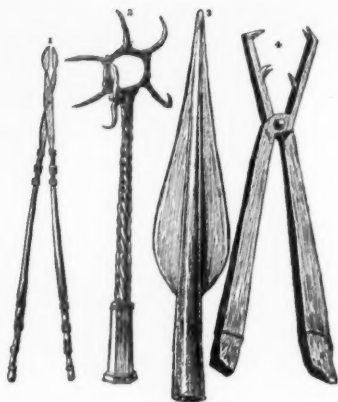
The cemetery of Domitilla (named in the fourth century Sts. Petronilla, Nerei, et Achillei) is on the Via Ardeatina, and its origin is traced back to Flavia Domitilla, granddaughter or great-granddaughter of Vespasian. She was banished by Domitian (about A. D. 95) to the island of Pontia for professing Christ. Her chamberlains (*eunuchi cubicularii*), Nereus and Achilleus, according to an uncertain tradition, were baptized by St. Peter, suffered martyrdom, and were buried in a farm belonging to their mistress. In another part of this cemetery De' Rossi discovered the broken columns of a subterranean chapel and a small chamber with a fresco on the

DESCRIPTION OF THE CATACOMBS.

The Roman Catacombs are long and narrow passages or cross-galleries, excavated in the bowels of the earth in the hills outside and around the city, for the burial of the dead. They are dark and gloomy, with only an occasional ray of light from above. The galleries have two or more stories, all filled with tombs, and form an intricate net-work or subterranean labyrinth. Small compartments (*loculi*) for the reception of the dead were cut out like shelves in the perpendicular walls, and rectangular chambers (*cubicula*) for families or distinguished martyrs. They were closed with a slab of marble or tile. The more wealthy were laid in sarcophagi. The ceiling is flat, sometimes slightly arched. Space was economized so as to leave room usually only for a single person, the average width of the passages being two and one-half to three feet. This economy may be traced to the poverty of the early Christians, and also to their strong sense of community



ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS.



TOOLS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS.

wall, which represents an elderly matron named "Veneranda," and a young lady, called in the inscription "Petronilla martyr," and pointing to the Holy Scriptures in a chest by her side as the proofs of her faith. The former apparently introduces the latter into Paradise. The name naturally suggests the legendary daughter of St. Peter. But Roman divines, reluctant to admit that the first pope had any children (though his marriage is beyond a doubt, from the record of the Gospels which mention his mother-in-law), understand Petronilla to be a spiritual daughter, as Mark was a spiritual son, of the apostle (1 Pet. v. 13), and make her the daughter of some Roman Petronius or Petro connected with the family of Domitilla.

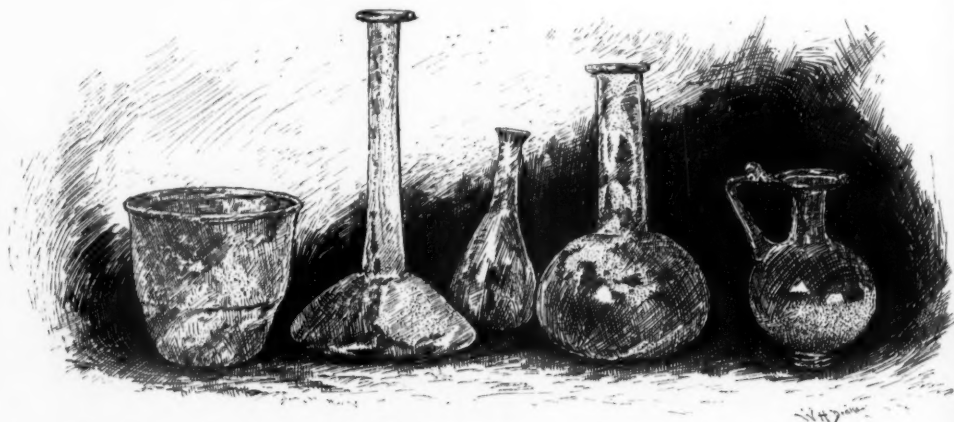
Other ancient Catacombs are those of Prætextatus, Priscilla (St. Silvestri and St. Marcelli), Basilla (Sts. Hermetis, Basillæ, Proti, et Hya-

cinthi), Maximus, St. Hippolytus, St. Laurentius, St. Peter and Marcellinus, St. Agnes, and the Ostrinum, ad Nymphas St. Petri, or Fons St. Petri (where Peter is said to have baptized from a natural well). De' Rossi gives a list of forty-two greater or lesser cemeteries, including isolated tombs of martyrs, in and near Rome, which date from the first four centuries, and are mentioned in ancient records.

THE FURNITURE.

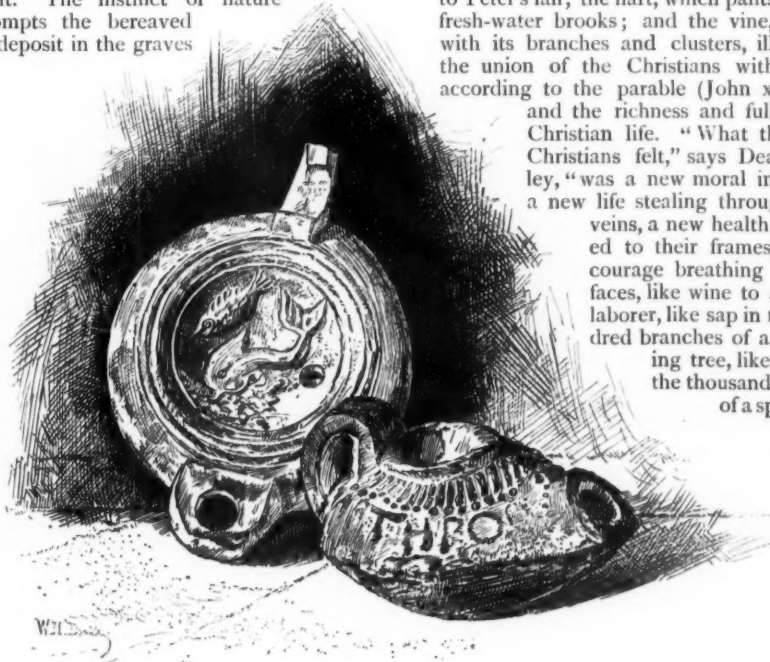
THE furniture of the Catacombs is instructive and interesting, but most of it has been removed to churches and museums, and must be studied outside. Articles of ornament, rings, seals, bracelets, necklaces, mirrors, tooth-picks, ear-picks, buckles, brooches, rare coins, innumerable lamps of clay (*terra cotta*) or of bronze (even of silver and amber), all sorts of tools, and, in the case of children, a variety of playthings were inclosed with the dead. Many of these articles are carved with the monogram of Christ or with other Christian symbols. (The lamps in Jewish cemeteries generally bear a picture of the golden candlestick.)

A great number of flasks and cups, with or without ornamentation, are also found, mostly outside of the graves, and fastened to the grave-lids. These were formerly supposed to have been receptacles for tears, or, from the red, dried sediment in them, for the blood of martyrs. But later archaeologists consider them drinking-vessels used in the *agapæ* and oblations. A superstitious habit prevailed in the fourth century, although condemned by a council of Carthage (397), to give to the dead the eucharistic wine, or to put a cup with the consecrated wine into the grave.



GLASS FLASKS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS. (FROM THE ORIGINALS IN POSSESSION OF GASTON L. FEUARDENT, ESQ.)

The instruments of torture which the fertile imagination of credulous people had discovered, and which were made to prove that almost every Christian buried in the Catacombs was a martyr, are simply implements of handicraft. The instinct of nature prompts the bereaved to deposit in the graves



LAMPS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS. (FROM THE ORIGINALS IN POSSESSION OF GASTON L. FEUARDENT, ESQ.)

of their kindred and friends those things which were constantly used by them. The idea prevailed also, to a large extent, that the future life was a continuation of the occupations and amusements of the present, but free from sin and imperfection.

On opening the graves the skeleton frequently appears even now very well preserved, sometimes in dazzling whiteness, as covered with a glistening glory, but falls into dust at the touch.

SYMBOLS.

The following symbols, borrowed from the Scriptures, were frequently represented in the Catacombs, and relate to the virtues and duties of the Christian life: the dove, with or without the olive branch, the type of simplicity and innocence; the ship, representing sometimes the Church as safely sailing through the flood of corruption, with reference to Noah's Ark, sometimes the individual soul on its voyage to the heavenly home under the conduct of the storm-controlling Saviour; the palm-

branch, which the seer of the Apocalypse puts into the hands of the elect as the sign of victory; the anchor, the figure of hope; the lyre, denoting festal joy, sweet harmony; the cock, an admonition to watchfulness, with reference to Peter's fall; the hart, which pants for the fresh-water brooks; and the vine, which, with its branches and clusters, illustrates the union of the Christians with Christ according to the parable (John xv. 1-6), and the richness and fullness of Christian life. "What the early Christians felt," says Dean Stanley, "was a new moral influence, a new life stealing through their veins, a new health imparted to their frames, a new courage breathing in their faces, like wine to a weary laborer, like sap in the hundred branches of a spreading tree, like juice in the thousand clusters of a spreading vine."

THE FISH.

THE most favorite symbol in the Catacombs is the fish. This can only be properly understood from the Greek word for fish, which is *ΙΧΘΥΣ* (*ichthys*). This is a pregnant anagram containing the initial letters of the words: *Ι-ησοῦς Χ-ριστὸς Θ-εοῦ Υ-ιὸς Σ-ωτὴρ* — i.e., Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. The fish, therefore, was an allegorical designation of Christ in his character (the Son of God) and his mission (the salvation of the world).

At the same time, the fish was also the symbol of the Christian saved by the great Fisher of Men from the sea of the world. It thus combined the ideas of the Redeemer and the redeemed. It reminded the Christian also of the water of baptism, with its regenerating effect upon the soul. Tertullian says: "We little fishes (*pisciculi*) are born by our fish (*secundum Ichthyn nostrum*), Jesus Christ, in water, and can thrive only by continuing in water" (that is, if we are faithful to our baptismal vows).

In some pictures the mysterious fish is swim-



JONAH CAST INTO THE SEA. (POSSIBLY FROM THE CRYPT OF CALLISTUS.)

ming in the water with a plate of bread and a cup of wine on his back, with evident allusion to the Lord's Supper.

The oldest Ichthys monument, so far as known, was discovered in 1865, in the cemetery of Domitilla, a hitherto inaccessible part of the Roman Catacombs, and is traced by De' Rossi to the first century.

The symbol of the fish continued to be used till the middle of the fourth century. After this date it occurs only occasionally, as a reminiscence of olden times.

PICTURES.

THE most important remains of the Catacombs are the pictures, sculptures, and epigraphs.

The pictures are painted on the wall and ceil-



MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK. (FROM CATACOMBS OF ST. SATURNINUS. END OF THIRD CENTURY.)

ing, and represent Christian symbols, scenes of Bible history, and allegorical conceptions of the Saviour. A few are in pure classic style, and betray an early origin, when Greek art still flourished in Rome; but most of them belong to the period of decay. Prominence is given to pictures of the Good Shepherd and those biblical stories which exhibit the conquest of

faith and the hope of the resurrection, as Jonah and the whale, Moses smiting the rock, Daniel in the lions' den, and the resurrection of Lazarus. The mixed character of some of the Christian frescoes may be explained partly from the employment of heathen artists by Christian patrons, partly from old reminiscences. The Etrurians and the Greeks were in the habit of painting their tombs, and Christian Greeks early saw the value of pictorial language as a means of instruction. In technical skill the Christian art is inferior to the heathen, but its subjects are higher and its meaning is deeper.

The two most interesting pictures are those of the Good Shepherd and of Orpheus, which express those aspects of our Saviour which afforded most comfort to the early Christians. They combine the nobler reminiscences of heathenism with the new religion and make them subservient to Christian ideas.

The allegorical representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd is found not only in the Catacombs but also on household furniture, rings, cups, and lamps. Nearly one hundred and fifty such pictures have come down to us. The shepherd, an appropriate symbol of Christ, is usually represented as a handsome, beardless, gentle youth, in light costume, with a girdle and sandals, with the flute and pastoral staff, carrying a lamb on his shoulder, and standing between two or more sheep that look confidently up to him. Sometimes he feeds a large flock in green pastures. If this was the popular conception of Christ, it stood in contrast with the contemporaneous theological idea of the homely appearance of the Saviour, and anticipated the post-Constantinian conception.

The picture of Orpheus is found twice in the cemetery of Domitilla, and once in that of Callistus. One on the ceiling in Domitilla, apparently from the second century, is especially rich. It represents the mysterious singer,



AGAPÉ OR LOVE-FEAST. (FROM CRYPT OF CALLISTUS. THIRD CENTURY.)



RESTORATION OF SAME.

seated in the center on a piece of rock, playing on the lyre his enchanting melodies to wild and tame animals—the lion, the wolf, the serpent, the horse, the ram—at his feet and the birds in the trees. Around the central figure are several biblical scenes,—Moses smiting the rock, David aiming the sling at Goliath, Daniel among the lions, the raising of Lazarus. The heathen Orpheus—the reputed author of monotheistic hymns (the *Orphica*), the center of so many mysteries, the fabulous charmer of all creation—appears here either as a symbol and type of Christ himself, or, like the heathen Sibyl, as an antitype and unconscious prophet of Christ, announc-

ing and foreshadowing him as the conqueror of all the forces of nature, as the harmonizer of all discords, and as the ruler over life and death.

THE SACRAMENTS.

Two sacraments are represented, the Lord's Supper and Baptism. The Lord's Supper was first celebrated in connection with the Agapæ or Love-Feast, in imitation of the Jewish Passover. A picture in the Catacombs exhibits the Saviour in the midst of the disciples reclining around the table, instituting the Holy Communion.

Of baptism there are several pictures. The catechumen stands in water or rises out of the water, while the baptizer stands on the shore, completing the act or helping the baptized. River baptism, or, as the "Teaching of the Apostles" has it, baptism "in living (running) water, was the favorite mode in the first three centuries, in imitation of Christ's baptism in the Jordan. In the age of Constantine special baptisteries were built."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (FROM CRYPT OF LUCINA.)



ORPHEUS.

THE PRAYING WOMAN.

A woman in praying posture frequently appears on the walls of the Catacombs. Roman Catholic

archæologists see in that figure the earliest representation of the Virgin Mary praying for sinners; others interpret it as the mother church, or as both combined.

THE SCULPTURES.

THE works of sculpture are mostly found on sarcophagi. Many of them are collected in the Lateran Museum. Few of them date from the ante-Nicene age. They represent in relief the same subjects as the wall-pictures, so far as they could be worked in stone or marble, especially the resurrection of Lazarus, Daniel among the lions, Moses smiting the rock, and the sacrifice of Isaac.

Among the oldest Christian sarcophagi are those of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine (d. 328), and of Constantia, his daughter (d. 354), both of red porphyry, and preserved in the Vatican Museum. The sculpture on the former probably represents the triumphal entry of Constantine into Rome after his victory over Maxentius; the sculpture on the latter, the cultivation of the vine, probably has a symbolical meaning.

The richest and finest of all the Christian sarcophagi is that of Junius Bassus, Prefect of Rome A. D. 359, and five times consul, in the crypt of St. Peter's in the Vatican. It was found in the Vatican cemetery (1595). It is made of Parian marble in Corinthian style. The subjects represented in the upper part are the sacrifice of Abraham, the capture of St. Peter, Christ seated between Peter and Paul, the capture of Christ, and Pilate washing his



BAPTISM OF A BOY.
(CRYPT ATTRIBUTED TO POPE CALIXTUS.)

hands; in the lower part are the temptation of Adam and Eve, the suffering of Job, Christ's

entrance into Jerusalem, Daniel among the lions, and the capture of St. Paul.

EPITAPHS.

"Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter."

To perpetuate, by means of sepulchral inscriptions, the memory of relatives and friends, and to record the sentiments of love and esteem, of grief and hope, in the face of death and eternity, is a custom common to all civilized ages and nations. These epitaphs are limited by space, and often provoke rather than satisfy curiosity, but contain, nevertheless, in poetry or prose, a vast amount of biographical and historical information. Many a graveyard is a broken record of the church to which it belongs.

The Catacombs abound in such monumental inscriptions, Greek and Latin, or strangely mixed (Latin words in Greek characters), often rudely written, badly spelt, mutilated, and almost illegible, with and without symbolical figures. The classical languages were then in process of decay, like classical eloquence and art, and the great majority of Christians were poor and illiterate people. One name only is given in the earlier epitaphs; sometimes the age, and the day of burial, but not the date of birth.

More than fifteen thousand epitaphs from the first six centuries in Rome alone have been collected, classified, and explained by De' Rossi, and their number is constantly increasing. Benedict XIV. founded, in 1750, a Christian museum, and devoted a hall in the Vatican to the collection of ancient sarcophagi. Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. patronized it. In this lapidarian gallery the costly pagan and the simple Christian inscriptions and sarcophagi confront each other on opposite walls, and present a striking contrast. Another important collection is in the Kircherian Museum, in the Roman College; another in the Christian Museum of the University of Berlin. The entire field of ancient epigraphy, heathen and Christian, in Italy and other countries, has been made accessible by the industry and learning of Gruter, Muratori, Marchi, De' Rossi, Le Blant, Böckh, Kirchhoff, Orelli, Mommsen, Henzen, Hübner, Waddington, and McCaul.

The most difficult part of this branch of archæology is the chronology (the oldest inscriptions being mostly undated). Their chief interest for the church historian is their religion, so far as it may be inferred from a few words.

The keynote of the Christian epitaphs, as

compared with the heathen, is struck by Paul in his words of comfort to the Thessalonians, that they should not sorrow like the heathen, who have no hope, but remember that, as Jesus rose from the dead, so God will raise them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus.

Hence, while the heathen epitaphs rarely express a belief in immortality, but often describe death as an eternal sleep, the grave as a final home, and are pervaded by a tone of sadness, the Christian epitaphs are hopeful and cheerful. The farewell on earth is followed by a welcome from heaven. Death is but a short sleep; the soul is with Christ and lives in God; the body waits for a joyful resurrection,—this is the sum and substance of the theology of Christian epitaphs. The symbol of Christ (*Ichthys*) is often placed at the beginning or end to show the ground of this hope. Again and again we find the brief but significant words: "In peace." "He [or "she"] sleeps in peace." "Live in God" [or "in Christ"]. "Live forever." "He rests well." "God quicken thy spirit." "Weep not, my child; death is not eternal." "Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in the tomb." "Here Gordian, the courier from Gaul, strangled for the faith, with his whole family, rests in peace. The maid servant, Theophila, erected this."

At the same time, stereotyped heathen epitaphs continued to be used (but of course not in a polytheistic sense), as, "Sacred to the funeral gods" [or "to the departed spirits"]. The laudatory epithets of heathen epitaphs are rare, but simple terms of natural affection very frequent, as, "My sweetest child"; "Innocent little lamb"; "My dearest husband"; "My dearest wife"; "My innocent dove"; "My well-deserving father" [or "mother"]; A. and B. "lived together" [for 15, 20, 30, 50, or even 60 years] "without any complaint or quarrel, without taking or giving offense." Such commemoration of conjugal happiness, and commendations of female virtues, as modesty, chastity, prudence, diligence, frequently occur also on pagan monuments, and prove that there were many exceptions to the corruption of Roman society as painted by Juvenal and the satirists.

Some epitaphs contain a request to the dead in heaven to pray for the living on earth. At

a later period we find requests for intercession in behalf of the departed when once, chiefly through the influence of Pope Gregory I., Purgatory became an article of general belief in the Western church. But the overwhelming



ONE OF THE ORANTES, OR PRAYING FIGURES. (FROM ST. SATURNINUS. ABOUT END OF THIRD, OR BEGINNING OF FOURTH, CENTURY.)

testimony of the oldest Christian epitaphs is that the pious dead are already in the enjoyment of peace; and this accords with the Saviour's promise to the penitent thief, and with St. Paul's desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Take but this example: "Prima, thou livest in the glory of God, and in the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Philip Schaff.

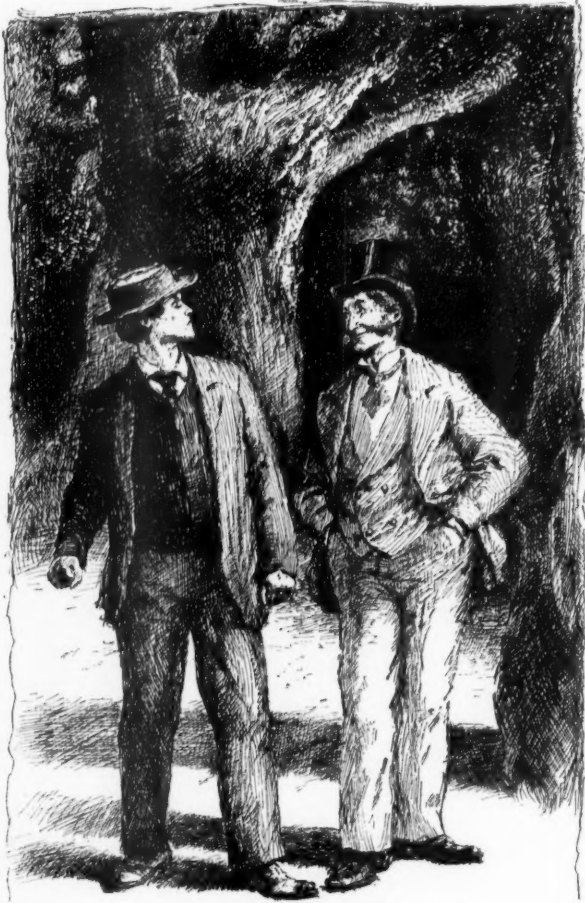
[The illustrations in this article, with the exception of the flasks and lamps, are copied from "The Catacombs of Rome," by Théophile Roller, by permission of the publishers, V. A. Morel & Co., Paris.]

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.



CLAUDE AND MR. TARBOX.

IX.

NOT BLUE EYES, NOR YELLOW HAIR.

WHEN the St. Pierres found themselves really left with only each other's faces to look into and the unbounded world around them, it was the father who first spoke.

"Well, Claude, where you t'ink better go?"

There had been a long, silent struggle in

both men's minds; and now Claude heard with joy this question asked in English. To ask it in their old Acadian tongue would have meant retreat; this meant advance. Yet he knew his father yearned for Bayou des Acadie. Nay, not his father; only one large part of his father's nature,—the old, French, home-loving part.

What should Claude answer? Grande Pointe? Even for St. Pierre alone that was impossible. "Can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb?" No; the thatched cabin stood there—stands there now; but be he happy or unhappy, no power can ever make St. Pierre small enough again to go back into that shell. Let it stand, the lair of one of whom you may have heard, who has retreated straight backward from Grande Pointe and from advancing enlightenment and order—the village drunkard Chatoué.

Claude's trouble, then, was not that his father's happiness beckoned in one direction and his in another; but that his father's was linked on behind his. Could the father endure the atmosphere demanded by the son's widening power? Could the second nature of lifetime

habits bear the change? Of his higher spirit there was no doubt. Neither father nor son had any conception of happiness separate from noble aggrandizement—nay, that is scant justice. Far more than they knew, or than St. Pierre, at least, would have acknowledged, they had caught the spirit of Bonaventure, to call it by no higher name, and saw that the best life for self is to live the best possible for others. "For all others,"

* Copyright, 1887, by George W. Cable. All rights reserved.

Bonaventure would have insisted; but "for Claude," St. Pierre would have amended. They could not return to Grande Pointe.

Where, then, should they go? Claude stood with his arms akimbo, looked into his father's face, tried to hide his perplexity under a smile, and then glanced at their little pile of effects. There lay their fire-arms, the same as ever; but the bundles in Madras handkerchiefs had given place to traveling-bags, and instead of pots and pans, here were books and instruments. What reply did these things make? New Orleans? The great city? Even Claude shrank from that thought.

No, it was the name of a quite different place they spoke; a name that Claude's lips dared not speak, because, for lo! these months and months his heart had spoken it,—spoken it at first in so soft a whisper that for a long time he had not known it was his heart he heard. When something within uttered and reiterated the place's name, he would silently explain to himself, "It is because I am from home. It is this unfixed camp-life, this life without my father, without Bonaventure, that does it. This is not love, of course; I know that; for, in the first place, I was in love once, when I was fourteen, and it was not at all like this; and, in the second place, it would be hopeless presumption in me, muddy-booted vagabond that I am; and, in the third place, a burnt child dreads fire. And so, it cannot be love. When papa and I are once more together, this unaccountable longing will cease."

But, instead of ceasing, it had grown. The name of the place was still the only word the heart would venture, but it meant always one pair of eyes, one young face, one form, one voice. Still it was not love—oh, no! Now and then the hospitality of some plantation-house near the camp was offered to the engineers, and sometimes, just to prove that this thing was not love, he would accept such an invitation, and even meet a pretty maiden or two, and ask them for music and song—for which he had well-nigh a passion—and talk enough to answer their questions and conjectures about a surveyor's life, etc.; but when he got back to camp, matters within his breast were rather worse than better.

He had then tried staying in camp, but without benefit; nothing cured, everything aggravated. Yet he knew so perfectly well that he was not in love, that, just to realize the knowledge, one evening when his father was a day's march ahead and he was having a pleasant chat with the "chief," no one else nigh, and they were dawdling away its closing hour with pipes, metaphysics, psychology, and like trifles,—which Claude, of course, knew all

about,—Claude told him of this singular and amusing case of haunting fantasy in his own experience. His hearer had shown even more amusement than he, and had gone on smiling every now and then afterward, with a significance that at length drove Claude to bed disgusted with him and still more with himself. There had been one offsetting comfort—an unintentional implication had somehow slipped in between his words, that the haunting fantasy had blue eyes and yellow hair.

"All right," the angry youth had muttered, tossing on his iron couch, "let him think so!" And then he had tossed again and said below his breath, "It is not love; it is not. But I must never answer its call; if I do, love is what it will be. My father, my father! would that I could give my whole heart to thee as thou givest all to me!" God has written on every side of our nature—on the mind, on the soul, yes, and in our very flesh—the interdict forbidding love to have any one direction only, under penalty of being forever dwarfed. This Claude vaguely felt; but, lacking the clear thought, he could only cry, "Oh, is it, *is it* selfishness for one's heart just to be hungry and thirsty?"

And now here sat his father, on all their worldly goods, his rifle between his knees, waiting for his son's choice and ready to make it his own. And here stood the son, free of foot to follow that voice which was calling to-day louder than ever before, but feeling assured that to follow it meant love without hope for him, and for this dear father the pain of yielding up the larger share of his son's heart—as if love were subject to arithmetic!—yielding it to one who, thought Claude, cared less for both of them than for one tress of her black hair—one lash of her dark eyes. While he still pondered, the father spoke.

"Claude, I tell you!" His face lighted up with courage and ambition. "We better go—Mervillionville!"

Claude's heart leaped; but he kept his countenance. "Vermillionville? No, papa; you will not like Vermillionville."

"Yass! I will like him. 'T is good place! Bonaventure come from yondah. When I was leav' Gran' Point', Bonaventure, he cry, you know, like I tole you. He tell Sidonie hebringin' ed'cation at Gran' Point' to make Gran' Point' more better, but now ed'cation drive bes' men 'way from Gran' Point'. And den he say, 'St. Pierre, may be you go Mervillionville; dat make me glad,' he say; 'dat way,' he say, 'what I rob Peter I pay John.' Where we go if dawn't go Mervillionville? St. Martinville, Opelousas, New Iberia? Too many Creole yondah for me. Can't go to city; city too big to live in. Why you dawn't like Mervillionville? You

write me letter, when you was yondah, you like him fus' class!"

Claude let silence speak consent. He stooped and began to load himself with their joint property. He had had, in his life, several sorts of trouble of mind; only just now at twenty was he making the acquaintance of his conscience. Vermillionville was the call that had been sounding within him all these months, and Marguerite was the haunting fantasy.

X.

A STRONG TEAM.

I WOULD not wish to offend the self-regard of Vermillionville. But — what a place in which to seek enlargement of life! I know worth and greatness have sometimes, not to say oftentimes, emerged from much worse spots — from little lazy villages, noisy only on Sunday, with grimmer court-houses, deeper dust and mud, their trade more entirely in the hands of rat-faced Isaacs and Jacobs, with more frequent huge and solitary swine slowly scavenging about in abysmal self-occupation, fewer vine-clad cottages, raggeder negroes, and more decay. Vermillionville is not the worst, at all. I have known lives to be large and grow large there.

Hither came the two St. Pierres. "No," Claude said; "we will not go to the Beausoleil house." Privately, he would make himself believe he had not returned to anything named Beausoleil, but only and simply to Vermillionville. On a corner opposite the public square there was another "hotel," and it was no great matter to them if it was mostly pine-boards, pale wall-paper, and transferable whitewash. But, not to be outdone by its rival around the corner, it had, besides, a piano of a quality you may guess, and a landlady's daughter who seven times a day played and sang, "I want to be somebody's darling," and had no want beyond. The travelers turned thence, found a third house full, conjectured the same of the only remaining one, and took their way, after all, towards Zoséphine's. It was quite right, now, to go there, thought Claude, since destiny led; and so he let it lead both his own steps and the thumping boots of this dear figure in Campeachy hat and soft, untrimmed beard, that followed ever at his side.

Then, after all! — looking into those quiet black eyes of Zoséphine's, — to hear that Marguerite was not there! Gone! Gone to the great city, the place "too big to live in." Gone there for knowledge, training, cultivation, larger life, and finer uses! Gone to study an art; an art! Risen beyond him — Claude — like a star! And he fool enough to come rambling back, blue-shirted and brown-handed,

expecting to find her still a tavern maid! So, farewell, fantasy! 'Twas better so; much better. Now life was simplified. Oh, yes; and St. Pierre made matters better still by saying to Zoséphine:

"I di' n' know you got one li'l' gal. Claude never tell me 'bout dat. I 'spec' dat why he dawn't want come yeh. He dawn't like gal; he run f'om 'em like dog from yalla-jacket. He dawn't like none of 'm. What he like, dass his daddy. He jus' married to his daddy." The father dropped his hand, smilingly, upon his son's shoulder with a weight that would have crushed it in had it been ordinary cast-iron.

Claude took the hand and held it, while Zoséphine smiled and secretly thanked God that her child was away. In her letters to Marguerite she made no haste to mention the young man's reappearance, and presently a small thing occurred that made it well that she had left it untold.

With Claude and his father some days passed unemployed. Yet both felt them to be heavy with significance. The weight and pressure of new and, to them, large conditions were putting their inmost quality to proof. Claude saw now what he could not see before — why his friend, the engineer, had cast him loose without a word of advice as to where he should go or what he should do. It was because by asking no advice he had really purposed to be his own master. Now, could he do it? Dare he try it?

The first step he took was taken, I suppose, instinctively rather than intelligently; certainly it was perilous; he retreated into himself. St. Pierre found work afield, for of this sort there was plenty; the husbandmen's year, and the herders', too, were just gathering good momentum. But Claude now stood looking on empty-handed where other men were busy with agricultural utensils or machine; or now kept his room, whittling out the toy miniature of some apparatus, which when made was not like the one he had seen. At last a great distress began to fill the father's mind. There had been a time when he could be idle and whittle; but that time had gone by. That was at Grande Pointe, and now for his son — for Claude — to become a lounge in tavern quarters — Claude had not announced himself to Vermillionville as a surveyor, or as anything — Claude to be a hater of honest labor — was this what Bonaventure called civilize-ation? Better, surely better, go back to the old pastoral life. How yearningly it was calling them to its fragrant bosom! And almost everything was answering the call. The town was tricking out its neglected decay with great trailing robes of roses. The spade and the hoe

were busy in front flower-beds and rear kitchen-gardens. Lanes were green, skies blue, roads good. In the *bas fonds* the oaks of many kinds and the tupelo-gums were hiding all their gray in shimmering green; from their leafy covert, and in the reedy marshes, all the feathered flocks not gone away north were broken into nesting pairs; in the fields crops were springing almost at the sowers' heels; on the prairie pastures, once so vast, now being narrowed so fast by the people's thrift, the flocks and herds ate eagerly of the bright new grass, and foals, calves, and lambs stood and staggered on their first legs, while in the door-yards housewives, hens, and mother geese warned away the puppies and children from downy broods under the shade of the china-trees. But Claude? Even his books lay unstudied and his instruments gathered dust, while he potted over two or three little wooden things that a boy could not play with without breaking. At last St. Pierre could bear it no longer.

"Well, Claude, dass ten days han'-runnin' now, we ain't do nothin' but whittlin'."

Claude slowly pushed his model from him, looked, as one in a dream, into his father's face, and suddenly and for the first time saw what that father had suffered for a fortnight. But into his own face there came no distress; only, for a moment, a look of tender protestation, and then strong hope and confidence.

"Yass," he said, rising, "dass true. But we dawn't got whittle no mo'." He pointed to the model, then threw his strong arms akimbo and asked, "You know what is dat?"

"Naw," replied the father, "I dunno. I t'ink 't ain't no real mash-in * 'cause I dawn't never see nut'n' like dat at Belle Alliance plant-ation, neider at Belmont; and I know, me, if anybody got one mash-in, any place, for do anyt'in' mo' betteh or mo' quicker, Mister Wallece an' M'sieu Le Bourgeois dey boun' to 'ave 'em. Can't hitch nut'n' to dat t'ing you got dare. She too small for a rat. What she is, Claude?"

A yet stronger hope and courage lighted Claude's face. He laid one hand upon the table before him and the other upon the shoulder of his sitting companion.

"Papa, if you want to go wid me to de city, we make one big enough for two mule'. Dass a mash-in — a new mash-in — my mash-in — my invention!"

"Invench? What dat is — invench?"

Some one knocked on the door. Claude lifted the model, moved on tiptoe, and placed it softly under the bed. As he rose and turned again with reddened face, a card was slipped under the door. He took it and read, in a pencil scrawl, "State Superintendent of Public

* Machine.

Education" — looked at his father with a broad grin, and opened the door.

Mr. Tarbox had come at the right moment. There was a good hour and a half of the afternoon still left, and he and Claude took a walk together. Beyond a stile and a frail bridge that spanned a gully at one end of the town a noble avenue of oaks leads toward Vermillion River. On one side of this avenue the town has since begun to spread, but at that time there were only wide fields on the right hand and on the left. At the farther end a turn almost at right angles to the left takes you through a great gate and across the railway, then along a ruined hedge of roses, and presently into the oak-grove of the old ex-governor's homestead. This was their walk.

By the time they reached the stile Claude had learned that his friend was at the head of his line, and yet had determined to abandon that line for another —

"Far up the height —
Excelsior!"

Also that his friend had liked him, had watched him, would need him, and was willing then and there to assure him a modest salary, the amount of which he specified, simply to do whatever he might call upon him to do in his (Claude's) "line."

They were walking slowly, and now and then more slowly still. As they entered the avenue of oaks, Claude declined the offer. Then they went very slowly indeed. Claude learned that Mr. Tarbox, by some chance not explained, had been in company with his friend the engineer; that the engineer had said, "Tarbox, you're a born contractor," and that Claude and he would make a "strong team"; that Mr. Tarbox's favorite study was human nature; that he knew talent when he saw it; had studied Claude; had fully expected him to decline to be his employee, and liked him the better for so doing.

"That was just a kind of test vote; see?"

Then Mr. Tarbox offered Claude a partnership; not an equal one, but withal a fair interest.

"We've got to commence small and branch out gradually; see?" And Claude saw.

"Now, you wonder why I don't go in alone. Well, I'll tell you; and when I tell you, I'll astonish you. I lack education! Now, Claude, I'm taking you into my confidence. You've done nothing but go to school and study for about six years. I had a different kind of father from yours; I never got one solid year's schooling, all told, in my life. I've picked up cords of information; but an ounce of education 's worth a ton of information. Don't you believe that? Eh? It's so! I say it, and I'm

the author of the 'A. of U. I.' I like to call it that, because it brings you and I so near together; see?" The speaker smiled, was still, and resumed:

"That 's why I need you. And I 'm just as sure you need me. I need not only the education you have now, but what you 're getting every day. When you see me you see a man who is always looking awa-a-ay ahead. I see what you 're going to be, and I 'm making this offer to the Claude St. Pierre of the future."

Mr. Tarbox waited for a reply. The avenue had been passed, the railway crossed, and the hedge skirted. They loitered slowly into the governor's grove, under whose canopy the beams of the late afternoon sun were striking and glancing. But all their light seemed hardly so much as that which danced in the blue eyes of Mr. Tarbox while Claude slowly said:

"I dunno if we can fix dat. I was glad to see you comin'. I reckon you jus' right kind of man I want. I jus' make a new invention. I t'ink 'f you find dass good, dat be cawntrac' enough for right smart while. And beside', I t'ink I invent some mo' b'fo' long."

But Mr. Tarbox was not rash. He only asked quiet and careful questions for some time. The long sunset was sending its last rays across the grove-dotted land, and the birds in every tree were filling the air with their sunset song-burst, when the two friends reëntered the avenue of oaks. They had agreed to join their fortunes. Now their talk drifted upon other subjects.

"I came back to Vermillionville purposely to see you," said Mr. Tarbox. "But I 'll tell you privately, you was n't the only cause of my coming."

Claude looked at him suddenly. Was this another haunted man? Were there two men haunted and only one fantasy? He felt ill at ease. Mr. Tarbox saw, but did not understand. He thought it best to speak plainly.

"I 'm courting her, Claude; and I think I 'm going to get her."

Claude stopped short, with jaws set and a bad look in his eye.

"Git who?"

But Mr. Tarbox was calm — even complacent. He pushed his silk hat from his forehead, and said:

... "One made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon."

I refer to the Rose of Vermillionville, the Pearl of the Parish, the loveliest love and fairest fair that ever wore the shining name of Beausoleil. She 's got to change it to Tarbox, Claude. Before yon sun has run its course again, I 'm going to ask her for the second time. I 've

just begun asking, Claude; I 'm going to keep it up till she says yes."

"She 's not yondah!" snarled Claude, with the frown and growl of a mastiff. "She 's gone to de city."

Mr. Tarbox gazed a moment in blank amazement. Then he slowly lifted his hat from his head, expanded his eyes, drew a long slow groan, turned slowly half around, let the inhalation go in a keen, continuous whistle, and cried:

"Oh! taste! taste! who 's got the taste! What do you take me for? Who are you talking about? That little monkey! Why, man alive, it 's the mother I 'm after; ha, ha, ha!"

If Claude said anything in reply, I can not imagine what it was. Mr. Tarbox had a right to his opinion and taste, if taste it could be called, and Claude was helpless to resent it, even in words; but for hours afterward he execrated his offender's stupidity, little guessing that Mr. Tarbox, in a neighboring chamber, alone, and in his night-robe, was bending, smiting his thigh in silent merriment, and whispering to himself:

"He thinks I 'm an ass! He thinks I 'm an ass! He can't see that I was simply investigating him!"

XI.

HE ASKS HER AGAIN.

CLAUDE and his father left the next day — Saturday. Only the author of the "A. of U. I." knew whither they were gone. As they were going, he said very privately to Claude:

"I 'll be with you day after to-morrow. You can't be ready for me before then, and you and your father can take Sunday to look around and kind o' see the city. But don't go into the down-town part; you 'll not like it; nothing but narrow streets and old buildings with histories to 'em, and gardens hid away inside o' 'em, and damp archways, and pagan-looking females, who can't talk English, peeping out over balconies that offer to drop down on you and then don't keep their word; everything old-timey, and Frenchy, and Spanishy; unprogressive — you would n't like it. Go up-town. That 's American. It 's new and fresh. There you 'll find beautiful mansions; mostly frame, it 's true, but made to look like stone, you know. There you 'll see wealth! There you 'll get the broad daylight — 'the merry, merry sunshine, that makes the heart so gay'; see? Yes, and Monday we 'll meet at Jones's, 17 Tchoupitoulas street; all right; I 'll be on hand. But to-day and to-morrow — 'Alabama' — 'here I rest.' I feel constrained" — he laid his hand upon his heart, closed one eye, and whispered — "to stay. I would fain spend

the Sabbath in sweet Vermillionville. You get my idea?"

The Sabbath afternoon beyond the town, where Mr. Tarbox strolled, was lovelier than can be told. Yet he was troubled. Zoséphine had not thus far given him a moment alone. I suppose when a hundred generations more have succeeded us on the earth, lovers will still be blind to the fact that women do not do things our way. How can they? That would be capitulation at once, and even we should find the whole business as stupid as shooting barn-yard fowls.

Zoséphine had walked out earlier than Tarbox. He had seen her go, but dared not follow. He read "Thou shalt not," as plain as print, on her back as she walked quietly away; that same little peremptory back that once in her father's caleche used to hold itself stiff when 'Thanase rode up behind. The occasional townsman that lifted his slouch hat in deep deference to her silent bow did not read unusual care on her fair brow; yet she, too, was troubled.

Marguerite! she was the trouble. Zoséphine knew her child could never come back to these old surroundings and be content. The mother was not willing she should. She looked at a photograph that her daughter had lately sent her. What a change from the child that had left her! It was like the change from a leaf to a flower. There was but one thing to do—follow her. So Zoséphine had resolved to sell the inn. She was gone now to talk with the old ex-governor about finding a purchaser. Her route was not by the avenue of oaks, but around by a northern and then an eastern circuit. She knew Mr. Tarbox must have seen her go; had a genuine fear that he would guess whither she was bound, and yet, deeper down in her heart than woman ever lets soliloquy go, was willing he should. For she had another trouble. We shall come to that presently.

Her suitor walked in the avenue of oaks.

"She's gone," he said to himself, "to consult the governor about something, and she'll come back this way." He loitered out across fields, but not too far off or out of sight, and by and by there she came, with just the slightest haste in her walk. She received him with kindly reserve, and they went more slowly, together.

She told where she had been, and that the governor approved a decision she had made.

"Yass; I goin' sell my hotel."

"He's right!" exclaimed her companion, with joy; "and you're right!"

"Well, 't ain't sold yet," she responded. She did not smile as she looked at him. He read trouble, some trouble apart from the subject, in her quiet, intense eyes.

"You know somboddie want buy dat?" she asked.

"I'll find some one," he promptly replied. Then they talked a little about the proper price for it, and then were very still until Mr. Tarbox said:

"I walked out here hoping to meet you."

Madame Beausoleil looked slightly startled, and then bowed gravely.

"Yes; I want your advice. It's only business, but it's important, and it's a point where a woman's instinct is better than a man's judgment."

There was some melancholy satire in her responding smile, but it passed away, and Mr. Tarbox went on:

"You never liked my line of business—"

Zoséphine interrupted, with kind resentment, "Ah!"

"No; I know you did n't. You're one of the few women whose subscription I've sought in vain. Till then, I loved my business. I've never loved it since. I've decided to sell out and quit. I'm going into another business; one that you'll admire. I don't say anything about the man going into it—"

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies!"

but I want your advice about the party I think of going in with. It's Claude St. Pierre."

Zoséphine turned upon the speaker a look of steady penetration. He met it with a glance of perfect confiding. "She sees me," he said, at the same time, far within himself.

It was as natural to Mr. Tarbox to spin a web as it is for a spider. To manœuvre was the profoundest instinct of his unprofound nature. Zoséphine felt the slender threads weaving around her. But in her heart of hearts there was a certain pleasure in being snared. It could not, to her, seem wholly bad for Tarbox to play spider, provided he should play the harmless spider. Mr. Tarbox spoke again, and she listened amiably.

"Claude is talented. He has what I have n't; I have what he has n't; and together we could make each other's fortunes, if he's only the square, high-style fellow I think he is. I'm a student of human nature, and I think I've made him out. I think he'll do to tie to. But will he? You can tell me. You read people by instinct. I ask you just as a matter of business advice and in business confidence. What do you think? Will you trust me and tell me—as my one only trusted friend—freely and fully—as I would tell you?"

Madame Beausoleil felt the odds against her, but she looked into her companion's face

with bright, frank eyes and said: "Yass, I t'ink yass; I t'ink 't is so."

"Thanks!" said her friend, with unnecessary fervor and tenderness. "Then Claude will be my partner, unless—my dear friend, shall you be so kind—I might almost say confiding—to me, and me not tell you something I think you'd ought to know? For I hope we are always to be friends; don't you?"

"Yass," she said, very sadly and sweetly. "Thanks! And if Claude and I become partners, that will naturally bring him into our circle, as it were; see?"

The little madame looked up with a sudden austere exaltation of frame and intensity of face, but her companion rushed on with—"And I'm going to tell you, let the risk to me be what it may, that it may result in great unhappiness to Claude; for he loves your daughter, who, I know, you must think too good for him!"

Madame Beausoleil blushed as though she herself were Marguerite and Tarbox were Claude.

"Ah! love Marguerite! Naw, naw! He dawn't love noboddie but hees papa! Hees papa tell me dat! Ah, naw! 't is *not* so!"

Mr. Tarbox stopped still; and when Zoséphine saw they were in the shadow of the trees, while all about them was brightened by the momentary southern twilight, she, too, stopped, and he spoke:

"What brought Claude back here when by right he should have gone straight to the city? You might have guessed it when you saw him." He paused to let her revolve the thought, and added in his own mind, "If you had disliked the idea, you'd 'a' suspected him quick enough"—and was pleased. He spoke again. "But I did n't stop with guessing."

Zoséphine looked up to his face from the little foot that edgewise was writing nothings in the dust.

"No," continued her companion. "I walked with him two evenings ago in this avenue; and right where we stand now, without his ever knowing it—then or now—he as good as told me. Yes, Josephine, he dares to love your beautiful and accomplished daughter! The thought may offend you, but—was I not right to tell you?"

She nodded and began to move slowly on, he following.

"I'm not betraying any one's confidence," persisted he; "but I can't help but have a care for you. Not that you need it, or anybody's. You can take care of yourself if any man or woman can. Every time your foot touches the ground it says so as plain as words. That's what first caught my fancy. You

have n't got to have somebody to take care of you. O Josephine! that's just why I want to take care of you so bad! I can take care of myself, and I used to like to do it; I was just that selfish and small; but love's widened me. I can take care of myself; but, oh! what satisfaction is there in it? Is there any? Now, I ask you! It may do for you, for you're worth taking care of; but I want to take care of something I need n't be ashamed to love!" He softly stole her hand as they went. She let it stay, yet looked away from him, up through the darkling branches, and distressfully shook her head.

"Don't, Josephine!—don't do that! I want you to take care of me. You could do better, I know, if love was n't the count; but when it comes to loving you, I'm the edition deloox! I know you've an aspiring nature, but so have I; and I believe with you to love and you loving me, and counseling and guiding me, I could climb high. O Josephine! it is n't this poor Tarbox I'm asking you to give yourself to; it's the Tarbox that is to be; it's the coming Tarbox! Why, it's even a good business move! If it was n't, I would n't say a word! You know I can, and will, take the very best care of everything you've got; and I know you'll take the same of mine. It's a good move, every way. Why, here's everything just fixed for it! Listen to the mocking-bird! See him yonder, just at the right of the stile. See! O Josephine! don't you see he is n't

"Still singing where the weeping-willow waves";

he's on the myrtle; the myrtle, Josephine, and the crape-myrtle at that!—widowhood, unwidowed!—Now he's on the fence—but he'll not stay there,—and you must n't either!" The suitor smiled at his own ludicrousness, yet for all that looked beseechingly in earnest. He stood still again, continuing to hold her hand. She stole a furtive glance here and there for possible spectators. He smiled again.

"You don't see anybody; the world waives its claim." But there was such distress in her face that his smile passed away, and he made a new effort to accommodate his suit to her mood. "Josephine, there's no eye on us except it's overhead. Tell me this: if he that was yours until ten years ago was looking down now and could speak to us, don't you believe he'd say yes?"

"Oh! I dunno. Not to-day! Not *dis* day!" The widow's eyes met his gaze of tender inquiry and then sank to the ground. She shook her head mournfully. "Naw, naw; not dis day. 'T is to-day 'Thanase was kill'!"

Mr. Tarbox relaxed his grasp and Zoséphine's hand escaped. She never had betrayed to him so much distress as filled her face now.

"De man what kill' him git away! You t'ink I git marrie' while dat man alive? Ho-o-o! You t'ink I let Marguerite see me do dat? Ah, naw!" She waved him away and turned to leave the spot, but he pressed after, and she paused once more. A new possibility lighted his eyes. He said eagerly:

"Describe the man to me. Describe him. How tall was he? How old would he be now? Did they try to catch him? Did you hear me talking yesterday about a man? Is there any picture of him? Have you got one? Yes, you have; it's in your pocket now with your hand on it. Let me see it."

"Ah! I di' n' want you to see dat!"

"No, I don't suppose, as far as you know yourself, you did." He received it from her, and, with his eyes still on her, continued: "No, but you knew that if I got a ghost of a chance I'd see you alone. You knew what I'd ask you—yes, you did, Josephine, and you put this thing into your pocket to make it easier to say no."

"Hah! easier! Hah! easier! I need some-*thin'* to *help* me do dat? Hah! 'T is *not* so!" But the weakness of the wordy denial was itself almost a confession.

They moved on. A few steps brought them into better light. Mr. Tarbox looked at the picture. Zoséphine saw a slight flash of recognition. He handed it back in silence, and they walked on, saying not a word until they reached the stile. But there, putting his foot upon it to bar the way, he said:

"Josephine, the devil never bid so high for me before in his life as he's bidding for me now. And there's only one thing in the way; he's bid too late."

Her eyes flashed with injured resentment. "Ah, you! you dawn't know nut'n!" But he interrupted:

"Stop, I don't mean more than just what I say. Six years ago—six and a half—I met a man of a kind I'd never met, to know it, before. You know who I mean, don't you?"

"Bonaventure?"

"Yes. That meeting made a turning-point in my life. You've told me that whatever is best in you you owe to him. Well, knowing him as I do, I can believe it; and if it's true, then it's the same with me; for first he, and then you, have made another man out of me."

"Ah, naw! Bonaventure, may *be*; but not me; ah, naw!"

"But I tell you, yes! you, Josephine! I'm poor sort enough, yet; but I could have done things once that I can't do now. There was a time when if some miserable outlaw stood, or even seemed, maybe, to stand between me and my chances for happiness, I could have handed him over to human justice, so called,

as easy as wink; but now? No, never any more! Josephine, I know that man whose picture I've just looked at. I could see you avenged. I could lay my hands, and the hands of the law, on him inside of twenty-four hours. You say you can't marry till the law has laid its penalties on him, or at least while he lives and escapes them. Is that right?"

Zoséphine had set her face to oppose his words only with unyielding silence, but the answer escaped her:

"Yass, 't is so. 'T is ri-ight!"

"No, Josephine. I know you *feel* as if it were; but you don't *think* so. No, you don't; I know you better in this matter than you know yourself, and you don't think it's right. You know justice belongs to the State, and that when you talk to yourself about what you owe to justice it means something else, that you're too sweet and good to give the right name to and still want it. You don't want it; you don't want revenge, and here's the proof; for, Josephine, you know, and I know, that if I—even without speaking—with no more than one look of the eye—should offer to buy your favor at that price, even ever so lawfully, you'd thank me for one minute and then loathe me to the end of your days."

Zoséphine's face had lost its hardness. It was drawn with distress. With a gesture of repulsion and pain she exclaimed:

"I di' n' mean—I di' n' mean—Ah!"

"What? private revenge? No, of course you did n't! But what else would it be? O Josephine! don't I know you did n't mean it? Did n't I tell you so? But I want you to go farther. I want you to put away forever the *feeling*. I want to move and stand between you and it, and say—whatever it costs me to say it—God forbid! I do say it; I say it now. I can't say more; I can't say less; and somehow,—I don't know how—wherever you learned it—I've learned it from you."

Zoséphine opened her lips to refuse; but they closed and tightened upon each other, her narrowed eyes sent short flashes out upon his, and her breath came and went long and deep without sound. But at his last words she saw—the strangest thing—to be where she saw it—a tear—*tears*—standing in his eyes; saw them a moment, and then could see them no more for her own. Her lips relaxed, her form drooped, she lifted her face to reply, but her mouth twitched; she could not speak.

"I'm not so foolish as I look," he said, trying to smile away his emotion. "If the State chose to hunt him out and put him to trial and punishment, I don't say I'd stand in the way; that's the State's business; that's for the public safety. But it's too late—you and Bonaventure have made it too late—for me

to help any one, least of all the one I love, to be revenged." He saw his words were prevailing and followed them up. "Oh! you don't need it any more than you really want it, Josephine. You must n't ever look toward it again. I throw myself and my love across the path. Don't walk over us. Take my hand; give me yours; come another way; and if you 'll let such a poor excuse for a teacher and guide help you, I 'll help you all I can to learn to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses.' You can begin now, by forgiving me. I may have thrown away my last chance with you, but I can't help it; it's my love that spoke. And if I have spoiled all, and if for the tears you're shedding I've got to pay with the greatest disappointment of my life, still I've had the glory and the sanctification of loving you. If I must say, I can say,

"'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Must I? Are you going to make me say that?"

Zoséphine, still in tears, silently and with drooping head pushed her way across the stile and left him standing on the other side. He sent one pleading word after her:

"Is n't it most too late to go the rest of the way alone?"

She turned, lifted her eyes to his for an instant, and nodded. In a twinkling he was at her side. She glanced at him again and said quite contentedly:

"Yass; 't is so," and they went the short remnant of the way together.

XII.

THE BEAUSOLEILS AND THE ST. PIERRES.

You think of going to New Orleans in the spring. Certainly the spring is the time to go. When you find yourself there go some day for luncheon—if they have n't moved it: there is talk of that—to the Christian Women's Exchange, already mentioned, in the Rue Bourbon,—French Quarter. You step immediately from the sidewalk into the former drawing-room of a house built early in the century as a fashionable residence. That at least is its aspect. Notice, for instance, in the back parlor, crowded now, like the front one, with eating-tables, a really interesting old wooden mantel-piece. Of course this is not the way persons used to go in old times. They entered in by the porte-cochère and carriageway upon which these drawing-rooms still open by several glass doors on your right. Step out there. You find a veranda crowded with neat white-clothed tables. Before some late alterations, there was a great trellis full of green sunshine and broken breezes entangled among vines of

trumpet-creeper and the Scuppernong grape. Here you will be waited on, by small, blue-calico-robed damsels of Methodist unsophistication and Presbyterian propriety, to excellent refreshment; only, if you know your soul's true interest, eschew their fresh bread and insist on having yesterday's.

However, that is a matter of taste there, and no matter at all here. All I need to add is that there are good apartments overhead to be rented to women too good for this world, and that in the latter end of April, 1884, Zoséphine and Marguerite Beausoleil here made their home.

The tavern was sold. The old life was left far behind. They had done that dreadful thing that everybody deprecates and everybody likes to do—left the country and come to live in the city. And Zoséphine was well pleased. A man who had tried and failed to be a merchant in the city, and his wife, took the tavern; so Zoséphine had not reduced the rural population—had not sinned against "statistics."

Besides, she had the good conscience of having fled from Mr. Tarbox—put U. and I. apart, as it were—and yet without being so hid but a suitor's proper persistency could find her. Just now he was far away prosecuting the commercial interests of Claude's one or two inventions; but he was having great success; he wrote once or twice—but got no reply—and hoped to be back within a month.

When Marguerite, after her mother's receipt of each of these letters, thought she saw a cloud on her brow, Zoséphine explained, with a revival of that old look of sweet self-command which the daughter so loved to see, that they contained matters of business not at all to be called troubles. But the little mother did not show the letters. She could not; Marguerite did not even know their writer had changed his business. As to Claude, his name was never mentioned. Each supposed the other was ignorant that he was in the city, and because he was never mentioned each one knew the other was thinking of him.

Ah, Claude! what are you thinking of? Has not your new partner in business told you they are here? No, not a word of it. "That 'll keep till I get back," Mr. Tarbox had said to himself; and such shrewdness was probably not so ungenerous after all. "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," he said one evening to a man who could not make out what he was driving at; and later, Mr. Tarbox added to himself, "The man that flies the kite must hold the thread." So he kept his counsel.

But that does not explain. For we remember that Claude already knew that Marguerite was in the city, at least had her own mother's

word for it. Here, weeks had passed. New Orleans is not so large; its active center is very small. Even by accident, on the street, Canal street especially, he should have seen her time and again.

He did not; at any rate, not to know it. She really kept very busy indoors; and in other doors so did he. More than that, there was his father. When the two first came to the city St. Pierre endured the town for a week. But it was martyrdom doing it. Claude saw this. Mr. Tarbox was with him the latter part of the week. He saw it. He gave his suggestive mind to it for one night. The next day St. Pierre and he wandered off in street-cars and on foot, and by the time the sun went down again a new provision had been made. At about ninety minutes' jaunt from the city's center, up the river, and on its farther shore, near where the old "Company Canal" runs from a lock in the river bank, back through the swamps and into the Baratarian lakes, St. Pierre had bought with his lifetime savings a neat house and fair-sized orangery. No fields? None.

"You see, bom-bye Claude git doze new mash-in all right, he go to engineerin' ag'in, and him and you [Tarbox] be takin' some cawntrac' for buil' levee or break up old steamboat, or raise somet'in' what been sunk, or somet'in' dat way. And den he certain' want someboddie to boss gang o' fellows. And den he say, 'Papa, I want you.' And den I say how I got fifty arpent* rice in field. And den he say, 'How I goin' do wid out you?' And den dare be fifty arpent' rice gone." No, no fields.

Better here, with the vast wet forest at his back; the river at his feet; the canal, the key to all Barataria, Lafourche, and Terrebonne, full of Acadian fishermen, hunters, timber-cutters, moss-gatherers, and the like; the great city in sight from yonder neighbor's balustraded house-top; and Claude there to rally to his side or he to Claude's at a moment's warning. He would be an operator—think of that!—not of the telegraph; a commercial operator in the wild products of the swamp, the *prairies tremblantes*, the lakes, and in the small harvests of the *pointes* and bayou margins: moss, saw-logs, venison, wild-duck, fish, crabs, shrimp, melons, garlic, oranges, Perique tobacco. "Knowledge is power." He knew wood, water, and sky by heart; spoke two languages; could read and write, and understood the ways and tastes of two or three odd sorts of lowly human kind. Self-command is dominion; I do not say the bottle never went to his lips, but it never was lifted high. And now to the blessed maxim gotten from Bona-

venture he added one given him by Tarbox: "In h-union ees strank!" Not mere union of hands alone, but of counsels! There were Claude and Tarbox and he! For instance: at Mr. Tarbox's suggestion Claude brought to his father from the city every evening, now the "Picayune" and now the "Times-Democrat." From European and national news he modestly turned aside. Whether he read the book-notices I do not know; I hope not. But when he had served supper—he was a capital camp-cook—and he and Claude had eaten, and their pipes were lighted, you should have seen him scanning the latest quotations and debating the fluctuations of the moss market, the shrimp market, and the garlic market!

Thus Claude was rarely in the city save in the busy hours of the day. Much oftener than otherwise he saw the crimson sunsets and the cool purple sunrises as he and St. Pierre pulled in the father's skiff diagonally to or fro across the Mississippi between their cottage and the sleepy outposts of city street-cars just under the levee at the edge of that green oak-dotted plain where a certain man, as gentle, shy, and unworldly as our engineer friend thought Claude to be, was raising the vast buildings of the next year's Universal Exposition.

But all this explains only why Claude did not, to his knowledge, see Marguerite by accident. Yet by intention! why not by intention? First, there was his fear of sinning against his father's love. That alone might have failed to hold him back; but, second, there was his helplessness. Love made Tarbox brave; it made Claude a coward. And, third, there was that helpless terror of society in general, of which we have heard his friend talk. I have seen a strong horse sink trembling to the earth at the beating of an empty drum. Claude looked with amazed despair at a man's ability to overtake a pretty acquaintance in Canal street and walk and talk with her. He often asked himself how he had ever been a moment at his ease those November evenings in the tavern's back-parlor at Vermillionville. It was because he had a task there; sociality was not the business of the hour.

Now I have something else to confess about Claude; something mortifying in the extreme. For you see the poverty of all these explanations. Their very multitude makes them weak. "Many fires cannot quench love." What was the real matter? I will tell.

Claude's love was a deep sentiment. He had never allowed it to assert itself as a passion. The most he would allow it to be was a yearning. It was scarcely personal. While he was with Marguerite in the inn, his diffidence alone was enough to hide from him the impression she was making on his heart. In all

* Forty-two acres.

their intercourse he had scarcely twice looked her full in the face. Afterward she had simply become in memory the exponent of an ideal. He found himself often, now, asking himself, Why are my eyes always looking for her? Should I, actually, know her, were I to see her on this sidewalk or in this street-car? And while still asking himself these silent questions, what does he do one day but fall—to all intents and purposes, at least—fall in love—pell-mell—up to the eyebrows—with another girl!

Do you remember Uncle Remus's story of Brer Rabbit with the bucket of honey inverted on him? It was the same way with Claude. "He wa' n't des only bedobble wid it, he wuz des kiver'd." It happened thus: An artist friend whose studio was in Carondelet street, just off Canal, had rented to him for a work-room a little loft above the studio. It had one window looking out over roofs and chimney-pots upon the western sky, and another down into the studio itself. It is right to say friend, although there was no acquaintanceship until it grew out of this arrangement. The artist, a single man, was much Claude's senior; but Claude's taste for design and love of work, and the artist's grave sincerity, simplicity, and cordiality of character—he was a Spaniard with a Spaniard's perfect courtesy—made a mutual regard, which only a common diffidence prevented from running into comradeship.

One Saturday afternoon Claude, thirsting for outdoor air, left his aerie for a short turn in Canal street. The *matinée* audiences were just out, and the wide balcony-shaded sidewalks were crowded with young faces and bright attires. Claude was crossing the "neutral ground" toward Bourbon street, when he saw coming out of it a young man who might be a Creole, and two young girls in light and what seemed to him extremely beautiful dresses, especially that of the farther one, who, as the three turned with buoyant step into Canal street to her left, showed for an instant the profile of her face, and then only her back. Claude's heart beat consciously, and he hurried to lessen the distance between them. He had seen no more than the profile, but for the moment in which he saw it it seemed to be none other than the face of Marguerite!

XIII.

THE CHASE.

CLAUDE came on close behind. No; now he could see his mistake,—it was not she. But he could not regret it. This was Marguerite repeated, yet transcended. The stature was just perceptibly superior. The breadth and grace of these shoulders were better than Margue-

rite's. The hair, arranged differently, and far more effectively than he had ever seen it on Marguerite's head, seemed even more luxurious than hers. There was altogether a finer dignity in this one's carriage than in that of the little maid of the inn. And see, now,—now!—as she turns her head to glance into this shop window! It is, and it is n't, it is n't and it is, and—no, no, it is not Marguerite! It is like her, in profile; singularly like, yet far beyond her; the nose a little too fine, and a certain sad firmness about the mouth and eyes, as well as he could see in the profile,—but profiles are so deceptive,—that he had never seen in Marguerite.

"But how do I know? What do I know?" he asked himself, still following on. "The Marguerite I know is but a thing of my dreams, and this is not that Marguerite of my actual sight, to whom I never gave a word or smile or glance that calls for redemption. This is the Marguerite of my dreams."

Claude was still following, when without any cause that one could see the young man of the group looked back. He had an unpleasant face; it showed a small offensive energy that seemed to assert simply him and all his against you and all yours. His eyes were black, piercing, and hostile. They darted their glances straight into Claude's. Guilty Claude! dogging the steps of ladies on the street! He thrilled with shame, turned a corner into Exchange Alley, walked a little way down it, came back, saw the great crowd coming and going, vehicles of all sorts hurrying here and there; ranks of street-cars waiting their turns to start to all points of the compass; sellers of peanuts and walking-sticks, buyers of bouquets, acquaintances meeting or overtaking one another, nodding bonnets, lifted hats, faces, faces, faces; but the one face was gone.

Caught, Claude? And by a mere face? The charge is too unkind. Young folly, yes, or old folly, may read goodness rashly into all beauty, or not care to read it in any. But it need not be so. Upon the face of youth the soul within writes its confessions and promises; and when the warm pulses of young nature are sanctified by upward yearnings and a pure conscience, the soul that seeks its mate will seek that face which, behind and through all excellences of mere tint and feature, mirrors back the seeker's own faiths and hopes; and when that is found, that to such a one is beauty. Judge not; you never saw this face, fairer than Marguerite's, to say whether its beauty was mere face, or the transparent shrine of an equal nobility within.

Besides, Claude would have fired up and denied the first word of the charge with unpleasant flatness. To be caught means to be

in love; to be in love implies a wish and hope to marry, and these were just what Claude could not allow. May not a man, nevertheless, have an ideal of truth and beauty and look worshipfully upon its embodiment? Humph!

His eyes sought her in vain not only on that afternoon, but on many following. The sun was setting every day later and later through the black lace-work of pecan-trees and behind low dark curtains of orange groves, yet he began to be more and more tardy each succeeding day in meeting his father under the river-side oaks of the Exposition grounds. Then, on the seventh day, he saw her again.

Now he was more confident than ever that this vision and he, except in dreams, had never spoken to each other. Yet the likeness was wonderful. But so, too, was the unlikeness. True, this time she only flashed across his sight—out of a bank, into a carriage where a very "American"-looking lady sat waiting for her, and was gone. But the bank; the carriage; that lady; those earlier companions,—no, this could not be Marguerite. Marguerite would have been with her mother. Now, if one could see Madame Beausoleil's daughter with Madame Beausoleil at her side, to identify her and distinguish her from this flashing and vanishing apparition, it would clear away a trying perplexity. Why not be bold and call upon them where they were dwelling? But where? Their names were not in the directory. Now, inventive talent, do your best.

"WELL!" said St. Pierre after a long silence. Claude and he were out on the swollen Mississippi pulling with steady leisure for the home-side shore, their skiff pointed half to and half from the boiling current. The sun was gone; a purple dusk wrapped each low bank; a steamboat that had passed up-stream was now, at the turning of the bend, only a cluster of soft red lights; Venus began to make a faint silvery pathway across the waters. St. Pierre had the forward seat, at Claude's back. The father looked with fond perplexity at the strong young shoulders swinging silently with his own, forward and backward in slow, monotonous strokes, and said again:

"Well! Whass matter? Look like cat got yo' tongue. Makin' new mash-in?" Then in a low, dissatisfied tone—"I reckon somet'in' mighty curious." He repeated the last three words in the Acadian speech: "Tcheuque-chose bien tchurieux."

"Yes," replied the son; "mighty strange. I tell you when we come at home."

He told all,—recounted all his heart's longings, all his dreams, every least pang of self-reproach, the idealization of Marguerite, and

the finding of that ideal incarnated in one who was and yet seemed not to be, or rather seemed to be and yet was not, Marguerite. Then he went on to reassure his father that this could never mean marriage, never mean the father's supplanting. A man could worship what he could never hope to possess. He would rather worship this than win such kind as he would dare woo.

He said all these things in a very quiet way, with now and then a silent pause, and now and then a calm, self-contained tone in resuming; yet his sentences were often disconnected, and often were half soliloquy. Such were the only betrayals of emotion on either side until Claude began to treat—in the words just given—his father's own heart interests; then the father's eyes stood brimming full. But St. Pierre did not speak. From the first he had listened in silence, and he offered no interruption until at length Claude came to that part about the object of his regard being so far, so utterly beyond, his reach. Then—

"Stop! Dass all foolishness! You want her? You kin have her!"

"Ah, papa! you dawn't awnstand! What I am?"

"Ah, bah! What anybody is? What she is? She invanted bigger mash-in dan you? a mo' better corn-stubbl' destroyer and plant-corner?" He meant corn-planter. "She invant a mo' handier doubl'-action pea-vine rake? What she done, mak' her so gran'? Naw, sir! She look fine in de face, yass; and dass all you know. Well, dass all right; dass de 'Cajun way—pick 'em out by face. You begin 'Cajun way, for why you dawn't finish 'Cajun way? All you got do, you git good saddle-hoss and ride. Bom-bye you see her, you ride behind her till you find where her daddy livin' at. Den you ride pas' yondah every day till fo', five days, and den you see de ole man come scrape friend' wid you. Den he hass' you drop round, and fus' t'ing you know—*adjieu la cal'ge!*"

Claude did not dispute the point, though he hardly thought this case could be worked that way. He returned in silent thought to the question, how to find Madame Beausoleil. He tried the mail; no response. He thought of advertising; but that would never do. Imagine: "If Madame Beausoleil, late of Vermillionville, will leave her address at this office, she will hear of something not in the least to her advantage." He could n't advertise.

It was midday following the eve of his confession to his father. For the last eleven or twelve days—ever since he had seen that blessed apparition turn with the two young friends into Canal street out of Bourbon—he had been

venturing daily, for luncheon, just down into Bourbon street, to the Christian Women's Exchange. Now, by all the laws of fortune he should in that time have seen in there, at least once or twice a day already, the face he was ever looking for. But he had not; nor did he to-day. He only saw, or thought he saw, the cashier — I should say the cashieress — glance crosswise at him with eyes that said:

"Fool; sneak; whelp; 'Cajun; our private detectives are watching you!"

Both rooms and the veranda were full of ladies and gentlemen, whose faces he dared not lift his eyes to look into. Yet even in that frame there suddenly came to him one of those happy thoughts that are supposed to be the inspirations of inventive genius. A pleasant little female voice near him said:

"And apartments upstairs that they rent to ladies only!" Instantly the thought came that Marguerite and her mother might be living there. One more lump of bread, a final gulp of coffee, a short search for the waiter's check, and he stands at the cashier's desk. She makes change without looking at him or ceasing to tell a small hunchbacked spinster standing by about somebody's wedding. But suddenly she starts.

"Oh! was n't that right? You gave me four bits, did n't you? And I gave you back two bits and a picayune, and — sir? Does Madame who? Oh, yes! I did n't understand you; I'm a little deaf on this side; scarlet fever when I was a little girl. I'm not the regular cashier; she's gone to attend the wedding of a friend. Just wait a moment, please, while I make change for these ladies. Oh, dear, ma'am! is that the smallest you've got? I don't believe I can change that, ma'am. Yes — no —

stop! yes, I can! no, I can't! let's see! yes, yes, yes, I can; I've got it; yes, there! I did n't think I had it." She turned again to Claude with sisterly confidence. "Excuse me for keeping you waiting; have n't I met you at the Y. M. C. A. sociable? Well, you must excuse me, but I was sure I had. Of course I did n't if you was never there; but you know in a big city like this you're always meeting somebody that's ne-e-early somebody else that you know — oh! did n't you ask me? — oh, yes! Madame Beausoleil! Yes, she lives here, she and her daughter. But she's not in. Oh, I'm sorry! Neither of them is here. She's not in the city; has n't been for two weeks. They're coming back; we're expecting them every day. She heard of the death of a relative down in Terrebonne somewhere. I wish they *would* come back; we miss them here; I judge they're relatives of yours, if I don't mistake the resemblance; you seem to take after the daughter; wait a minute."

Someone coming up to pay looked at Claude to see what the daughter was like, and the young man slipped away, outblushing the night sky when the marshes are afire.

The question was settled — settled the wrong way. He hurried on across Canal street. Marguerite had not been — so he had construed the inaccurate statement — in the city for two weeks. Resemblances need delude him no longer. He went on into Carondelet street, and was drawing near the door and stairway leading to his friend's studio and his own little workroom above it, when suddenly from that very stairway and door issued she whom, alas! he might now no longer mistake for Marguerite, yet who, none the less for lessening hope, held him captive.

(To be concluded.)

George W. Cable.

THE HARDEST LOT.

TO look upon the face of a dead friend
Is hard; but 't is not more than we can bear
If, haply, we can see peace written there,—
Peace after pain, and welcome so the end,
Whate'er the past, whatever death may send.
Yea, and that face a gracious smile may wear,
If love till death was perfect, sweet, and fair;
But there is woe from which may God defend:
To look upon our friendship lying dead,
While we live on, and eat, and drink, and sleep —
Mere bodies from which all the soul has fled —
And that dead thing year after year to keep
Locked in cold silence in its dreamless bed: —
There must be hell while there is such a deep.

John White Chadwick.

JOHN RUSKIN.

I.



WAS sitting one afternoon with Longfellow, on the porch of the old house at Cambridge, when the conversation turned on intellectual development, and he referred to a curious phenomenon, of which he in-

stanced several cases, and which he compared to the double stars, of two minds not personally related but forming a binary system, revolving simultaneously around each other and around some principle which they regarded in different lights. I do not remember his instances, but that which at once came to my mind was the very interesting one of Turner and Ruskin. The complementary relation of the great writer and the imaginative painter is one of the most — indeed the most — interesting that I know in intellectual history: the one a master in all that belongs to verbal expression but singularly deficient in the gifts of the artist, feeble in drawing, with a most inaccurate perception of color and no power of invention; the other the most stupendous of idealists, the most consummate master of color orchestration the world has ever seen, but so curiously devoid of the gifts of language that he could hardly learn to write grammatically or coherently, and when he spoke omitting so many words that often his utterances, like those of a child, required interpretation by one accustomed to his ways before a stranger could understand them. Ruskin is a man reared and molded in the straightest Puritanism, abhorring uncleanness of all kinds, generous to extravagance, moved by the noblest humanitarian impulses, morbidly averse to anything that partakes of sensuality, and responsive as a young girl to appeals to his tenderness and compassion. Turner was a miser; churlish; a satyr in his morals, — not merely a sensualist, but satisfied only by occasional indulgences in the most degrading debauchery; and even in his painting sometimes giving expression to images so filthy that when, after his death, the trustees came to overhaul his sketches, there were many which they were obliged to destroy in regard for common decency. It is hardly possible to conceive of a more complete antithesis than that in the natures of these two, who turn, and will turn so long as English art and English letters endure, around the same center of art and each around the other. In fact, to

the great majority of our race Turner is seen through the eyes of Ruskin, and Ruskin is only known as the eulogist of Turner.

The conjunction leaves both misunderstood by the general mind. Ruskin looks at the works of the great landscape painter much as the latter looked at nature, — not for what is in the thing looked at, but for the sentiments it awakens. The world's art does not present anything to rival Turner's in its defiance of nature. He used nature when it pleased him to do so, but when it pleased him better he belied her with the most reckless audacity. He had absolutely no respect for truth. His color was the most splendid of impossibilities, and his topography like the geography of dreams; yet Ruskin has spent a great deal of his life in persuading himself and the world that his color was scientifically correct, and in hunting for the points of view from which he drew his compositions. His conviction that Turner was always doing his best, if in a mysterious way, to tell the truth about nature is invincible. Early in the period of my acquaintance with him we had a vivacious discussion on this matter in his own house; and to convince him that Turner was quite indifferent as to matters of natural phenomena, I called Ruskin's attention to the view out of the window, which was of the Surrey hills, a rolling country whose grassy heights were basking in a glorious summer sunlight and backed by a pure blue sky, requesting him then to have brought down from the room where it was hung a drawing by Turner in which a similar effect was treated. The hill in nature was, as it always will be if covered by vegetation and under the same circumstances, distinctly darker than the sky; Turner's was relieved in pale yellow green against a deep blue sky, stippled down to a delicious aerial profundity. Ruskin gave up the case in point, but still clung to the general rule. In fact, having begun his system of art teaching on the hypothesis that Turner's way of seeing nature was scientifically the most correct that art knew, he had never been able to abandon it and admit that Turner only sought, as was the case, chromatic relations which had no more to do with facts of color than the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" has to do with the emotions of the occasion on which it is played. His assumption of Turner's veracity is the corner-stone of his system, and its rejection would be the demolition of that system.

His art criticism is radically and irretrievably wrong. No art can be gauged by its fidelity to nature unless we admit in that term the wider sense which makes nature of the human soul and all that is,—the sense of music, the perception of beauty, the grasp of imagination, "the light that never was, on sea or land," as well as that which serves the lens of the photographer; and Ruskin's own work, his teaching in his classes, and his application of his own standards to all great work, show that he understands the term "fidelity to nature" to mean the adherence to physical facts, the scientific aspects of nature. Greek art he never has really sympathized with, nor at heart accepted as supreme, though years after he took the position he never has avowedly abandoned, he found that in Greek coinage there were artistic qualities of the highest refinement; but Watts has told me that he expressed his surprise that the artist could keep before him so ugly a thing as the Oxford Venus, a cast of which was in his studio, and that he pronounced the horse an animal devoid of all beauty. In my opinion he cares nothing for the plastic qualities of art, or for the human figure, otherwise than as it embodies humanity and moral dignity. The diverse criticisms he makes on Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, put side by side with his notes on Holman Hunt, on George Leslie and Miss Thompson in the Royal Academy, and Miss Alexander's drawings, show his appreciation of figure art to be absolutely without any criterion of style or motive in figure painting, if this were not already apparent from his contradictions at different periods of his life. These are puzzling to the casual reader. When he says, in the early part of "Modern Painters," that the work of Michael Angelo in general, the Madonna di San Sisto, and some other works are at the height of human excellence, and later demolishes poor Buonarroti like a bad plaster cast, and sets Raphael down as a mere posturer and dexterous academician, one is at a loss to reconcile his opinions with any standard. The fact I believe to be that his early art education, which was in great part due to J. D. Harding, a painter of high executive powers and keen appreciation of technical abilities in the Italian painters, was in the vein of orthodox standards; that while under the influence of his reverence for his teachers he accepted the judgment which they, in common with most artists, have passed on the old masters; but that when left to himself, with no kind of sympathy with ideal figure art, nor, I believe, with any form of figure art as such, but with a passion for landscape, a curious enthusiasm for what is minute and intense in execution, and an over-

weening estimate of his own standards and opinions, he gradually lost all this vicarious appreciation and retained of his admiration of old art only what was in accordance with his own feelings, *i. e.*, the intensity of moral and religious fervor, and, above all, anything that savored of mysticism, the ascetic and didactic—especially the art of the schools of religious passion. This was due to the profound devotional feeling which was the basis of his intellectual nature. He said to me once that he was a long time in doubt whether he should give himself to the church or to art. So far as the world is concerned I think he took the wrong road. In the church he might not have been, as his father hoped, a bishop, for his views have been too individual for church discipline, but I believe he would have produced a far greater and more beneficial effect on his age. As an art critic he has been like one writing on the sea-sands—his system and his doctrines of art are repudiated by every thoughtful artist I know. Art in certain forms touches him profoundly but only emotionally. Although he drew earnestly for years he never seemed to understand style in drawing, master as he is of style (*sui generis*) in language; his perception of color is so deficient that he appears to me unable to recognize the true optical color of any object; that is, its color in sunshine as distinguished from its color in shadow; and in painting from nature he is always best pleased with what is most like Turner. I painted or sketched with him during a summer in Switzerland, and therefore I do not speak from a moral consciousness. What he most admired in my work, and sought in his own, was excessive elaboration and photographic fidelity, and he did not easily apprehend the larger relations of the landscape. He used to wonder at my getting over the detail so fast; but he always got angry with the work when I reached a point where I found it necessary to bring the masses into relation according to my own ideas. At Chamonix I one day began a large study of the Mer de Glace from opposite the glacier, looking up it with the Aiguille de Dru in the center of the distance. The whole subject was rapidly laid in in general effect until it got down to the foreground, where I began finishing elaborately to his entire satisfaction, which continued for several days and until I pointed out to him a difficulty which it puzzled me to get over without violating the topographical fidelity of the study. There were several of the main lines of the distance which formed approximately radii from a point of no importance in the composition. He had not noticed it; but when I pointed it out he got into a state of vexation, and, declaring that nothing could be done with a subject which

had such an awkward accident in it, insisted on my giving up the study, saying he would not stay in Chamonix for me to finish it. As I was his guest I complied with his wish, and we left the valley the next day.

This capriciousness is a characteristic of the man. In spite of the womanly tenderness of his nature, which is, when favorably moved, of a kindliness which measures no sacrifice, he is capable, under impulse, of treating a friend of one day with the most contemptuous aversion on the next, for some whim no more important than that which drove us out of Chamonix.

There is in his character a curious form of individuality so accentuated and so imperious that it produces in him the sense of infallibility. He speaks of his opinions not as matters of opinion but as positive knowledge; yet in personal intercourse I found nothing of the dogmatism which is so notable a feature in his writing. He listened to all objections, and often acknowledged, during discussion, the inconsequence of his conclusions; and during the long and vigorous debates which occupied our evenings he not infrequently admitted error, but on the next day held the old ground as firmly as ever. His intellect, with all its power and intensity, is of the purely feminine type. The love of purity; the quick, kindly, and unreasoning impulse; the uncompromising self-sacrifice when the feeling is on him, and the illogical self-assertion in reaction when it has passed; the passionate admiration of power; the waywardness and often inexplicable fickleness,—all are there. But behind all these feminine traits there is the no less feminine quality of passionate love of justice, flecked, on occasions of personal implication, with acts of great injustice; there is a general inexhaustible tenderness, with occasional instances of absolute cruelty. Any present judgment of him as a whole is difficult if not impossible, because there are in him several different individuals, and the perspective in which we now see them makes of his position, as an art-teacher, the dominant element of his personality; whereas, in my persuasion, his art-teaching is in his own nature and work subordinate to his moral and humanitarian ideals. He always saw art through a religious medium, and this made him, from the beginning, strain his system of teaching and criticism to meet the demand of direct truth to nature, the roots of his enthusiasm and reverence being not in art but in nature and in her beneficial influence on humanity.

A little incident of our Alpine summer will illustrate this view of his character better than all my appreciations. During our stay at Geneva he had some mountain drawing to do at the Perte du Rhône, and asked me to drive

down with him. Not far from the point of view which he had selected was a group of wretched dwellings mis-called cottages but which in America we call shanties,—not the picturesque wall-and-thatch structures which the word cottage calls up in England, but built of boards, shabby without being picturesque, and to my American notions only capable of association with poverty and discomfort. Ruskin asked me to draw them while he was drawing the mountains. The subject was anything but attractive or pictorial, and though it should have been enough for me that he wished me to draw it carefully, I only obeyed my own feeling and made a careless ten-minutes' pencil drawing,—all the thing was worth to me. When Ruskin drove up to take me in on the way back to Geneva and saw what I had done, he was, and I must say with good reason, offended at the indifferent way in which I had complied with his request, and after a few reproachful words threw himself back in the carriage in a sullen temper. I replied that the subject did not interest me, and that the principal feeling I had in looking at it was that it must be a wretched home for human beings and promised more fevers than anything else, and that, in short, I did not think it worth drawing. Nothing more was said by either of us until we had driven half-way back to Geneva, when he broke out with, "You are right, Stillman, about those cottages; your way of looking at them was nobler than mine, and now, for the first time in my life, I understand how anybody can live in America." It has always seemed to me that this was a true epitome of the man's nature,—first the æsthetic, outside view of the matter; then the humanitarian, overpowering it; the womanish pettishness, and the generous admission of his error when seen; and after this confession his greater cordiality to me—for he always valued more any one who brought him a new idea, though he often broke friendship with those who differed from him too strongly.

Besides this absorbing passion for the spiritual ideal, the mental constitution whose compass was set to the immovable pole of the most exalted morality, he had a curious facility for seeing things as he wished to. He saw through his feelings and prepossessions, and even looking at nature he only saw certain things, and those in general through his predisposition. So he always held Turner true although the thing he saw was false. In one drawing where Turner has given the full moon rising in cool night-mists at the left of the picture and the sun setting golden at the right, Ruskin explains it as intended to be two pictures. He praises Turner for mingled effects of sunlight and moonlight when he ought to know

that the full moon will cast no shadow until the sun has set nearly or quite an hour. Turner continually puts figures in full light in the foreground of a picture which has the sun setting in the view, the shadows on the figures being consequently on the side nearest the sun, yet Ruskin has never admitted the painter's indifference to the poets of nature.

II.

To the world at large Ruskin's reputation, even as an art critic, rests on the first volume of his "Modern Painters." Very few people have read the second volume, and fewer still the whole five, though the early editions have been sold and a reprint of one thousand since. Of this first volume, what most impressed the public was not the soundness of his views of art, of which it could not judge at all, or his knowledge of nature, of which it could judge but little, but his eloquence, his magnificent diction. Take for instance the following from the comparison of Turner with Poussin, which every reader of the book will remember as what is called a "word picture" of extraordinary power:

"But as I climbed the long slopes of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and the graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. *Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley, in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald.* Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted or let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock — dark though flushed with scarlet lichen — casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals, between the solemn and orb'd repose of the stone pines passing to lose themselves in the last white, blinding lustre of the measureless line, where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."

Magnificent this is as rhetoric, but if intended to show the shortcomings of Poussin or

the attainments of Turner it is as exaggerated for one as it is unfair for the other; for the effects there described are no more in the power of color than in the feeling of either of those artists. It is not nature-painting at all; neither true to the sense nor to the details of nature. As mastery of the English language I shall not attempt to criticise it, but as statement of what is to be seen in nature or rendered in art it bears about the same relation to the most ideal and orchestral effects of Turner as those do to sober nature. I have put in italics certain expressions to which I ask the grave critical attention of the reader. I leave out the singular topographical inaccuracies which, in a work devoted to truth of nature, ought to claim some attention, but in such a work we may ask the sober meaning of such expressions as "Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle"; "Every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald"; the rocks "dark though flushed with scarlet lichen — casting their quiet shadows [are shadows ever anything but quiet?] across its restless radiance" [why restless radiance except, like much else in the passage, for alliteration?]. The color epithets, to an artist, only express a crudity of pigment as unlike Turner as nature; the "arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks" . . . "silver flakes of orange spray [dreamed of from some other locality, for neither exists at Aricia] tossed into the air around them . . . into a thousand separate stars"; and "every separate leaf," show as great contempt for the possibilities of painting in the rendering of detail for the human eye as indifference to the aims of landscape painting, either by Poussin or Turner. The "Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle," is apocalyptic, not naturalistic, and the entire passage, when we consider that it is part of an essay intended to advocate the close adherence to the facts of nature in landscape painting, can only be put aside as passing legitimate criticism or justifiable comparison. It is safe to say that of a thousand landscape painters and amateurs habituated to look at nature, taking the best and the most trivial, not one who had passed by Aricia would recognize as fact a single characteristic of the description by Ruskin. I know the place better than I do New York, and am confident in saying that neither in the ensemble nor in the detail is there anything there which Ruskin imagines he saw. Much is mere sound, alliteration which is in place in poetry but not in art criticism, and much only the expression of vague imaginings far less like nature than the great scenic compositions of John Martin.

Take another instance from the section on the sea ("Truth of Water," this being the description of a picture, the "Slave Ship"). Again I italicize the passages to which I wish to call attention as demanding analysis and criticism.

"It is a sunset on the Atlantic after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a broad heaving of the whole ocean like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendor of which burns like gold and bathes like blood. . . . Purple and blue the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast on the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea. I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner's claim to immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception—ideal in the highest sense of the word—is fused on the purest truth and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life . . . and the whole picture is dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions,—(completing thus the perfect system of all truth which we have shown to be formed by Turner's works)—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep illimitable sea."

"Burns like gold and bathes like blood" is, of course, again for alliteration; "Purple and blue the lurid shadows," etc., part for the sing of the sentence and part poetic imagination utterly unsuggested and unsuggestable by painting; "that fearful hue," etc., to "multitudinous sea," is simply fine writing which, when it conveys a false impression, or no impression legitimate to its professed purpose, is a literary vice, as it is in this case, where the purpose is the description of a picture.

Ruskin supposes this picture to be an attempt to portray the deep sea, but neither he nor Turner was ever out of soundings: how should one paint, or the other recognize, the fathomless as distinguished from the shallow seas? The fact is that the sea in the "Slave Ship" is a long ground-swell, resembling the watery mountains one may see on the open Atlantic no more than the water below a rapid. This form of swell and the "hollow breakers" are never found except when the sea is shoaling. In the deep Atlantic after a long gale, such as Ruskin supposes (I have seen it at its worst once only in 70,000 miles, more or less, of ocean travel by sail and steam), the great waves lift to heights such that Turner's "Slave Ship" would be hidden between two of them. They hang over you like impending doom, and just when you think that the ship must be buried in

five seconds, the forefoot of the wave reaches you, and the ship suddenly begins to rise, and in another five seconds you are on the summit looking out over the heaving expanse,—black, save as it is foam-driven, fitfully rising and falling, apparently without law or order,—and after being poised an instant you feel the ship going from under you again, your breath almost leaves you with the rapidity of the descent, and you are buried once more in the deep trough of the sea for another brief space. Out of the flanks of these great waves jump and start, fitfully and unaccountably, lesser hillocks, to drop and disappear again; but when the crest of one comes towards you, you see no hollow breaker, for the crest simply pitches forward and slides down the slope—there is no combing.

Then, as to truth, Turner's whole picture is a flagrant falsehood. The most gorgeous colors of a sunset are painted in a sky where the sun has still half an hour or more to sink to the horizon; and this license the artist habitually took, although, as every artist knows, these colors never come till after sunset. The clouds are not the "torn and streaming rain-clouds" of an after-storm sky, but full-bellied, rolling wind-clouds, so far as they are structurally true to anything; subtly modeled and modulated, but as a whole as utterly impossible a sky as the sea is an utterly impossible sea.

It is a marvelous picture: I do not yield to Ruskin in admiration of it as art, or admire it less for its daring license and contempt of nature's details; one can only say that it is magnificent, but it is not nature. Ruskin's feeling as to art may have been, *au fond*, correct; but it was so disturbed and perverted by his theories and the settled conviction that art was simply the uncompromising rendering of nature as she appears to the bodily vision, that he left out of all consideration the subjective transformation of natural truth which is the basis of art; or, if he reckoned it in, it was to persuade himself that it was due to a peculiarity of vision in the painter. It is impossible to reconcile all the inconsistencies into which this theory led him, such as the exaltation of painters who were mere naturalists, like Brett, or utterly unimaginative realists, like Holman Hunt, and the extraordinary judgment which he pronounced on Millais in his pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism,—which phase of art he desired to consider the consequence of his teaching, though, as I have heard Rossetti say, none of the Brotherhood had ever read ten pages of his writing before Ruskin had constituted himself their advocate. In some respects this little book may be considered the summing up of his art teachings, and the violence done to logic and art alike in his par-

allel between Millais and Turner is the clearest statement of his errors we possess. The function of the painter is here defined clearly and chiefly to be *topographer and historian*.

"Suppose that, after disciplining themselves so as to be able to draw with unerring precision each the particular kind of subject in which he most delighted, they had separated into two great armies of historians and naturalists; that the first had painted with absolute faithfulness every edifice, every city, every battle-field, every scene of the slightest historical interest, precisely and completely rendering their aspect at the time; and that their companions, according to their several powers, had painted with like fidelity the plants and animals, the natural scenery and the atmospherical phenomena of every country on the earth; suppose that a faithful and complete record were now in our museums of every building destroyed by war, or time, or innovation during these last 200 years; suppose that each recess of every mountain chain of Europe had been penetrated and its rocks drawn with such accuracy that the geologist's diagram was no longer necessary;—suppose that every tree of the forest had been drawn in its noblest aspect, every beast of the field in its savage life—that all these gatherings were already in our national galleries, and that the painters of the present day were laboring happily and earnestly to multiply them and put such knowledge more and more within reach of the common people,—would not that be a more honorable life for them than gaining precarious bread by 'bright effects'?"

One may reply, safely enough, that such a career is honorable in the sense that it is honest, but if the honor is that of which artists are most ambitious, it is equally safe to say that there is very little of it to be gained in that life. And this method of study has always been the basis of Ruskin's instruction—instruction for this and other reasons utterly wasted so far as the proper cultivation of art is concerned. I remember how, when Ruskin's drawing-book was published, an artist whose feeling for all the nobler qualities of art I have rarely known equaled, and a personal friend and admirer of Ruskin, said to me, "He should not have printed that; we know now just what he does not know." It is not so much that he ignores the greater gifts, but that he conceives that they can be trained or developed by this kind of antlike proceeding,—going over the earth as an insect, not even as a bird. But it is in the comparison of the two painters whom he chooses as types that we most clearly recognize the failure to distinguish between the two forms of so-called art.

"Suppose, for instance, two men, equally honest, equally industrious, equally impressed with a humble desire to render some part of what they saw in nature faithfully, and otherwise trained in convictions such as I have above endeavored to induce. But one of them is quiet in temperament, has a feeble memory, no invention, and excessively keen sight. The other is impatient in temperament, has a memory which nothing escapes, an invention which never rests, and is comparatively near-sighted. Set them both free in the same field in a mountain valley. One sees everything, small and large, with almost the same clearness; mountains and grasshoppers alike; the leaves on the

branches, the veins in the pebbles, the bubbles in the stream; but he can remember nothing and invent nothing. Patiently he sets himself his mighty task; abandoning at once all thought of seizing transient effects, or giving general impressions of that which his eyes present to him in microscopical dissection, he chooses some small portion out of the infinite scene, and calculates with courage the number of weeks which must elapse before he can do justice to the intensity of his perceptions or the fullness of matter in his subject. Meanwhile the other has been watching the change of the clouds and the march of the light along the mountain-sides; he beholds the whole scene in broad, soft masses of true gradation, and the very feebleness of his sight is in some sort an advantage to him in making him more sensible of the aerial mystery of distance and hiding from him the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent. . . . I have supposed the feebleness of sight in this last and of invention in the first painter, that the contrast between them may be the more striking; but with very slight modification both the characters are real. Grant to the first considerable inventive power with exquisite sense of color, and give to the second, in addition to all his other faculties, the eye of an eagle, and the first is John Everett Millais, the second Joseph Mallord William Turner." "And thus Pre-Raphaelitism and Raphaelitism and Turnerism are all one and the same thing, so far as education can influence them; they are different in their choice, different in their faculties, but all the same in this, that Raphael himself, so far as he was great, and all who preceded or followed him who ever were great, became so by painting the truths around them as they appeared to each man's mind, not as he had been taught to see them except by the God who made both him and them."

And yet, between the first and the last sentences which I have quoted, the author has gone through a detailed account of the development of Turner's art, showing that it was a continuous evolution of conventional forms of treatment borrowed from earlier painters. He is obliged, to complete his antithesis, to suppose Turner feeble of sight, because he could in no other way consistent with his theory (and everything is always bent to his theories) account for his ignoring "the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent," whereas the simple fact was that Turner had, as he afterwards admits, an eagle's eye, and simply ignored whatever in nature did not suit his purpose. Turner was bred on conventions; he began in the style of the men about him, Girtin and his kind; he went through the schools of Louthembourg, Poussin, Claude, Vanderhelde, imitating everybody except the most naturalistic of the Dutchmen, but never from the beginning to the end of his career painting from nature, or in any other way than from memory, and always in a conventional manner very much influenced by the early landscape painters of the true subjective school, to which he belonged in character, faculties, and method; while Millais was a naturalist, who had no invention, no idealism, but was, and is, always working imitatively, and from direct vision, which Turner never did. Turner was

influenced, and happily, by Claude to the last day of his life, though not always obeying the influence to the same apparent degree.

Of Ruskin the writer, aside from the art critic, it is surely superfluous for me to say anything: for mastery of our language, the greater authorities long ago have given him his place; the multitude of petty critics and pinchbeck rhetoricians who pay him the tribute of tawdry imitation is the ever-present testimony to his power and masterhood. Probably no prose writer of this century has had so many choice extracts made from his writings, — passages of gorgeous description, passionate exhortation, pathetic appeal, or apostolic denunciation; and certainly no one has so molded the style of all the writers of a class as he, for there scarcely can be found a would-be art critic who does not struggle to fill his throat with Ruskin's thunders, so that a flood of Ruskin — and water — threatens all taste and all study of art. As an example of his diction take the description of "Schaffhausen":

"Stand for half an hour beside the Fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken in *pure polished velocity*, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chryso-prase; and how ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud; while the *shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine*, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves, which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; their dripping masses, lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and chequer them with purple and silver."

In the expression of what may be seen in a waterfall, and the suggestion of what may be felt, but seen by no bodily eye, is there anything in our language that is comparable to this? But is it fair to ask art to realize it? Who shall paint "the shuddering iris fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine"? It is beyond the province of art to emulate this vein of feeling, as much as to paint Shelley's "flames mingling with sunset." But how many hapless phaetons has our Apollo of the pen thus sent tumbling down on us, entangled in their

"predicates and six," or sixty! Description à la Ruskin has become a disease of the literature of the generation, and your novelist coolly stops you in the crisis of his story to describe a sunset in two or three pages which, when all is said, compare with Ruskin as a satyr with Hyperion.

III.

THUS Ruskin obstinately bent all his conclusions and observations to his doctrines — what he wanted to see he saw, nothing else. The summer before going to England I had painted a picture in what I believed the spirit of his teachings, being then one of the most enthusiastic of his disciples. I had conceived a death-struggle between a hunter and a buck, in which they had fallen together over a ledge of rock and lay in death at its foot. I had searched the forest around where I camped in the Adirondacks until I found the ledge which suited the conception, and painted it carefully with the red sunset light coming aslant through the forest and falling on the perpendicular cliff, at the foot of which was a dense, dank growth of ferns, — all painted on the spot and in the sunset light. At the foot, where they would fall, I put my guide, locked with a huge buck, and painted them as carefully as I knew how, — the man from life and the buck immediately after I had killed him. I took it with me to London, and one day Ruskin came into my studio, and, seeing the picture, exclaimed with a gesture of disgust, "Why do you have this stinking carrion in your picture? Put it out, it's filthy, it stinks!" etc. I was too much under his influence to weigh his judgment against mine, and painted it out accordingly. Dante Rossetti, who had seen and liked the picture as it was, coming in again a few days after, exclaimed, "What have you done to your picture?" I explained, and with strong irritation in his manner he replied, "You've spoiled your picture," and walked straight out of the room. I *had* spoiled it, for everything in it had been chosen and painted with reference to this deadly duel, with which Ruskin had no sympathy. Death oppressed him, whence his annoyance with the picture; but that he was olfactorily impressed as he was only could be explained by the fact that, as always, he felt what he imagined or wished to see. He wanted to see truth in Turner's drawings, and he made his truth accordingly. I can but regard his influence on modern landscape painting as pernicious from beginning to end, and coinciding as it did with the advent of a great naturalistic and, therefore, anti-artistic, tendency in all branches of study, it was even more disastrous than it would have been in ordinary circumstances.

His architectural work, "Stones of Venice," etc., I am not so competent to judge, but I believe that while on the one hand he did great good by bringing out the virtues of Gothic architecture and awakening the interest of the world in the art that was passing away, on the other hand he did harm by repressing the influence of the better form of Renaissance, which is often of the noblest and truest art, and is far more adapted to our modern ways of work and uses than is the Gothic. He uses here the same bitter polemics and biased judgment as in the "Modern Painters." In the lovely little Renaissance church of the Miracoli at Venice, where are the most exquisite decorations in the style of which I know, Ruskin finds among the arabesques *a child's head* tied by its locks among the tendrils of the vegetation, and inveighs bitterly against the brutality of such a conception as putting a bodiless head in the decoration. But he never stops to think that it is a cherub among other cherubim, and that, as it is in the character of the cherub to have no body, the tying of one of them by the hair to the vine is only a bit of playful invention in which there is no brutality whatever, but the most seraphic of practical jokes by the other cherubim on the bodiless and helpless state of the charming little creature, a creation which in Gothic days might have been believed in as an actuality, but which the Renaissance only looked at as a fiction of mythology with the Tritons and Sirens, and therefore with no reverence. But with Greek art, all that in any way sympathized with its dominant character meets his anathema. It seems to me that even in architecture his influence is not catholic, but is tinged by his devotional tendencies, although he introduces an element of common sense into the criticism of architecture unknown before him.

But Ruskin's true position is higher than that of art critic in any possible development. It is as a moralist and a reformer and in his passionate love of humanity (not inconsistent with much bitterness, and even unmerited, at times, to individual men) that we must recognize him. His place is in the pulpit, speaking largely and in the unsectarian sense. Truth is multiform, but of one essence, and, such as he sees it, he is always faithful to it. I have taken large exception to his ideas and teachings in respect to art because I feel that they are misleading. His mistakes in art are in some measure due to his fundamental mistake of measuring it by its moral powers and influence, and the roots of the error are so deeply involved in his character and mental development that it can never be uprooted. It is difficult for me (perhaps for any of his

contemporaries) to judge him as a whole because, besides being his contemporary and a sufferer by what I now perceive to be the fatal error of his system, I was for so many years his close personal friend, and because, while I do not agree with his tenets and am obliged by my own sense of right to combat many of his teachings, I still retain the personal affection for him of those years which are dear to memory, and reverence the man as I know him; and because I most desire that he should be judged rightly,—as a man who for moral greatness has few equals in his day, and who deserves an honor and distinction which he has not received, and in a selfish and sordid world will not receive, but which I believe time will give him,—that of being one who gave his whole life and substance to the furtherance of what he believed to be the true happiness and elevation of his fellow-men. Even were he the sound art critic so many people take him to be, his real nature rises above that office as much as humanity rises above art. When we wish to compare him with men of his kind, it must be with Plato or Savonarola rather than with Hazlitt or Hamerton. Art cannot be clearly estimated in any connection with morality, and Ruskin could never, any more than Plato or Savonarola, escape the condition of being in every fiber of his nature a moralist and not an artist, and as he advanced in life the ethical side of his nature more and more asserted its mastery, though less and less in theological terms.

If I have assumed the right to pass judgment on his art teachings, it is because I have devoted most of my life to the study of art and more years than Ruskin had when he finished his most important books; but when I come to the moral problem, so vast, so profound and momentous in comparison with any questions of culture, I have not the presumption to judge a man whose moral nature I know to be so exceptional, and winged to flights that I can only honor from below. Here we enter into a world where only the Judge of all life can pronounce and where my opinion must be respectful, for the unquestionable loftiness and unselfishness of his nature and the consecration of his life to the advancement of truth as he has seen it, give him, to me, an authority I dare not debate with, and which I insist on all the more because I know the world does not accord it to him. No one has yet dared answer Pilate, and I have no disposition to judge whether Ruskin's social reforms and political theories are in accordance with eternal truth or not—whether they are practical or not is, perhaps, a question of epoch simply.

As an indication of Ruskin's position,—more free, possibly, because more personal than

those given in his early works,—I quote part of one of his first letters to me (about 1851). I had been involved in mystical speculation, partly growing out of the second volume of "Modern Painters," and had written to him for counsel.

"I did not indeed understand the length to which your views were carried when I saw you here, or I should have asked you much more about them than I did, and your present letter leaves me still thus far in the dark that I do not know whether you only have a strong conviction that there is such a message to be received from all things or whether in any sort you think you have understood and can interpret it, for how otherwise should your persuasion of the fact be so strong? I never thought of such a thing being possible before, and now that you have suggested it to me I can only imagine that by rightly understanding as much of the nature of everything as ordinary watchfulness will enable any man to perceive, we might, if we looked for it, find in everything some special moral lesson or type of particular truth, and that then one might find a language in the whole world before unfelt like that which is forever given to the Ravens or to the lilies of the field by Christ's speaking of them. This I think you might very easily accomplish so far as to give the first idea and example; then it seems to me that every thoughtful man who succeeded you would be able to add some types or words to the new language, but all this quite independently of any Mystery in the Thing or Inspiration in the Person, any more than there is Mystery in the cleaning of a Room covered with dust—of which you remember Bunyan makes so beautiful a spiritual application, so that one can never more see the thing done without being interested. If there be mystery in things requiring Revelation, I cannot tell on what terms it might be vouchsafed us, nor in any way help you to greater certainty of conviction, but my advice to you would be on no account to agitate nor grieve yourself nor look for inspiration—for assuredly many of our noblest English minds have been entirely overthrown by doing so—but to go on doing what you are quite sure is right—that is, striving for constant purity of thought, purpose and word;—not on any account overworking yourself—especially in headwork; but accustoming yourself to look for the spiritual meaning of things just as easily to be seen as their natural meaning; and fortifying yourself against the hardening effect of your society, by good literature. You should read much—and generally old books: but above all avoid *German* books—and all Germanists except Carlyle, whom read as much as you can or like: Read George Herbert and Spenser and Wordsworth and Homer, all constantly: Young's Night Thoughts, Crabbe—and of course Shakespeare, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan: do not smile if I mention also Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, for standard places on your shelves: I say read Homer: I do not know if you can read Greek, but I think it would be healthy work for you to teach it to yourself if you cannot, and then I would add to my list Plato—but I cannot conceive a good translation of Plato. I had nearly forgotten one of the chief of all—Dante. But in doing this, do not strive to keep yourself in an elevated state of spirituality. No man who earnestly believed in God and the next world was ever petrified or materialized in heart, whatever society he kept. Do whatever you can, however simple or commonplace, in your art; do not force your spirituality on your American friends. Try to do what they admire as well as they would have it, unless it costs you too much—but do not despise it because commonplace. Do not strive to do what you feel to be above your strength. God requires that of no man: Do what you feel happy in

doing: mingle some physical science with your imaginative studies: and be sure that God will take care to lead you into the fulfillment of whatever Tasks he has ready for you, and will show you what they are in his own time.

"Thank you for your sketch of American art. I do hope that your countrymen will look upon it, in time, as all other great nations have looked upon it at their greatest times, as an object for their united aim and strongest efforts. I apprehend that their deficiency in landscape has a deep root—the want of historical associations. Every year of your national existence will give more power to your landscape painting—then—do you not want architecture? Our children's taste is fed with Ruins of Abbeys. I believe the first thing you have to do is to build a few Arabic palaces by way of novelty—one brick of jacinth and one of jasper. . . .

"Write to me whenever you are at leisure and think I can be of use to you—with sympathy or in any way, and believe me always interested in your welfare and very faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

I could not quote from his published works so condensed a summary of the creed of the man: it maintains the supremacy of the moral element which has obtained in his life-work taken as a whole.

That comparatively few people have read the "Fors Clavigera" I know, for having occasion to complete my set not long since, I found that several of the numbers supplied me by the publisher were from the first thousand, published years ago; and yet this is the work which more than any other gives us a clear insight into the character and mental tendencies of Ruskin. He is here at his ease, not bound by any prepossessions and theories; wayward, outspoken, indifferent to praise or blame; speaking with full possession of himself and frank appreciation of his audience, addressing himself "to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain," not so much in the hope that they would come to fill his school, but because he knew that only by the poor and the despised by the great world was there any hope of the reconstruction of society, as he dreamed it, being effected or accepted. The drift of all Ruskin's preaching (and I use the word in its noble sense) is a protest against materialism in ourselves, impurity in our studies and desires, and selfishness in our conduct towards our fellow-men.

He considers himself the pupil of Carlyle—for me he floats in a purer air than Carlyle ever breathed. As a feminine nature he was captivated by the robust masculine force of his great countryman, and there was in the imperial theory of Carlyle much that chimed with Ruskin's own ideas of human government. The Chelsea regretfully looking back to the day of absolutism and brutal domination of the appointed king was in a certain sense a sympathetic reply to Ruskin's longings for a firm and orderly government when he felt the quicksands of the transitional order of the day yield-

ing under his feet, but in reality the two regarded Rule from points as far removed from each other as those of Luther and Voltaire. Carlyle's ideal was one of a Royal Necessity, an incarnate law indifferent to the crushed in its marchings and rulings,—burly, brutal, contemptuous of the luckless individual or the overtaken straggler; his Rule exists not for the sake of humanity, but for that of Order, as if Order and Rule were called out for their own sake; he puffs into perdition the trivial details of individual men, closing accounts by ignoring the fractions. Ruskin loses sight of no detail, but calls in to the benefit of *his* Order and Rule every child and likeness of a child in larger form, full of a tenderness which is utterly human yet inexhaustible. Carlyle's Ruler is like a Viking's god, his conception utterly pagan; Ruskin's is Christlike; Carlyle's word is like the mace of Charlemagne, Ruskin's like the sword of the Angel Gabriel; if Ruskin is notably egotistical, Carlyle is utterly selfish; if Ruskin dogmatizes like an Evan-

gelist, Carlyle poses as a Prophet; and the difference, when we come to sum up all the qualities, moral, intellectual, and literary, seems to me to be in favor of Ruskin. Their ideals are similarly antithetical,—Ruskin's lying in a hopeful future, an unattainable Utopia, perhaps, but still a blessed dream; Carlyle's in a return to a brutal and barren past, made forever impossible by the successful assertion of human individuality, and for whose irrevocability we thank God with all our hearts and in all hope of human progress. The public estimate has not overrated Ruskin, just as he had not overrated Turner, because the aggregate impression of power received was adequate to the cause; but in the one case as in the other the mistake has been relative, and consisted in misestimating the genius and attributing the highest value to the wrong item in the aggregate. I may be mistaken in my estimate of Ruskin, but I believe that the future will exalt him above it rather than depress him below it.

W. J. Stillman.



THE HAWK.

I WOULD I were as eagles are,
That I might fly o'er hill and plain,
A trackless course; defenseless, bare
To the cold dash of mountain rain,
But armed against a world of pain.
Or that I were as morning dove
That shoots into her forest green;
Or that I had the wings of love,
The spirit speed, and heart serene,
Forgetting all to be once more as I have
been.

For now I live where none rejoice;
I move amid a world of woe.
How from its husky throat the voice
Of the great city sounds below,
Hoarse, indistinct;—these hills of snow
Are shamed with foulness; the clear sky
Is lowered from its haughty height,
And hangs like dingy drapery,
And shifts but changes not; and white,
Pallid, and thin the sun sends down unlovely
light.

But yesterday a Hawk I saw!
Full-poised he hung in the clear blue,
And servant to no stricter law
Than will or wish, he seemed to view
The city's circuits;—yet he knew
A freer heaven, and hills. My mind
Grew troubled for his fate. I stood,
And pausing pitied him, designed
For freedom and the fastness rude:
Had hunger urged, or cold or tempest him
subdued?

Oh, weary lot! would thou wert dead!
When sudden he did his wings unbind,
And down the sky like light he fled
Borne on the bosom of the wind,
And left nor track nor trace behind!
And he was free!—and free were I
Love should not stop, hate should not stay,
Nor strength deter, nor orb descry,
Nor fraud impede, nor doubt delay
Thy upward flight, O Soul! through darkness
to the day!

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

OLD man never had much to say —
 'Ceptin' to Jim, —
 And Jim was the wildest boy he had —
 And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
 Never heerd him speak but once
 Er twice in my life, — and first time was
 When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
 The Old man backin' him, fer three months. —
 And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
 Was, jes' as we turned to start away, —
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
 Jes' lookin' at Jim
 And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
 'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
 And over and over I mind the day
 The Old man come and stood round in the way
 While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim —
 And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say, —
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
 Disting'ished Jim; —
 Neighbors all ust to wonder why
 The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
 But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
 'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
 In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
 And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad —
 'At he had led, with a bullet clean
 Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
 Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen, —
 The Old man wound up a letter to him
 'At Cap. read to us, 'at said, — "Tell Jim
 Good-bye;
 And take keer of hisse'f."

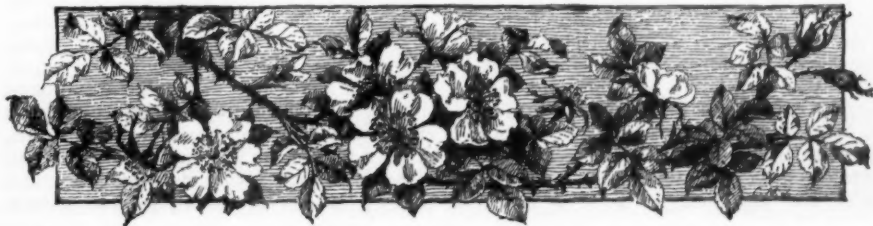
Jim come back jes' long enough
 To take the whim
 'At he'd like to go back in the calvery —
 And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him! —

Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
 Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
 And the Old man give him a colt he 'd raised
 And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
 And laid around fer a week er so,
 Watchin' Jim on dress-parade —
 Tel finally he rid away,
 And last he heerd was the Old man say, —
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim —
 Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
 Some way — jes' wrapped up in him! —
 And many a time the word 'u'd come
 'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum —
 At Petersburg, fer instance, where
 Jim rid right into their cannons there,
 And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
 And socked it home to the boys in gray,
 As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
 Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
 And the Old man's words in his mind all
 day, —
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
 We 'll say like Jim,
 'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
 And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
 Think of him — with the war plum' through,
 And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
 A-laughin' the news down over Jim
 And the Old man, bendin' over him —
 The surgeon turnin' away with tears
 'At had n't leaked fer years and years —
 As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
 His father's, the old voice in his ears, —
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

James Whitcomb Riley.



[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

VIII.

BARBARA'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS.



FROM childhood Barbara's ambition had centered in Tom: it was her plan that the clever brother should give standing to the family by his success in life. If Tom could only be persuaded to be steady, he might come to be a great man. A great man, in her thinking, was a member of the State legislature, or a circuit judge, for example: to her provincial imagination the heights above these were hazy and almost inaccessible. The scheme of a professional career for Tom had been her own, in conception and management; for though her brother was nearly two years her senior, she, being prudent and forecasting, had always played the part of an elder. Tom's undeniable "brightness" was a great source of pride to her. In spite of his heedless collisions with the masters, he was always at the head of his classes; and it seemed to Barbara the most natural thing in the world that she, being a girl, should subordinate herself to the success of a brother so promising. She had left school to devote herself to the house and the cares of the farm, in order that Tom might be educated—in the moderate sense of the word then prevalent. The brother was far from being ungrateful: if he accepted his sister's sacrifices without protest, he repaid her with a demonstrative affection and admiration not often seen in brothers; and there were times when he almost revered in her that prudence and practical wisdom in which he found himself deficient.

It was only during this summer that Barbara had been seized with independent aspirations for herself; and perhaps even these were not without some relation to Tom. If Tom should come to be somebody in the county, she would sit in a reflected light as his sister. It became her, therefore, not to neglect entirely her own education. To go to Moscow to a winter school was out of the question. Every nerve was strained to extricate the farm from debt and to give a little help, now and then, to Tom. It chanced,

however, that a student from an incipient Western college, intent on getting money to pay his winter's board bills, had that summer opened a "pay school" in the Timber Creek district school-house, which was only two miles from the Grayson farm.

Those who could attend school in the summer were, for the most part, small fry too young to be of much service in the field, and such girls, larger and smaller, as could be spared from home. But the appetite for "schooling" in the new country was always greater than the supply; and when it was reported that a school was "to be took up" in the Timber Creek school-house, by a young man who had not only "ciphered plumb through the Rule of Three," but had even begun to penetrate the far-away mysteries of Latin and algebra, it came to pass that several young men and young women, living beyond the district limits, subscribed to the school, that they might attend it, even if only irregularly;—not that any of the pupils dreamed of attacking the Latin, but a teacher who had attained this Ultima Thule of human learning was supposed to know well all that lay on the hither side of it. The terms of a "pay school," in that day, were low enough,—a dollar and twenty-five cents was the teacher's charge for each pupil for thirteen weeks; but the new schoolmaster had walked from home to avoid traveling expenses, the log school-house cost him no rent, and he had stipulated that he should "board 'round" in the families of his patrons, so that the money he received from twenty pupils was clear profit, and at the price of living in those primitive times would pay his board at college for six months.

Barbara, for one, had resolved to treat herself to a dollar and a quarter's worth of additional learning. The Timber Creek school-house was on the road leading to the village of Moscow: she could therefore catch a ride, now and then, on the wagon of some farmer bound to the village, by mounting on top of a load of wood, hay, or potatoes; and often she got a lift in the evening in a neighbor's empty wagon rattling homeward from town, or for a part of the way by sitting in the tail of some ox-cart plying between forest and prairie; but more frequently she had to walk

both in going and coming, besides working early and late at her household duties.

Hiram Mason was the name of the new teacher whom the pupils found behind the master's desk on the first day of school. He was the son of a minister who had come out from New England with the laudable intention of lending a hand in evangelizing this great strapping West, whose vigorous and rather boisterous youth was ever a source of bewilderment, and even a cause of grief, to the minds of well-regulated Down-easters. The evangelists sent out aimed at the impossible, even at the undesirable, in seeking to reproduce a New England in communities born under a different star. Perhaps it was this peninsular trait of mind that prevented the self-denying missionaries from making any considerable impression on the country south of the belt peopled by the current of migration from New England. The civilization of the broad, wedge-shaped region on the north side of the Ohio River, which was settled by Southern and Middle State people, and which is the great land of the Indian corn, has been evolved out of the healthier elements of its own native constitution. But it was indebted to New England, in the time of its need, for many teachers of arithmetic and grammar, as well as for the less-admirable but never-to-be-forgotten clock-peddlers and tin-peddlers from Connecticut, who also taught the rustics of southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois things they had never dreamed of before, and took high pay for the instruction. Young Mason, though he had mostly grown up in the new country, and would have scorned the name of Yankee, had got from his father that almost superstitious faith in the efficacy of knowledge which, in the North-eastern States, has been handed down from generation to generation, and which has produced much learning and not a little pedantry. Mason was of middle stature, good breadth of shoulder, prominent, broad forehead, and brows that overhung his eyes, but were rather high above them. He had a well-set chin and a solid jaw; his mouth was too large to be handsome and was firmly closed; his gait was strong, straightforward, resolute, and unhurried. There were little touches of eccentricity in him: he had a way of looking at an interlocutor askance, and his habitual expression was one of mingled shyness and self-contained amusement. The religious enthusiasm of his father had been transmuted in him to a general earnestness of character, which was veiled under a keen perception of the droll side of life, derived from a mother of Southern extraction. His early-and-late diligence in study was the wonder of the coun-

try, but the tastes and aspirations that impelled him to so much toil rarely found utterance in any confessions, even to his nearest friends. Reserved as he was, the people could never complain that he held himself above them. A new-country youth, the son of a minister on slender pay, Hiram understood how to extend a helping hand, when occasion required, in any work that might be going on. At school, when the young master saw the boys playing at the boisterous and promiscuous "soak-about," he would sometimes catch the contagion of the wild fun, and, thrusting his "Livy" into the desk, rush out of the door to mix in the confusion, throwing the yarn ball at one and another with a vigor and an accuracy of aim that doubled the respect of his pupils for him. But when once he had extricated himself from the *mêlée*, and had rapped on the door-frame with his ruler, crying, "Books, books!" the boy who a minute before had enjoyed the luxury of giving the master what was known in school-boy lingo as a "sockdolager," delivered full in the back, or even on the side of the head, did not find any encouragement to presume on that experience in school hours.

The new master's punishments usually had a touch of his drollery in them; he contrived to make the culprit ridiculous, and so to keep the humor of the school on his side. A girl who could not otherwise be cured of munching in school had to stand in front of the master's desk with an apple in her teeth; a boy who was wont to get his sport by pinching his neighbors, and sticking them with pins, was forced to make no end of amusement for the school in his turn, by standing on the hearth with a cleft stick pinching his nose out of shape. It was soon concluded that there was no fun in "fooling" with a master who was sure to turn the joke on the offender.

The older pupils who occupied the "writing bench," in front of a continuous shelf-like desk fixed along the wall, spent much of their time in smuggling from one to another fervid little love-notes, which, for disguise, were folded like the "thumb-papers" that served to protect their books from the wear and tear of their over-vigorous thumbs, and from soiling. By passing books from one to another, with such innocent-looking square papers in them, a refreshing correspondence was kept up. This exchange of smuggled billets-doux was particularly active when Rachel Albaugh was present. As for the love-letters thus dispatched, they were fearfully monotonous and not worth the pains of capture by a schoolmaster. Some were straightforward and shameless declarations of admiration and affection in prose scrawls, but a very common sort was com-

posed entirely of one or another of those well-worn doggerel couplets that have perhaps done duty since the art of writing became known to the Anglo-Saxons.

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two,"

was a favorite with the swains of the country school-house; but

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so are you,"

had a molasses-like consistency in its alliterative lines that gave it the preference over all other love poems extant.

Amongst these unblushing scribblers of love doggerel and patient cutters and folders of many sorts of thumb-papers, whose fits of studying, like chills and fever, came on only "by spells," Barbara sat without being one of them. The last chance for education was not to be thrown away; and Mason soon singled out this rather under-sized, sharp-eyed girl, not only as the most industrious and clever of the pupils in the Timber Creek school, but as a person of quite another sort from the rest of them. When he was explaining anything to a group of half-listless scholars, her dark eyes, drawn to beads, almost startled him with their concentrated interest. She could not be taught in any kind of classification with the rest; her rate of progress was too rapid. So, finding that Barbara studied all through the recess time, he undertook to give her extra instruction while the others were on the playground. The most agreeable minutes of his day were those in which he unfolded to her the prosaic principles of Vulgar Fractions, of Tare and Tret, and of the Rule of Three. This last was the great and final goal, and it was attained by few of those who attended an intermittent country school in that time. To reach it was to become competent to teach school. Barbara, with the help of the master, who directed her to save time by omitting some of the rubbish of Pike's Arithmetic, was soon in sight of this promised land of the Rule of Three, and it became a question of reviewing the book once more, when she should be through with it, so as to take rank among those who would certainly "do every sum in the book."

"Why not take up algebra?" said the teacher to her, during a long noon recess as they sat side by side at his desk poring over a slate full of figures.

"Do you think I could learn it?" she asked.

"You could learn anything," he said; and the assurance gave Barbara more pleasure than any commendation she had ever received. But she did not know what to reply. To go beyond

the arithmetic would be, according to the standard of the country, to have a liberal education, and she was ambitious enough to like that. But where would she get the money to buy a text-book? She did not wish to confess her scruple of economy. It was not that she was ashamed of her poverty, for poverty might be said to be the prevailing fashion in the Timber Creek country; but it would be bringing to Mason's attention her private affairs, and from that she shrank with an instinct of delicacy for which she could not have given any reason. Yet there sat Mason, leaning back and waiting for her to reply to his question. After a few moments she mustered courage to ask timidly:

"Would the book cost much?"

"I would not buy any book just now," said the master, seeing the drift of her thoughts. He went to one corner of the school-room, and, standing on the bench, pushed aside one of the boards laid loosely over the joists above. It was here, in the dark loft, that he kept the few articles not necessary to his daily existence in boarding 'round. Reaching his hand up above the boards, he found a copy of a school text-book on algebra, and brought it down with him, rapping it against his hand and blowing the dust off it.

"Use that for a while," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" said Barbara, taking hold of the book with a curious sense of reverence, which was greatly increased as she turned the leaves and regarded the symbols, whose nature and use were quite inconceivable to her. Here was a knowledge beyond any that she had ever dreamed of looking into; beyond that of any schoolmaster she had ever known, except Mason. "It looks hard," she said, regarding him.

"Take it home and try it," he replied, as he took up his ruler to call the scholars to books.

A closer companionship now grew up between the master and the pupil. Both of them anticipated with pleasure the coming of recess time, when the new study could be discussed together. Henceforth the boys looked in vain for Mason to take a turn with them in playing soak-about.

To a man of high aims nothing is more delightful than to have a devoted disciple. Even the self-contained Mason could not be quite unmoved in contemplating this young girl, all of whose tastes and ambitions flowed in the same channel with his own, listening to him as to an oracle. If he had not been so firmly fixed in his resolve that he would not allow any woman to engage his affections before he had completed his college course, he might have come to fall in love with her. But all such thoughts he resolutely put aside. Of

course, teaching her was a delight; but who could help feeling delight in teaching such a learner? Moreover, he was particularly fond of algebra. But he could hardly lay all of his enjoyment to his liking for algebra, or his pleasure in teaching a quick-witted pupil. He could not make himself believe that it was his enjoyment of algebraic generalizations that made his hand tremble whenever he returned a slate or book to Barbara Grayson.

Barbara, for her part, was too intent on her work to think much about anything else. She had more than once caught sight of the furtive, inquiring glance of her teacher on her face before he could turn his eyes away; she was pleased to note that his voice had a tone in addressing her that it had not when he spoke to the others; and she took pleasure in perceiving that she was beyond question the favorite pupil. But Barbara was averse to building any castles in the air which she had small chance of being able to materialize.

One evening, as she was going briskly toward home, she was overtaken by Mason, who walked with her up hill and down dale the whole long rough new-country road through the woods, carrying her books, and chatting about trivial things as he had never done before. He contrived, half in pleasantry but quite in earnest, to praise her diligence, and even her mind. She had hardly ever thought of herself as having a mind. That Tom had such a gift she knew, and she understood how important it was to cultivate his abilities. But she was only Tom's sister. It seemed to her a fine thing, however, this having a mind of her own, and she thought a good deal about it afterward.

When Hiram Mason reached the place where Barbara was accustomed to leave the main road, in order to reach her home by a shorter path through a meadow, he got over the fence first and gave her his hand, though he wondered afterward that he had had the courage to do it. Barbara had climbed fences, and trees too, for that matter, from her infancy, and she was in the habit of getting over this fence twice a day, without ever dreaming that she needed help. But a change had come over her in this two-miles' walk from school. For the first time, she felt a certain loneliness in her life, and a pleasure in being protected. She let Mason take her hand and help her to the top of the fence, though she could have climbed up much more nimbly if she had had both hands free to hold by. Hiram found it so pleasant helping her up, by holding her hand, that he took both her hands when she was ready to jump down on the meadow side of the fence, and then, by an involuntary impulse, he retained her right hand in his left a bare moment longer than was necessary. A little

ashamed, not so much of the feeling he had shown as of that he had concealed, he finished his adieux abruptly, and, placing his hands on the top rail, vaulted clean over the fence again into the road. Then he thought of something else that he wanted to say about Barbara's new study of algebra,— something of no consequence at all, except in so far as it served to make Barbara turn and look at him once more. The odd twinkling smile so habitual with him died out of his face, and he looked into hers with an eagerness that made her blush, but did not make her turn away. Then blaming himself for what seemed to him imprudence, he left her at last and started back, only stopping on the next high ground to watch her figure as she hurried along through the meadow grass, and across the brook, and then up the slope toward the house.

There were several other evenings not very different from this one. The master would wait until all the pupils had gone, and then overtake Barbara. He solaced his conscience by carrying a book in his pocket, so as to study on the way back; but he found a strange wandering of the mind in his endeavors to read a dead language after a walk with Barbara. He still held to his resolution, or to what was left of his resolution, not to entangle himself with an early engagement. What visions he indulged in, of projects to be carried out in a very short time after his graduation, belong to the secrets of his own imagination; all his follies shall not be laid bare here. But to keep from committing himself too far, he drew the line at the boundary of Mrs. Grayson's farm,— the meadow fence. He gave himself a little grace, and drew the line on the inside of the fence. He was firmly resolved never to go quite home with his pupil, and never to call at her house. So long as he stopped at the fence, or within ten, or say twenty, or perhaps thirty, feet of it, he felt reasonably safe. But he could not, in common civility, turn back until he had helped her to surmount this eight-rail fence; and indeed it was the great treat to which he always looked forward. There was a sort of permissible intimacy in such an attention. He guarded himself, however, against going beyond the limits of civility— of kindly politeness— of polite friendship; that was the precise phrase he hit on at last. But good resolutions often come to naught because of its being so very difficult to reckon beforehand with the involuntary and the uncontrollable. The Goodman of the house never knows at what moment the thief will surprise him. One evening Mason had taken especial pains to talk on only the most innocent and indifferent subjects, such as algebra. On this theme he was the schoolmaster, and he felt particularly secure against any expression

of feeling, for x , y , and z are unknown quantities that have no emotion in them. Though Barbara was yet in the rudiments of the study, he was trying to make her understand the general principles involved in the discussion of the famous problem of the lights. To make this clear he sat down once or twice on logs lying by the roadside, and wrote some characters on her slate showing the relation of a to b in any given case, while Barbara sat by and looked over his demonstrations. But in spite of these delays, they got to the fence before he had finished, and the rest was postponed for another time. It did n't matter so much about the lights after all, whether they were near together or far apart; it does not matter to lights, but there are flames much affected by proximity. As Mason helped Barbara down from the fence, his passion, by some sudden assault, got the better of his prudence, and looking intently into the eyes shaded by the sun-bonnet, he came out with:

"It's all the world to a fellow like me to have such a scholar as you are, Barbara."

The words were mild enough; but his eager manner and his air of confidence, as he stood in front of her sun-bonnet and spoke, with his face flushed, and in a low and unsteady voice, made his speech a half confession. Startled at this sudden downfall of his resolution, he got back over the fence and went straight away, without giving her a chance to say anything; without so much as uttering a civil good-bye. The precipitation of his retreat only served to lend the greater significance to his unpremeditated speech.

Mrs. Grayson complained that "there was no sense in a girl's studyin' algebra, an' tryin' to know more 'n many a good schoolmaster ever knowed when I was a girl. Ever since Barbary's been at that new-fangled study, it's seemed like as if she'd somehow 'r nuther clean lost her mind. She'll say supper's ready when they ain't knife nor fork on the table; an' she's everlastin'ly losin' her knittin'-needles an' puttin' her thimble where she can't find it, or mislayin' her sun-bonnet. Ef her head was loose, she'd be shore to leave that around somewheres, liker 'n not."

If Hiram Mason's half-involuntary love-making had not brought Barbara unmeasured pleasure she would not have been the normal young woman that she was. He filled all her ideals, and went beyond the highest standard she had set up before she knew him. She was not the kind of a girl that one meets nowadays; at least, that one meets nowadays in novels. She did not have a lot of perfectly needless and inconceivably fine-spun conscientious scruples to prevent the course of her fortune from running smoothly. She did find in her-

self a drawing back from the future which Mason's partiality had brought within the range of her vision. But her scruple was only one of pride; she exaggerated the superiority of an educated family, such as she conceived his to be, and she reflected that the Graysons were simple country people. She felt in herself that she could never endure the mortification she would feel, as Hiram's wife, if the Masons should look down on her good but unlettered mother, and say or feel that Hiram had "married below him." If, now, Tom should come to something, the equation would be made good.

But the very day after Mason had spoken so warmly of the comfort he found in such a pupil was that disagreeable Saturday on which Tom had come home plucked in gambling, to ask for money enough to pay the debt he had incurred in redeeming his clothes. Was it any wonder that Barbara spoke to him with severity when she found her cherished vision becoming an intangible illusion? Tom would make no career at all at this rate; and to yield to Hiram Mason's wooing would now be to bring to him, not only the drawback of a family of humble breeding and slender education, but the disgrace of a rash, unsteady, and unsuccessful brother, whose adventures with gamblers would seem particularly disreputable to a minister's family. There was no good in thinking about it any more. Her pride could never bear to be "looked down on" by the family of her husband. It would be better to give it up at once—unless—she clung to this possibility—unless Tom should turn out right after all. The necessity for surrendering so much imminent happiness did not surprise her. She had always had to forego, and no prospect of happiness could seem quite possible of realization to an imagination accustomed to contemplate a future of self-denial. None the less, the disappointment was most acute, for she must even give up the school, and try, by spinning yarn, by knitting stockings, and by weaving jeans and linsey, to make up the money taken out of their little fund by Tom's recklessness.

On the next Monday, and the days following, she staid at home without sending any word to the schoolmaster. She held to a lurking hope that Tom's affairs might mend, and she be able, by some good luck, to resume her attendance on the school for a part of the remainder of the quarter. But when on Wednesday Tom's haggard face appeared at the door, and she read in it that all her schemes for him had miscarried, she knew that she must give up dreaming dreams which seemed too good to be innocent. There was nothing for her but to give herself to doing what could be

done for Tom. It was lucky that the poor fellow did not suspect what it cost her to put a smooth face on his disasters.

IX.

BY THE LOOM.

ON Monday, Mason saw with regret that Barbara was not at school. On Tuesday he felt solicitous, and would have made inquiry if it had not been for an impulse of secretiveness. By Wednesday he began to fear that his words spoken to her at the meadow fence had something to do with her absence. He questioned the past. He could not remember that she had ever repelled his attentions, or that she had seemed displeased when he had spoken his fervent and unpremeditated words. Conscious that his bearing toward Barbara had attracted the observation of the school, he did not summon courage to ask about her until Thursday. Then when the voluble Mely Davis came to him before the beginning of the afternoon session, to ask him how she should proceed to divide 130 by 9, he inquired if Barbara was ill.

"No, I don't 'low she's sick," responded Mely. "I sh'd 'a' thought she'd tole you, 'fanybody, what 't wuz kep' 'er"; and Mely laughed a malicious little snicker, which revealed her belief that the master was in confidential relations with his algebra scholar. "She thinks the worl' 'n' all of the school an' the master." Mely gasped a little as she ventured this thrust, and quickly added, "An' of algebray — she's *that* fond of algebray; but I sh'd thought she'd tole *you* what kep' 'er, ur 'a'sen' choo word. But I 'low it's got sumpin' to do weth the trouble in the family."

Mely made what the old schoolmasters called a "full stop" at this point, as though she considered it certain that Mason would know all about Barbara's affairs.

"Trouble? What trouble?" asked the master.

"W'y, I 'low'd you'd 'a' knowed," said the teasing creature, shaking her rusty ringlets with a fluttering, half-suppressed amusement at the anxiety she had awakened in Mason's mind. "Hain' choo hyeard about her brother?"

"No; which brother? The one that's in Moscow?"

"W'y, lawsy, don' choo know't she hain't got nary nuther one? The res' 's all dead an' buried long ago. Her brother Tom lost 'is sitooation along of gamblin' an' the like. They say he lost the boots offviz feet an' the coat offviz back." Here Mely had to give vent to her feelings in a hearty giggle; Tom's

losses seemed to her a joke of the best, and all the better that the master took it so seriously. "I 'low it's cut Barb'ry up more 'n a little. She sot sech store by Tom. An' he *is* smart, the *smartest* feller you 'd find fer books an' the like. But what's the use a-bein' so smart an' then bein' sech a simple into the bargain? *I say.*"

Mason did not like to ask further questions about Barbara's family affairs. He could hardly bear to hear Mely canvass them in this unsympathetic way. But there was one more inquiry that he made about Tom.

"Does he drink?"

"Mighty leetle. I 'xpect he takes a drop ur two now an' then, jest fer company's sake when he's cavortin' 'roun' weth the boys. But I 'low he hain't got no rale hankerin' fer the critter, an' he 's that fond of Barb'ry 'n' 'is mother, an' they 're so sot on 'im, that he wouldn' noways like to git reg'lar drunk like. But he's always a-gittin' into a bad crowd, an' tryin' some deviltry 'r nuther; out uv one scrape an' into t'other, kinduh keerless like; head up an' never ketchin' sight 'v a stump tell he 's fell over it, kerthump, head over heels. His uncle 's been a-schoolin' 'im, an' lately he 's gone 'n' put 'im weth Squire Blackman to learn to be a lawyer; but now he 's gone 'n' sent him home fer a bad bargain. Ut 's no go 't the law, an' he won't never stan' a farm, yeh know. Too high-sperited."

Possessed of a share of Mely Davis's stock of information about Barbara's troubles, Hiram Mason saw that his resolution against calling on his pupil at her own house would have to go the way of most of his other resolutions on this subject. He set himself to find arguments against keeping this one, but he was perfectly aware, all the time, that his going to the Graysons' would not depend on reasons at all. He reflected, however, that Barbara's trouble was a new and unforeseen condition. Besides, his regulative resolutions had been so far stained already that they were not worth the keeping. It is often thus in our dealings with ourselves; we argue from defection to indulgence.

Mely Davis felt sure of having the master's company after school as far as she had to go on the road leading to the Graysons'. But he went another way to Pearson's, where he was boarding out the proportion due for three pupils. Mrs. Pearson had intermitted the usual diet of corn-dodgers, and had baked a skilletful of hot biscuits, in honor of the master; she was a little piqued that he should absorb them, as he did, in a perfectly heartless way. As soon as the early supper was over he left the house, without saying anything of his destination. He took a "short cut"

across a small prairie, then through the woods, and across Butt's corn-field, until he came out on the road near the place at which he had several times helped Barbara over the fence. By her path through the meadow he reached the house just as the summer twilight was making the vault of the sky seem deeper and mellowing all the tones in the landscape. In that walk Mason's mind had completely changed front. Why should he try to maintain a fast-and-loose relation with Barbara? She was in need of his present sympathy and help. Impulses in his nature, the strength of which he had never suspected, were beating against the feeble barriers he had raised. Of what use was this battle, which might keep him miserable awhile longer, but which could end in but one way? As he walked through the narrow meadow path, in the middle of which the heavy overhanging heads of timothy grass, now ready for the scythe, touched one another, he cast away the last tatters of his old resolves. The dams were down; the current might go whither it listed. He would have it out with Barbara this evening, and end the conflict. It is by some such only half-rational process that the most important questions of life are usually decided—sometimes luckily; in other cases, to the blighting of the whole life. Is it not rather a poor fist of a world after all, this in which we live, where the most critical and irrevocable decisions must be made while the inexperienced youth is tossed with gusts of passion and blinded by traditional prejudices or captivated by specious theories? The selection of wives and vocations, the two capital elements in human happiness and success, is generally guided by nothing higher than the caprice of those whose judgments are in the gristle. Often the whole course of life of the strong, clear-seeing man yet to come is changed forever by a boy's whim. The old allegorists painted the young man as playing chess with the devil; but chess is a game of skill. What the young man plays is often a child's game of pitch and toss, cross or pile, heads or tails, for stakes of fearful magnitude. Luckily for Hiram, as you and I know from our present acquaintance with Barbara, nothing more disastrous than disappointment was likely to happen to him from his inability to keep his mortifying resolves. The abandonment of them had simplified his feelings and brought him present relief. When he knocked on the jamb of the open front door of the Grayson farm-house, and was invited to come in by the mother, there was a wholeness in his feelings and purposes to which he had been a stranger for weeks.

"Barb'ry," said Mrs. Grayson as she entered the kitchen, after giving Hiram a chair,

"here 's the master come to see you. I 'low he thought you mought be sick ur sumpin'."

Barbara sat perched on the loom-bench, with her back to the web she had been weaving. Just now she was peeling, quartering, and coring summer apples to dry for winter stores. She untied her apron and went from the kitchen into the sitting-room, where Mason was looking about, as was his habit, in a quizzical, half-amused way. He had noted the wide stone fireplace, the blackness of whose interior was hidden by the bushy asparagus tops which filled it, and the wooden clock on the unpainted mantel-piece, which had a print of the death-bed of George Washington impaneled in its door. A stairway winding up in one corner gave picturesqueness to the room; diagonally across from this was a high post bed; there were some shuck-bottom chairs, and a splint-bottom rocking-chair, and a bureau with a looking-glass on top. The floor was covered with a new rag-carpet, and the comfortable home-like sentiment excited in Hiram's mind by the general aspect of the room was enhanced by a hearth cricket, which, in one of the crevices of the uneven flag-stones, was already uttering little chirps by way of tuning up for an evening performance.

The sight of Mason dissipated for the moment the clouds that darkened Barbara's thoughts; she saw blue sky for the first time since Tom's first return. It was a pleased and untroubled face that met his gaze when she extended her hand to him.

"Howdy, Mr. Mason!"

Mason fixed his eyes on her in his odd fashion, half turning his head aside, and regarding her diagonally.

"Well, Barbara, you're the lost sheep," was his greeting. "I was afraid you would n't come back to the flock if I did n't come into the wilderness and look you up."

"There 's been such a lot of things to do this week," she answered hurriedly, "I did n't know how to get time to go to school."

This was truthful, but it was far from being frank, and it was not on these terms that Mason wished to meet her. His first thought was to put her more at ease.

"Can't we sit out on the porch?" he said; "I'm warm with walking." And he lifted two of the chairs and carried them to the covered porch. There would soon be no light outside but what came from the night sky, and what a dim candle in the sitting-room, when it should be lighted, might manage to spare through the open door. Hiram had a notion that in this obscurity he could coax Barbara out of the diplomatic mood into the plain indicative. But before they had sat down he had changed his plan.

"Hold on," he said, more to himself than to her; and added, "What were you doing when I came?"

"Only peeling some apples to dry."

"Let me help you; we'll have an apple-peeling all to ourselves."

"No," said Barbara, hesitatingly; but Mason went through the sitting-room and, opening the kitchen door, thrust his head through and said:

"May n't I sit out there and help Barbara peel apples, Mrs. Grayson?"

"You may do what you like, Mr. Mason," said the old lady, pleased with his familiarity; "but peelin' apples ain't jest the kind of work to set a schoolmaster at."

"Schoolmasters a'n't all of them so good for nothing as you think. Come on, Barbara; a little apple-peeling will make it seem like home to me; and this living 'round in other people's houses has made me homesick."

Barbara came out and took her old place on the loom-bench, beside the great three-peck basket of yellow apples. Her seat raised her considerably higher than Mason, who occupied a low chair. In front of Barbara was another chair, on which sat a pan to hold the quarters of apples when prepared for drying; on one of the rungs of this Barbara supported her feet. The candle which Mrs. Grayson lighted shed a dim yellow light from one end of the high smoke-blackened mantel-shelf, which extended across the chimney above the cavernous kitchen fireplace. The joists of the loft were of heavy logs, and these, and the boards which overlaid them, and all the wood-work about this kitchen, were softened and sombered by the smoke that had escaped from the great, rude chimney; for the kitchen was the original log-cabin built when Tom's father, fresh from Maryland, had first settled on the new farm; the rest of the house had grown from this kernel.

The mother, who had not dreamed of any relation between Barbara and Hiram Mason more friendly than that of master and pupil, was a little surprised at the apparently advanced stage of their acquaintance; but she liked it, because it showed that the schoolmaster was not "stuck up," and that he understood that "our Barb'ry" was no common girl. Tom looked in at the open outside door of the kitchen after a while, and was pleased. "Barb deserved a nice beau if ever anybody did," he reflected, and it might keep her from feeling so bad over his own failures. Not wishing to intrude, and wearied to exhaustion with his first day of farm-work since his return, he went around to the front door and through the sitting-room upstairs to bed. When the mother had finished "putting things to rights"

she went into the sitting-room, and the apple-peelers were left with only the loom, the reel, and the winding-blades for witnesses.

They talked of school, of their studies, and of many other things until the great basket of apples began to grow empty while the basket of parings and corings was full. The pan of apple-quarters, having overflowed, had been replaced by a pail, which was also nearly full, when, after a playful scuffle of hands in the basket, Hiram secured the last apple and peeled it. Then laying down his knife, he asked:

"You'll be back at school next week?"

Barbara had been dreading this inquiry. She wished Mason had not asked it. She had heartily enjoyed his society while they talked of things indifferent, but the question brought her suddenly and painfully back into the region of her disappointment and perplexities.

"I'm afraid I can't come any more. Things have n't gone right with us." The wide spaces between her words indicated to her companion the effort it cost to allude to her affairs.

Mason was more than ever puzzled. By what means could he establish such a ground of confidence between them as would enable him to enter into her difficulties and give her, at the least, the help of his sympathy and counsel? There seemed no way so good as that by direct approach.

"Barbara," he said, drawing his chair nearer to the loom-bench and leaning forward toward her, "won't you please tell me about your affairs, if—if you can do it? I don't want to intrude, but why can't you let me be your best friend and—help you if I can?"

This speech had a different effect from what Mason had intended. Barbara's pride resented an offer of help from him. Of all things, she did not wish to be pitied by the man she was beginning to love. He would always think of her as lower than himself, and she had too much pride to relish anything like the rôle of King Cophetua's beggar maid.

"I can't do it, Mr. Mason; there's nothing anybody can do." She spoke with her eyes downcast. Having ventured so much and gained nothing, Mason leaned back in his chair and turned his head about to what a photographer would call a "three-quarters position," and looked at Barbara from under his brows without saying anything more. He was like a pilot waiting for the fog to lift. This silent regard made Barbara uneasy. She could not help feeling a certain appreciation of his desire to help her, however disagreeable it might be to her feelings. Perhaps she was wrong to repel his confidence so abruptly.

"I suppose you know about poor Tom?" she said, making so much concession to his

kindness, but half swallowing the rapidly spoken words.

"Yes," said Hiram; "I heard he had got into a scrape such as many a bright boy gets into. A village like Moscow is a hard place for a boy raised in the country. But he'll pull out of that."

It lifted a weight from Barbara's mind that Mason did not take a too serious view of Tom. She wished, however, that he would not look at her so long in that askance fashion.

"Did the trouble cost you much money?" he ventured to inquire after a while.

"Well, no, not much for some folks, but a good deal for us; we're rather poor, you know." There is a pride that conceals poverty; there is a greater pride that makes haste to declare it, feeling that only hidden poverty is shameful. "You know father was a smart man in some ways," Barbara continued, "but he had n't any knack. He lost most of his money before he came to Illinois; and then when he got here he made the mistake, that so many made, of settling in the timber, though very little of the prairie had been taken up yet. If he had n't been afraid of the winters on the prairie, we might have been pretty well off; but it's been a hard struggle opening a farm in the woods. Then we have had nothing but misfortune. My father died of a congestive chill, and then my three brothers and my sister died, and Tom and I are all that's left to mother. And there are doctor's bills to pay yet, and a little debt on the farm."

"Yes, yes," said Hiram, wounded in thinking of the pain he was giving Barbara in forcing her to speak thus frankly of the family troubles. "I know what it is. Poverty and I are old acquaintances; regular old cronies. She's going to stand by my side till I graduate, anyhow; but as I have known her ever since I was born, I can afford to laugh in her face. There's nothing like being used to a thing."

Barbara made no reply to this. Mason sat and looked at her awhile in silence. There was no good in trying to help her on his present footing. He leaned forward, resting his elbow on the loom-bench by her side.

"Look here, Barbara," he said, with abrupt decision, "let's, you and me, go in partnership with our poverty some day, and see what'll come of it. I suppose, so far as money is concerned, the equations would be about equal without the trouble of figuring it out."

Barbara looked toward the pan of cut apples in front of her with her eyes out of focus, and made no reply. After a while Hiram spoke again.

"Did I — make you mad, Barbara?" He used the word "mad" in the sense attached to it in that interior country, meaning angry.

"No, not mad," said Barbara. "Not that — but — I don't know what to say. I don't believe what you propose can ever be."

Mason waited for her to explain herself, but she did not seem to be able to get her own consent. At length he got up and went to the mantel-piece and took down Barbara's slate.

"Let's talk about algebra awhile," he said.

Barbara was fond enough of algebra, but it seemed droll that Mason, with an unsettled proposition of marriage on hand, should revert to his favorite study. She could not see what he was writing, but when he passed the slate to her, she read:

a = another lover.
 b = objections to H. Mason.
 c = interfering circumstances.
 $x = a + b + c$.

"Now," said Mason, when she looked up, "I'd like you to help me to get the exact value of x in this little equation. It's a kind of fortune-telling by algebra. We must proceed by elimination; you may strike out such of the letters on the right side of the last equation as do not count for anything."

But instead of proceeding as the master suggested, Barbara, whose reserve was partly dissipated by her amusement, took the pencil that he offered her, and after a moment's reflection wrote below:

$a = 0$
 $b = 0$
 $x = c$

"I never saw an equation more to my taste," said Hiram. "If it's only circumstances, then circumstances and I are going to fight it out. You think there are things that will keep us from making an equation between Barbara and Hiram?"

"There would n't be any equation," she said, looking out of half-closed eyelids, as she always did when speaking with feeling. "Your family is an educated one, and your father and mother would n't approve of us. Mother never had any chance to learn, and her talk is very old-fashioned, but she's just as good as good can be, all the same. Tom's unsteady; I hope he'll get over that yet; but your father and mother and your sisters would n't like it."

"Yes, they would, if they knew you," said Mason, with enthusiasm; "and, besides, I don't see that I'm bound to get their consent."

"But that would n't change matters," persisted Barbara, despondingly. "If they did n't like it, it would n't be nice."

"Don't you bother about my happiness, Barbara. If I have you, do you think anything else will trouble me?" He got up and snuffed the candle with his fingers like the brave man that he was.



BARBARA AND HIRAM BY THE LOOM.

"I 'm not bothering about you at all," said Barbara. "I 'm not so good as you think I am. I let you take care of yourself in this matter; you're strong, and such things won't worry you." She was picking at her dress as she spoke. "Ever since you said what you did when you helped me over the fence last,"—Barbara took a long breath as she thought of that scene; she had often retraced all its details in her memory,— "I 've known that you felt so toward me that you would face anything. But I— I could n't bear it if your folks should look down on me and I be — your wife." It

VOL. XXXV.—53.

was hard to say the last words; they sounded strangely, and when they were uttered, the sound of them put her into a trepidation not altogether disagreeable.

"Look down on *you*?" said Hiram, with a vehemence Barbara had never known him to manifest before. "Do you think my folks are such idiots? They don't meet a person like you often enough to get the habit of looking down on such."

"But you don't know women folks," said Barbara.

"I know my family better than you do, and

you've got mighty curious notions about them and about yourself. You've always lived here in the woods, and you don't know what you're worth."

He lifted the empty apple-basket out of the way and sat down by her.

"Now, Barbara, you say you know how I feel toward you. You are the girl of all girls in the world for me. And now you won't spurn me, will you?" he said entreatingly.

Barbara's lips quivered and she seemed about to lose control of herself. However, after a little period of silence and struggle, she suppressed her feelings sufficiently to speak:

"I could n't *spurn* you," she said. Then, after another pause: "Maybe you don't care any more for me than I do for you. But I'm in such trouble — that I can't tell what to say. Won't you wait and give me a little time? Things may be better after a while."

"How long shall I stay away? A week?" Mason's voice had a note of protest in it.

"Don't be hurt," she said, lifting her eyes timidly to his. "But I'm in such a hard place. Let me have two weeks or so to think about it, and see how things are going to turn." It was not that Barbara saw any chance for a change of circumstances, but that she could not resolve to decide the question either way,

and wished to escape from her present perplexity by postponement.

"Just as you say," said Mason, regretfully; "but I tell you, Barbara, it's two weeks of dead lost time."

Then he got up and held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye, Barbara."

"Good-bye, Mr. Mason."

"Oh, call me Hiram! It's more friendly, and you call all the other young men by their first names."

"But you're the master."

"I'm not the master of you, that's clear. Besides, you've left school." He was holding her hand in gentle protest all this time.

"Well, good-bye — Hiram!" said Barbara, with a visible effort which ended in a little laugh.

Mason let go of her hand and turned abruptly and walked out of the door, and then swiftly down the meadow path. Barbara stood and looked after him as long as she could see his form; then she slowly shut and latched the kitchen door and came and covered with ashes the remaining embers of the fire, and took the candle from the mantel-piece and went through the now vacant sitting-room to her chamber above.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.



JOHN GILBERT.

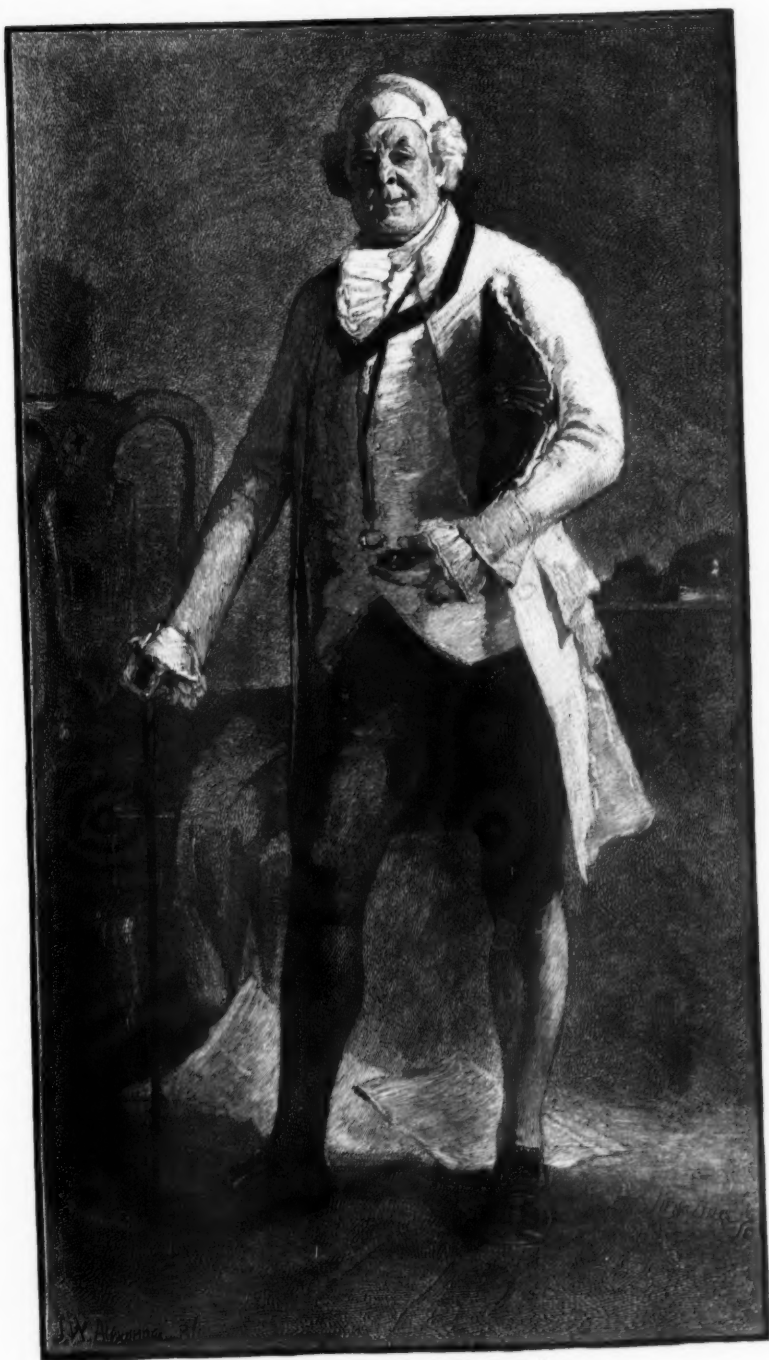
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. W. ALEXANDER.



OF all the men who have achieved fame upon the American stage during the last half century, a period which includes almost all that is important in the theatrical history of the country, no one probably ever gained a higher place in public esteem than that now occupied by the finished artist and fine old actor John Gilbert.

There have been players of greater genius and wider renown, whose names are known

the world over, and whose brilliant careers mark the limits of dramatic eras, but none of them, it is safe to say, ever secured a firmer hold upon the popular heart, in the twofold capacity of actor and man, than the veteran who is the subject of this sketch. The position of Mr. Gilbert upon the stage of to-day is extraordinary in more ways than one. Although he can scarcely be said to be the most prominent figure in the American theatrical world, yet he is certainly the one man whose retirement from it would leave a void which nobody



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."

now in sight could hope to fill. With him will vanish, for a time at least, if not forever, old comedy characters that have been beloved by play-goers for generations and have been regarded almost in the light of actual personages instead of mere creatures of the imagination. The remark that such or such a character will disappear with this or that actor is common enough, and is apt to be unfounded, but in the case of Mr. Gilbert it is, unhappily, only too true. It is by no means necessarily an irreparable loss to the stage when an eccentric conception, made vital by the peculiar powers of some particular actor, dies with its originator. *Paul Pry*, *Lord Dundreary*, *Solon Shingle*, and a host of others, admirable as they are in their respective classes, may all go to the limbo of forgotten plays and the condition of the theater will not be affected permanently; but it is altogether a more serious matter when the survival of a classic type seems to be dependent upon a single life. When Mr. Gilbert

abandons the foot-lights — may the day be far distant! — he will take with him nearly all the famous old men of old English comedy, to say nothing of the comedy which is rapidly growing middle-aged. Who but he can give us *Sir Anthony* or *Sir Peter*, *Old Dornton* or *Mr. Hardcastle*, *Lord Duberly* or *Sir Francis Gripe*? It is surely a great good fortune for us all that has preserved his health and vigor for three-quarters of a century, and which leaves him in the full possession of physical and mental powers in his seventy-eighth year.

Many of the younger admirers of Mr. Gilbert doubtless think that he has never or rarely played in anything but comedy, whereas the truth is that his earliest efforts were in tragedy. The perfection of his present method, which appears to the careless observer so simple and natural a thing, is the result of long years of arduous labor and a strangely varied experience. He was born on the 27th of February, 1810, in Boston, next door to the house

in which Charlotte Cushman first saw the light. From his earliest youth, it is said, he was attracted to a theatrical life, and as a boy in the Boston High School was noted among his fellows for his skill and force in declamation. His aspirations were high, and his first recitations were selected from "The Iron Chest" and "Venice Preserved." This was before he was fourteen years old, at which age he was put behind the counter in his un-

the privilege of one rehearsal only. His performance proved so successful that he was allowed to try again, and this time he essayed the part of *Sir Edward Mortimer*, to the manifest approval of his audience. His triumph enabled him to overcome the opposition of his relatives, and he was allowed to leave the shop and enter definitely upon the career of an actor. His third part was *Shylock*, and there his ambition met with a severe shock.



JOHN GILBERT AS "JESSE RURAL."

cle's dry-goods store and doomed to ply the yard-stick and scissors. He was too young for open rebellion, but he had the courage, resolution, and industry which are more potent than genius itself. Always steadfast to the purpose of his life, he never for an instant ceased the study of elocution, and at last, when he was eighteen years old, he managed to obtain permission from the directors of the old Tremont Theater to make a public appearance there as *Jaffier*. This important step was taken without the knowledge either of his mother or his uncle, neither of whom had much reverence for the stage. He was announced simply as a young gentleman of Boston, and had

Boylike, he thought that the favorable reception accorded to him as a novice meant permanent fame for him, and he was greatly taken aback when he found that he had to begin again, like everybody else, at the bottom of the ladder. After playing two and three line parts for a time, he was glad to get an opportunity to go to New Orleans under the management of James H. Caldwell, although his salary was of the smallest. He made his first appearance there as *Sir Frederick Vernon* in "Rob Roy," and is reported to have failed completely on account of a bad attack of stage fright, pardonable enough in a lad of his inexperience. Immediately afterward he



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE."

redeemed himself by the admirable manner in which he acted an old man, a very strong part, in a piece called "The May Queen"; and it was on this occasion that the natural bent of his talent was first displayed. Thereafter he appeared constantly in the characters of old men and made rapid advances in professional reputation. For five years he traveled in the South and South-west, undergoing discomforts and making shifts of which even the modern barn-stormer has but the faintest conception, but constantly adding to his experience and self-confidence, until he finally made his way back again to Boston and procured an engagement at the Tremont Theater. Here he played for another five years in a great variety of characters, many of which were old men—in tragedy, old and new comedy, melodrama, romantic-drama, and farce. He was associated in those days with a host of dead-and-gone celebrities,—Booth, Forrest, Hamblin, J. W. Wallack, Tyrone Power, Charlotte Cushman, Cooper, Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), Mr. and Mrs. Keely, etc.,—and doubtless learned something from each of them. The modern actor would call work of this kind

drudgery, but to the true student of dramatic art it is more precious than all the rules of all the professors. At the end of his five years' term in Boston, Mr. Gilbert's position in his profession was assured, and he came to New York, where he at once procured an engagement in the Old Bowery Theater, then at the height of its fame. He played *Sir Edward Mortimer* and a number of other important characters with much success, and then returned for a brief season to Boston, acting in the Tremont and the National theaters. Being desirous of studying the methods of comedians trained amidst the old traditions, he made a trip to England, and was engaged by Mr. Walton, the manager of the Princess's Theater, and made his first appearance there in the character of *Sir Richard Bramble* in "The Poor Gentleman." His success was so emphatic that he was reengaged for the whole of the ensuing season, and played the old men's parts in a number of standard English comedies, and also supported Macready and Charlotte Cushman. Whenever he had a chance he went to the Haymarket Theater, the home of legitimate comedy, where Mathews, Buckstone, Compton, Mrs. Nesbitt, and other famous actors could be seen, and he also paid a visit to Paris to

study the best methods of the French school.

On his return to New York he joined the company of the Park Theater, then under the direction of Hamblin, and remained there until the house was burned in 1848. Then he went to Philadelphia, where he acted for five years, and next to Boston, to the New Boston Theater, managed by Thomas Barry, where he remained until 1857. During the ensuing five years he was once more in Philadelphia, but in 1862 he returned to New York for good, joining the company of Mr. Wallack, of which he was one of the chief ornaments to the very last. It is not possible within the limits of this sketch to attempt even the briefest summary of the work which he has accomplished in the last twenty-five years, but a hasty reference to some of his most important impersonations will give a good idea of its variety and scope. The fame of his *Sir Anthony Absolute* entitles it to be placed at the head of the list. It is difficult to believe that the choleric old Englishman ever had a better representative. To-day there is no actor who could presume to challenge comparison with him in it. Mr. William Warren, of Boston, has retired

upon his laurels. Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Phelps, and the original Warren are dead. All were celebrated in the character, but Mr. Gilbert is probably better than any of them. His figure, his face, and his voice fit the part exactly; the naturalness of his choleric outbursts is extraordinary; the dryness of his humor is perfect; and his whole carriage is an absolute reproduction of the old-time manner. The performance is — in one word — perfection. His *Sir Peter* is a companion-piece of almost equal merit, but is distinctly inferior. It is a little deficient in polish. The ideal *Sir Peter* ought to have an air a little more courtly than that which Mr. Gilbert imparts to him; but perhaps even this objection is open to the charge of hypercriticism. At all events, there is no other *Sir Peter* upon the English-speaking stage to compare with it, although the younger Farren in London and Mr. Charles Fisher here are both clever in the character. Their admitted excellence only emphasizes Mr. Gilbert's easy superiority. By way of contrast with the explosive *Sir Anthony*, take *Old Dornon* in the "Road to Ruin." No more perfect picture of probity, benevolence, and tenderness could be imagined. There is almost as much pathos in the old man's honest outbursts of indignation as in his moments of forgiveness and reconciliation. What a study of sturdy indignation and parental tenderness he furnished as *Job Thornberry* in "John Bull," and what a wealth of humor he infused into *Lord Duberly*! His *Lord Ogleby* is another instance of his wide versatility, as is his *Sir Francis Gripe* in "The Busy-body," which a year or two ago gave so much pleasure to lovers of genuine old comedy. Even more striking is the contrast between his *Master Walter* in "The Hunchback" and his *Mr. Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer," two characters with scarcely a point in common, yet played with almost equal truth and finish. The *Hardcastle* is the finer, of course, being a veritable masterpiece full of the rarest and homeliest humor; but what other actor capable of playing the one could play the other at all? *Dogberry*, *Adam*, *Sir George Thunder*, *Old Wilding*, *Sir William Fondlove*, *Justice Greedy*, *Paul Lafont*, in "Love's Sacrifice," and others innumerable, — what a splendid gallery of portraits they all make, and how long it is likely to be before any one man will be able to paint them again!

But even in these later days it is not only in old comedy that Mr. Gilbert has excelled;

his *Sir Harcourt Courty* is as finished a modern portrait as any of the old ones just enumerated. The external polish of this superannuated fop is a triumph of the most delicate and artistic acting, in which the broadest effects are secured by the most minute elaboration. Who would suppose that this exquisite was identical with the ruffianly *McKenna* in "Rose-dale," the fussy old *Brisemouch* in "A Scrap of Paper," or the jealous old husband in "The Guv'nor"? The personal characteristics of Mr. Gilbert — his stature, voice, and face — are so marked that, until the list of his impersonations is examined, he often fails to receive



JOHN GILBERT AS "HARDCASTLE."

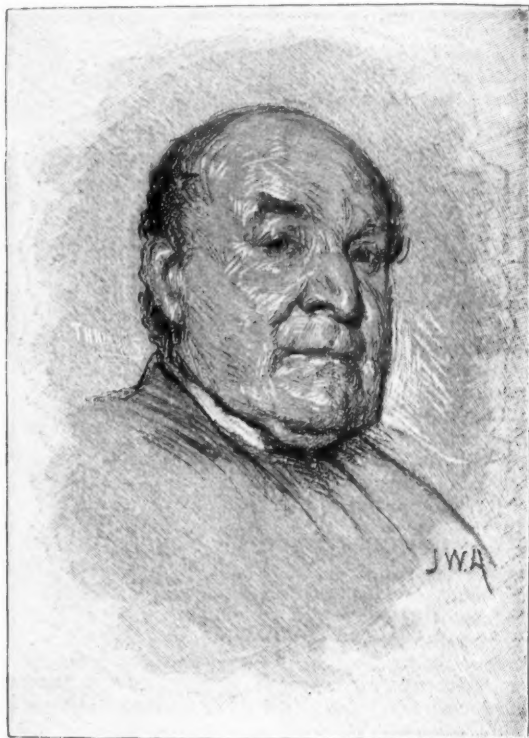
credit for the uncommon versatility which he exhibits.

The personages named do not constitute one-tenth, perhaps, of those which he has enacted in New York, but they are sufficient for the present purpose, which is simply to show the strong foundation upon which his reputation rests. He is in every sense an honor to his profession. The stage was never more urgently in need of such men as he, who furnish irrefutable demonstration that labor and experience are the only sure means by which artistic perfection can be attained. Genius in acting, as in everything else, will always

assert itself; but it cannot be developed to its full extent without complete knowledge of the mechanical processes needed to create the desired impression, and mechanical — or, if the word be displeasing, executive — excellence can be reached by practice, and by practice only. The only real school of acting is the stage, and in this, as in every other school, the student must begin at the bottom and work his way up. Mr. Gilbert is a past-master of his art, who uses, with unerring precision, all the resources acquired in half a century of intelligent observation and laborious application. His skill is so complete that everything he does has

the effect of intuition; but neither he nor any other expert in acting equal to him can impart the faculty which he possesses. He can tell how he does it, but that will not enable anybody else to do it off-hand in the same way. There was a glimmer of this truth in the mind of Mr. Squeers when he sent his students in practical philosophy to clean his windows. It will be a blessed day for the theater when the agile dolls who masquerade nowadays as comedians begin to comprehend that mimicry is not acting, and that, if it were, they would be inferior in this respect to many of the anthropoid apes.

J. Ranken Towse.



John Gilbert

THE DUSANTES.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

II.



AFTER a second night spent in the stage-coach on that lonely and desolate mountain road where we were now snow-bound, I arose early in the morning and went into the forest to collect some fuel; and while thus engaged I made the discovery that the snow was covered with a hard crust which would bear my weight. After the storm had ceased the day before, the sun had shone brightly and the temperature had moderated very much, so that the surface of the snow had slightly thawed. During the night it became cold again, and this surface froze into a hard coating of ice. When I found I could walk where I pleased, my spirits rose, and I immediately set out to view the situation. The aspect of the road gave me no encouragement. The snow-fall had been a heavy one, but had it not been for the high wind which accompanied it, it would have thrown but moderate difficulties in the way of our rescuers. Reaching a point which commanded a considerable view along the side of the mountain, I could see that in many places the road was completely lost to sight on account of the great snow-drifts piled up on it. I then walked to the point where the two roads met, and crossing over, I climbed a slight rise in the ground which had cut off my view in this direction, and found myself in a position from which I could look directly down the side of the mountain below the road.

Here the mountain-side, which I had supposed to be very steep and rugged, descended in a long and gradual slope to the plains below, and for the greater part of the distance was covered by a smooth shining surface of frozen snow, unbroken by rock or tree. This snowy slope apparently extended for a mile or more, and then I could see that it gradually blended itself into the greenish-brown turf of the lower country. Down there in the valley there still were leaves upon the trees, and

there were patches of verdure over the land. The storm which had piled its snows up here had given them rain down there and had freshened everything. It was like looking down into another climate, and on another land. I saw a little smoke coming up behind a patch of trees. It must be that there was a house there! Could it be possible that we were within a mile or two of a human habitation? Yet, what comfort was there in that thought? The people in that house could not get to us nor we to them, nor could they have heard of our situation, for the point where our road reached the lower country was miles farther on.

As I stood thus and gazed, it seemed to me that I could make a run and slide down the mountain-side into green fields, into safety, into life. I remembered those savage warriors who, looking from the summits of the Alps upon the fertile plains of Italy, seated themselves upon their shields and slid down to conquest and rich spoils.

An idea came into my mind, and I gave it glad welcome. There was no time to be lost. The sun was not yet high, but it was mounting in a clear sky, and should its rays become warm enough to melt the crust on which I stood, our last chance of escape would be gone. To plow our way to any place, through deep, soft snow, would be impossible. I hurried back to our coach, and found three very grave women standing around the fire. They were looking at a small quantity of food at the bottom of a large basket.

"That's every crumb there is left," said Mrs. Aleshine to me, "and when we pass in some to them unfortunates on the other side of the drift,—which, of course, we're bound to do,—we'll have what I call a skimpy meal. And that's not the worst of it. Until somebody gets up to us, it will be our last meal."

I took my poor Ruth by the hand, for she was looking very pale and troubled, and I said: "My dear friends, nobody can get up to this place for a long, long time; and before help could possibly reach us we should all be

* Copyright, 1887, by Frank R. Stockton. All rights reserved.

dead. But do not be frightened. It is not necessary to wait for any one to come to us. The snow is now covered with a crust which will bear our weight. I have thought of a way in which we can slide down the mountain-side, which, from a spot where I have been standing this morning, is no steeper than some coasting hills, though very much longer. In a few minutes we can pass from this region of snow, where death from cold and starvation must soon overtake us, to a green valley where there is no snow, and where we shall be within walking distance of a house in which people are living."

Ruth grasped my arm. "Will it be safe?" she exclaimed.

"I think so," I answered. "I see no reason why we should meet with any accident. At any rate, it is much safer than remaining here for another hour; for if the crust melts, our last chance is gone."

"Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Lecks, "me and Mrs. Aleshine is no hands at coastin' down-hill, havin' given up that sort of thing since we was little girls with short frocks and it did n't make no matter any way. But you know more about these things than we do; and if you say we can get out of this dreadful place by slidin' down-hill, we 're ready to follow, if you'll just go ahead. We followed you through the ocean with nothin' between our feet and the bottom but miles o' water and nobody knows what sorts of dreadful fish, and when you say it's the right way to save our lives, we 're ready to follow you again. And as for you, Mrs. Ruth, don't you be frightened. I don't know what we 're goin' to slide on, but, whatever it is, even if it's our own selves, me and Mrs. Aleshine will take you between us, and if anything is run against, we 'll get the bumps, and not you."

I was delighted to see how readily my proposition was accepted, and we made a hasty breakfast, first sending in some of our food to the other party. The gentleman reported through the hole of communication that they were all fairly well, but a good deal stiffened by cold and want of exercise. He inquired, in a very anxious voice, if I had discovered any signs of approaching relief. To this I replied that I had devised a plan by which we could get ourselves out of our present dangerous situation, and that in a very short time I would come around to the door of his shed—for I could now walk on the crusted snow—and tell him about it. He replied that these words cheered his heart, and that he would do everything possible to coöperate with me.

I now went to work vigorously. I took the cushions from the coach, four of them altogether, and carried them to the brink of the slope down which I purposed to make our de-

scent. I also conveyed thither a long coil of rawhide rope which I had previously discovered in the boot of the coach. I then hurried along the other road, which, as has been said before, lay at a somewhat lower level than the one we were on, and when I reached the shed I found the door had been opened, and the gentleman, with his tin pan, had scooped away a good deal of the snow about it, so as to admit of a moderately easy passage in and out. He met me outside, and grasped my hand.

"Sir, if you have a plan to propose," he said, "state it quickly. We are in a position of great danger. Those two ladies inside the shed cannot much longer endure this exposure, and I presume that the ladies in your party—although their voices, which I occasionally hear, do not seem to indicate it—must be in a like condition."

I replied that, so far, my companions had borne up very well, and without further waste of words proceeded to unfold my plan of escape.

When he had heard it the gentleman put on a very serious expression. "It seems hazardous," he said, "but it may be the only way out of our danger. Will you show me the point from which you took your observations?"

"Yes," said I, "but we must be in haste. The sun is getting up in the sky, and this crust may soon begin to melt. It is not yet really winter, you know."

We stepped quickly to the spot where I had carried the cushions. The gentleman stood and silently gazed, first at the blocked-up roadway, then at the long, smooth slope of the mountain-side directly beneath us, and then at the verdure of the plain below, which had grown greener under the increasing brightness of day. "Sir," said he, turning to me, "there is nothing to be done but to adopt your plan, or to remain here and die. We will accompany you in the descent, and I place myself under your orders."

"The first thing," said I, "is to bring here your carriage cushions, and help me to arrange them."

When he had brought the three cushions from the shed, the gentleman and I proceeded to place them with the others on the snow, so that the whole formed a sort of wide and nearly square mattress. Then, with the rawhide rope, we bound them together in a rough but secure net-work of cordage. In this part of the work I found my companion very apt and skillful.

When this rude mattress was completed I requested the gentleman to bring his ladies to the place while I went for mine.

"What are we to pack up to take with us?" said Mrs. Aleshine, when I reached our coach.

"We take nothing at all," said I, "but the money in our pockets and our rugs and wraps. Everything else must be left in the coach, to be brought down to us when the roads shall be cleared out."

With our rugs and shawls on our arms we left the coach, and as we were crossing the other road we saw the gentleman and his companions approaching. These ladies were very much wrapped up, but one of them seemed to step along lightly and without difficulty, while the other moved slowly and was at times assisted by the gentleman.

A breeze had sprung up which filled the air with fine frozen particles blown from the uncrusted beds of snow along the edge of the forest, and I counseled Ruth to cover up her mouth and breathe as little of this snow powder as possible.

"If I'm to go coastin' at all," said Mrs. Aleshine, "I'd as lief do it with strangers as friends; and a little liefer, for that matter, if there's any bones to be broken. But I must say that I'd like to make the acquaintance of them ladies afore I git on to the sled, which" — at that moment catching sight of the mattress — "you don't mean to say that that's it?"

"Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks from underneath her great woolen comforter, "if you want to get your lungs friz, you'd better go on talkin'. Manners is manners, but they can wait till we get to the bottom of the hill."

Notwithstanding this admonition, I noticed that as soon as the two parties met, both Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine advanced and shook hands with the ladies who had been their neighbors under such peculiar circumstances, and that Mrs. Lecks herself expressed a muffled hope that they might all get down safely.

I now pushed the mattress which was to serve as our sled as close as was prudent to the edge of the descent, and requested the party to seat themselves upon it. Without hesitation Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sat down, taking Ruth between them, as they had promised to do. My young wife was very nervous, but the cool demeanor of her companions, and my evident belief in the practicability of the plan, gave her courage, and she quietly took her seat. The younger of the two strange ladies stepped lightly on the cushions, and before seating herself stood up for a good look at the far-extending bed of snow over which we were to take our way. The prospect did not appear to deter her, and she sat down promptly and with an air that seemed to say that she anticipated a certain enjoyment from the adventure. The elder lady, however, exhibited very different

emotions. She shrank back from the cushions towards which the gentleman was conducting her, and turned her face away from the declivity. Her companion assured her that it was absolutely necessary that we should descend from the mountain in this way, for there was no other; and asserting his belief that our slide would be a perfectly safe one, he gently drew her to the mattress and induced her to sit down.

I now, for the first time, noticed that the gentleman carried under one arm, and covered by his long cloak, a large package of some sort, and I immediately said to him: "It will be very imprudent for us to attempt to carry any of our property except what we can put in our pockets or wrap around us. Everything else should be left here, either in your carriage or our coach, and I have no fear that anything will be lost. But even if our luggage were in danger of being molested if left here, we cannot afford to consider it under circumstances such as these."

"My dear sir," said the gentleman, speaking very gravely, "I appreciate the hazards of our position as keenly as yourself. Our valises, and all the light luggage which we had with us in our carriage, I have left there, and shall not give them another thought. But with the parcel I hold under this arm I cannot part, and if I go down the mountain-side on these cushions, it must go with me. If you refuse in such a case to allow me to be one of your party, I must remain behind, and endeavor to find a board or something on which I can make the descent of the mountain."

He spoke courteously but with an air of decision which showed me that it would be of no use to argue with him. Besides, there was no time for parleying; and if this gentleman chose to take his chances with but one arm at liberty, it was no longer my affair. I therefore desired him to sit down, and I arranged the company so that they sat back to back, their feet drawn up to the edge of the mattress. I then took the place which had been reserved for me as steersman, and having tied several shawls together, end to end, I passed them around the whole of us under our arms, thus binding us all firmly together. I felt that one of our greatest dangers would be that one or more of the party might slip from the mattress during the descent.

When all was ready I asked the gentleman, who, with the elder lady, sat near me, at the back of the mattress, to assist in giving us a start by pushing outward with his heels while I thrust the handle of my wooden shovel into the crust and thus pushed the mattress forward. The starting was a little difficult, but in a min-

ute or two we had pushed the mattress partly over the brink, and then, after a few more efforts, we began to slide downward.

The motion, at first slow, suddenly became quite rapid, and I heard behind me a cry or exclamation, from whom I knew not, but I felt quite sure it did not come from any of our party. I hoped to be able to make some use of my shovel in the guidance of our unwieldy raft or mattress-sled, but I soon found this impossible, and down we went over the smooth, hard-frozen slope, with nothing to direct our course but the varying undulations of the mountain-side. Every moment we seemed to go faster and faster, and soon we began to revolve, so that sometimes I was in front and sometimes behind. Once, when passing over a very smooth sheet of snow, we fairly spun around, so that in every direction feet were flying out from a common center and heels grating on the frozen crust. But there were no more cries or exclamations. Each one of us grasped the cordage which held the cushions together, and the rapidity of the motion forced us almost to hold our breath.

Down the smooth, white slope we sped as a bird skims through the air. It seemed to me as if we passed over miles and miles of snow. Sometimes my face was turned down the mountain where the snow surface seemed to stretch out illimitably, and then it was turned upward towards the apparently illimitable slopes over which we had passed.

Presently, my position now being in front of the little group that glanced along its glittering way, I saw at some distance below me a long rise or terrace which ran along the mountain-side for a considerable distance, and which cut off our view of everything below us. As we approached this hillock the descent became much more gradual and our progress slower, and at last I began to fear that our acquired velocity would not be sufficient to carry us up the side of this elevation, and so enable us to continue our descent. I therefore called to everybody in the rear to kick out vigorously, and with my shovel I endeavored to assist our progress. As we approached the summit of the elevation, we moved slower and slower. I became very anxious, for, should we slide backward, we might find it difficult or impossible to get ourselves and the mattress up this little hill. But the gentleman and myself worked valiantly, and as for Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, they kicked their heels through the frozen crust with such energy that we moved sidewise almost as much as upward. But in a moment the anxious suspense was over, and we rested on the ridge of the long hillock with the mountain-side stretching down to the plain, which lay not very far below us.

I should have been glad to remain here a few minutes to regain breath, and to give some consideration to the rest of our descent, but some of those behind continued to push—the mattress slid over the edge of the terrace, and down again we went. Our progress now was not so rapid, but it was very much more unpleasant. The snow was thinner; there was little or no crust upon it, and we very soon reached a wide extent of exposed turf over which we slid, but not without a good deal of bumping against stones and protuberances. Then there was another sheet of snow, which quickened our downward impetus; and, after that, the snow was seen only in occasional patches, and our progress continued over a long slope of short, partly dried grass, which was very slippery, and over which we passed with considerable quickness.

I wished now to bring our uncouth sled to a stop, and to endeavor to make the rest of the descent on foot. But although I stuck out my heels and tried to thrust the handle of my shovel into the ground, it was of no use. On we went, and the inequalities of the surface gave an irregularity of motion which was uncomfortable and alarming. We turned to this side and that, we bounced and bumped, and the rawhide ropes, which must have been greatly frayed and cut by the snow crust, now gave way in several places, and I knew that the mattress would soon separate into its original cushions, if indeed they still could be called cushions. Fearing increased danger should we now continue bound together in a bunch, I jerked apart the shawl knot under my arms, and the next moment, it seemed to me, there was a general dissolution of our connection with each other. Fortunately, we were now near the bottom of the slope, for while some of us stuck fast to the cushions, others rolled over, or slid, independent of any protection; while I, being thrown forward on my feet, actually ran down-hill! I had just succeeded in stopping myself, when down upon me came the rest of the company, all prostrate in some position or other.

And now from an unwieldy mass of shawls came a cry:

"O Albert Dusante! Where are you? Lucille! Lucille!"

Instantly sprang to one foot good Mrs. Aleshine, her other foot being entangled in a mass of shawls which dragged behind her. Her bonnet was split open and mashed down over her eyes. In her left hand she waved a piece of yellow flannel, which in her last mad descent she had torn from some part of the person of Mrs. Lecks, and in the other a bunch of stout dead weeds, which she had seized and pulled up by the roots as she had

passed them. Her dress was ripped open down her rotund back, and the earth from the weed roots had bespattered her face. From the midst of this dilapidation her round eyes sparkled with excitement. Hopping on one foot, the shawls and a part of a cushion dragging behind her, she shouted:

"The Dusantes! They are the Dusantes!"

Then pitching forward on her knees before the two strange ladies, who had now tumbled into each other's arms, she cried:

"Oh, which is Emily, and which is Lucille?"

I had rushed towards Ruth, who had clung to a cushion, and was now sitting upon it, when Mrs. Lecks, who was close beside her, arose to her feet and stood upright. One foot was thrust through her own bonnet, and her clothes gave evidence of the frenzy and power of Mrs. Aleshine's grasp, but her mien was dignified and her aspect stately.

"Barb'ry Aleshine!" she exclaimed, "if them Dusantes has dropped down from heaven at your very feet, can't you give 'em a minute to feel their ribs and see if their legs and arms is broken?"

The younger lady now turned her head towards Mrs. Aleshine. "I am Lucille," she said.

In a moment the good woman's arms were around her neck. "I always liked you the best of the two," she whispered into the ear of the astonished young lady.

Having found that Ruth was unhurt, I ran to the assistance of the others. The gentleman had just arisen from a cushion, upon which, lying flat on his back, he had slid over the grass, still holding under one arm the package from which he had refused to part. I helped him to raise the elder lady to her feet. She had been a good deal shaken, and much frightened, but although a little bruised, she had received no important injury.

I went to fill a leather pocket-cup from a brook near by, and when I returned I found the gentleman standing, confronted by Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and Ruth, while his own companions were regarding the group with eager interest.

"Yes," he was saying, "my name is Dusante, but why do you ask at this moment? Why do you show such excited concern on the subject?"

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Lecks. "I will tell you why, sir. My name is Mrs. Lecks, and this is Mrs. Aleshine, and if you are the Mr. Dusante with the house on the desert island, this is the Mrs. Craig who was married in that very house, and the gentleman here with the water is Mr. Craig, who wrote you the letter which I hope you got. And if that is n't rea-

son enough for our wanting to know if you are Mr. Dusante, I'd like to be told what more there could be!"

"It's them! Of course it's them!" cried Mrs. Aleshine. "I had a feelin' while we were scootin' down hill that they was near and dear to us, though exactly why and how, I did n't know. And she's told me she's Lucille, and of course the other must be Emily, though what relations —"

"Am I to understand," interrupted the gentleman, looking with earnest animation from one to the other of us, "that these are the good people who inhabited my house on the island?"

"The very ones!" cried Mrs. Aleshine. "And what relation are you to Emily? and Lucille to her?"

The gentleman stepped backward and laid down the package which he had held under his arm, and advancing towards me with outstretched hands, and with tears starting to his eyes, he exclaimed:

"And this man then, to whom I owe so much, is Mr. Craig!"

"Owe me!" I said. "It is to you that we owe our very lives, and our escape from death in mid-ocean."

"Do not speak of it," he said, shaking his head with a sorrowful expression on his face. "You owe me nothing. I would to Heaven it were not so! But we will not talk of that, now. And this is Mrs. Craig," he continued, taking Ruth by the hand,—"the fair lady whose nuptials were celebrated in my house. And Mrs. Lecks, and Mrs. Aleshine." As he spoke he shook hands with each. "How I have longed to meet you! I have thought of you every day since I returned to my island, and discovered that you had been—I wish I could say—my guests. And where is the reverend gentleman? And the three mariners? I hope that nothing has befallen them!"

"Alas!—for three of them at least," ejaculated Mrs. Aleshine; "they have left us, but they are all right. And now, sir, if you could tell us what relation you are to Emily, and what Lucille —"

"Barb'ry!" cried Mrs. Lecks, making a dash towards her friend, "can't you give the man a minute to breathe? Don't you see he's so dumbfustered that he hardly knows who he is himself! If them two women was to sink down dead with hunger and hard slidin' right afore your very eyes while you was askin' what relation they was to each other and to him, it would no more 'n serve you right! We'd better be seein' if anythin' 's the matter with 'em, and what we can do for 'em."

At this moment the younger of Mr. Dusante's ladies quickly stepped forward. "O Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Lecks, and Mrs. Aleshine!"

she exclaimed, "I'm just dying to know all about you!"

"And which, contrariwise," cried Mrs. Aleshine, "is the same with us, exactly."

"And of all places in the world," continued the young lady, "that we should meet here!"

No one could have been more desirous than I was to know all about these Dusantes and to discuss the strange manner of our meeting, but I saw that Ruth was looking very pale and faint, and that the elder Dusante lady had sat down again upon the ground as though obliged to do so by sheer exhaustion, and I therefore hailed with a double delight the interruption of further explanations by the appearance of two men on horseback who came galloping toward us.

They belonged to the house which I had noticed from the road above, and one of them had seen our swift descent down the mountain-side. At first he had thought the black object he saw sliding over the snow slopes was a rock or mass of underbrush, but his keen eye soon told him that it was a group of human beings, and summoning a companion, he had set out for the foot of the mountain as soon as horses could be caught and saddled.

The men were much surprised when they heard the details of our adventure, but as it was quite plain that some members of our party needed immediate nourishment and attention, the questions and explanations were made very short. The men dismounted from their horses and the elder Dusante lady was placed upon one of them, one man leading the animal and the other supporting the lady. Ruth mounted the other horse, and I walked by her to assist her in keeping her seat, but she held fast to the high pommel of the saddle and got on very well. Mr. Dusante took his younger companion on one arm, and his package under the other, while Mrs. Lecks, having relieved her foot from the encircling bonnet, and Mrs. Aleshine, now free from the entangling shawls, followed in the rear. The men offered to come back with the horses for them if they would wait; but the two women declared that they were quite able to walk and intended to do no waiting, and they trudged vigorously after us. The sun was now high, and the air down here was quite different from that of the mountain-side, being pleasant and almost warm. The men said that the snows above would probably soon melt, as it was much too early in the season for snow to lie long on these lower sides of the mountain.

Our way lay over an almost level plain for about a mile. A portion of it was somewhat rough, so that when we reached the low house to which we were bound, we were all very glad indeed to get there. The house belonged to

the two men who owned a small ranch here. One of them was married, and his wife immediately set herself to work to attend to our needs. Her home was small, its rooms few, and her larder very plain in quality; but everything she had was placed at our disposal. Her own bed was given to the elder Dusante lady, who took immediate possession of it; and after a quickly prepared but plentiful meal of fried pork, corn-bread, and coffee, the rest of us stretched ourselves out to rest wherever we could find a place. Before lying down, however, I had, at Ruth's earnest solicitation, engaged one of the men to ride to the railroad station to inquire about Mr. Enderton, and to inform him of our safety. By taking a route which ran parallel with the mountain chain, but at some distance from it, the station, the man said, could be reached without encountering snow.

None of us had had proper rest during the past two nights and we slept soundly until dark, when we were aroused to partake of supper. All of us, except the elder Dusante lady, who preferred to remain in bed, gathered around the table. After supper a large fire, principally of brush-wood, was built upon the hearth; and with the bright blaze, two candles, and a lamp, the low room appeared quite light and cheery. We drew up about the fire—for the night was cool—on whatever chairs, stools, or boxes we could find, and no sooner had we all seated ourselves than Mrs. Aleshine exclaimed:

"Now, Mr. Dusante, it ain't in the power of mortal man, nor woman neither,—an' if put the other way it might be stronger,—to wait any longer before knowin' what relation Lucille is to Emily, and you to them, an' all about that house of yours on the island. If I'd blown up into bits this day through holdin' in my wantin' to know, I should n't have wondered! An' if it had n't been for hard sleep, I don't believe I could have held in nohow!"

"That 's my mind exactly," said Mrs. Lecks; "and though I know there 's a time for all things, and don't believe in crowdin' questions on played-out people, I do think, Mr. Dusante, that if I could have caught up with you when we was comin' over here, I'd have asked you to speak out on these p'int's. But you 're a long-legged walker, which Mrs. Aleshine is not, and it would n't have done to leave her behind."

"Which she would n't 'a' been," said Mrs. Aleshine, "long legs or short."

Ruth and I added our entreaties that Mr. Dusante should tell his story, and the good ranchman and his wife said that if there was anything to be done in the story-telling line

they were in for it, strong; and quitting their work of clearing away supper things, they brought an old hair trunk from another room and sat down just behind Mrs. Lecks.

The younger Dusante lady, who, having been divested of her wraps, her veil, and the woolen shawl that had been tied over her head, now proved to be a very pretty girl with black eyes, here declared that it had been her intention at the very first opportunity to get us to tell our story, but as we had asked first, she supposed we ought to be satisfied first.

"I do not wish, my good friends," said Mr. Dusante, "to delay for a moment longer than necessary your very pardonable curiosity concerning me and my family; and I must say at the same time that, although your letter, sir, gave me a very clear account of your visit to my island, there are many things which naturally could not be contained within the limits of a letter, and about which I am most anxious to make inquiries. But these I will reserve until my own narration is finished.

"My name is Albert Dusante. It may interest you to know that my father was a Frenchman and my mother an American lady from New England. I was born in France, but have lived very little in that country, and for a great part of my life have been a merchant in Honolulu. For the past few years, however, I have been enabled to free myself in a great degree from the trammels of business, and to devote myself to the pursuits of a man of leisure. I have never married, and this young lady is my sister."

"Then what relation," began Mrs. Aleshine, "is she to —?"

At this moment the hand of Mrs. Lecks, falling heavily into the lap of the speaker, stopped this question, and Mr. Dusante proceeded:

"Our parents died when Lucille was an infant, and we have no near blood relations."

At this, the faces of both Mrs. Aleshine and Mrs. Lecks assumed expressions as if they had each just received a letter superscribed in an unknown hand, and were wondering who it could possibly be from.

"The lady who is now resting in the adjoining room," continued Mr. Dusante, "is a dear friend who has been adopted by me as a mother."

"Upon my word!" burst from Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, in as much unison of time and tone as if the words had been a response in a church service, while Miss Lucille leaned back against the wall near which she sat, and laughed gleefully. Mr. Dusante, however, continued his statements with the same quiet gravity with which he had begun.

"This lady was a dear friend of my mother, although younger than she. I adopted her as a mother to my little orphan sister, and consequently placed her in the same maternal relation to myself, doing this with much earnest satisfaction, for I hoped to be able to return, as a son, something of the tender care and affection which she would bestow on Lucille as a daughter."

"And this is Emily?" cried Mrs. Aleshine.

"She adopted our name," answered the speaker, "and she is Mrs. Emily Dusante."

"And she is your adopted mother?" said Mrs. Aleshine.

"Adopted mother!" ejaculated Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dusante.

"And that is the only relation she is to you two?" said Mrs. Lecks.

"And you to her?" added Mrs. Aleshine.

"Most assuredly," answered Mr. Dusante.

Here Mrs. Lecks leaned back in her chair, folded her hands in her lap, and ejaculated: "Well, well!" and then allowed her face to assume a rigid intention of having nothing more to say at the present moment.

"One thing is certain," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, in a tone which indicated that she did not care who heard her, "I always liked Lucille the best!"

At this Ruth and I exchanged smiles with Miss Lucille, and Mr. Dusante proceeded:

"I do not wish to occupy too much of your time with our personal affairs, and will therefore state that the island on which you found refuge and where I wish, most heartily, I had been present to act as host, was bought by me as a retreat from the annoyances of business and the exactions of society. I built there a good house —"

"Which it truly was," said Mrs. Aleshine, "with fixtures in it for water and letting it off which I never saw in a house so far out of town."

"I furnished it suitably," said Mr. Dusante.

"We had books and music, and for several years we passed vacations there which were both enjoyable and profitable. But of late my sister has found the place lonely, and we have traveled a good deal, making intermittent and often short visits to the island.

"As I never cared to leave any one on that lonely spot during our absences from it, I arranged a gateway of bars across the only opening in the reef, with the intention of preventing marauding visits from fishing-boats or other small craft which might be passing that way. As the island was out of the ordinary track of vessels, I did not imagine that my bars would ever prove an obstacle to unfortunate castaways who might seek a refuge there."

"Which they did n't," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "for under we bobbed."

"I never exactly understood," said Mr. Dusante, "and I hope to have it explained to me in due time, how you passed my bars without removing them, and I have had a sore weight upon my conscience since I discovered that shipwrecked persons, fleeing to my house from the perils of the sea, should have found those inhospitable bars in their way—"

"Which is a weight you might as well cast off and be done with it," said Mrs. Lecks, her deep-set notions on the rights of property obliging her to speak; "for if a man has n't a right to lock up his house when he goes away and leaves it, I don't know what rights anybody has about anything. Me, or Mrs. Aleshine, or anybody else here who has a house, might just as well go off travelin' or to town visitin' and leave our front door unlocked and the yard gate swingin' on its hinges, because we was afraid that some tramp or other body with no house or home might come along and not be able to get in and make himself comfortable. Your business, sir, when you left that house and all your belongin's on that island was to leave everything tight and safe, and the business of people sailin' in ships was to go on their proper way and not be runnin' into each other. And if these last mentioned did n't see fit to do that and so got into trouble, they should have gone to some island where there were people to attend to 'em, just as the tramps should go to the poor-house. And this is what we would have done—not meanin' the poor-house—if we had n't been so over long-headed as to get into a leaky boat, which, I wish it understood, is sayin' nothin' against Mr. Craig."

"That 's true," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for nobody has got a right to complain that a fellow-bein' locks his own door after him. But it does seem to me, sir, that in such scattered neighborhoods as your island is in, it might be a good thing to leave something to eat and drink—perhaps in a bottle or in a tin pail—at the outside of your bars for them as might come along shipwrecked and not be able to get inside on account of bein' obliged to come in a boat, an' not as we did; an' so when they found they 'd have to go on, they might have somethin' to keep up their strength till they got to another house."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "when you start off on a journey to Japan or any other place an' leave mince-pies and buttered toast a-stickin' on the p'int's of your palin's for tramps that might come along and need 'em, you can do that kind of talkin'. But as that time has n't come, let 's hear the rest of Mr. Dusante's story."

"When I first visited my island this year," continued the narrator, "we made but a short stay, as we were all desirous of taking a somewhat extended sea voyage in my steam yacht. We visited several places of interest, and when we returned, just six weeks ago to-day—"

"Just one week, lackin' a day," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, "after we left that spot!"

"If I 'd 'a' knowed," said Mrs. Aleshine, rising to her feet, "that you 'd be back so soon, I 'd 'a' made them sailor men live on fish, I 'd 'a' eat garden truck myself, and I 'd be bound I 'd 'a' made the flour hold out for six days more for the rest of 'em, if I 'd 'a' had to work my fingers to the skin and bone to do it!" Then she sat down solemnly.

"When we returned," continued Mr. Dusante, "I was pleased to find my bars intact; and when these were unlocked, and the boat from our yacht went through with ourselves and our servants, it was very agreeable to notice the good order which seemed to prevail everywhere. As we passed from the wharf to the house, not even fallen boughs or weeds were seen to indicate that we had been away from the place for more than two months. When we entered the house, my mother and sister immediately ascended to their chambers, and when the windows had been opened I heard them from above calling to each other and remarking upon the freshness and cleanliness of the rooms. I went to my library, and when I had thrown open the window I was struck with the somewhat peculiar air of order which seemed to obtain in the room. The books stood upon their shelves with a remarkable regularity, and the chairs and other furniture were arranged with a precision which impressed me as unusual. In a moment, sir, I saw your letter upon the table, addressed to me. Greatly astonished, I opened and read it.

"When I had finished it, my amazement was great indeed; but obeying an instant impulse, I stepped into the dining-room, which a servant had opened, and took the ginger-jar from the mantel-piece. When I lifted from it the little brown-paper parcel, and beneath it saw the money which had been mentioned in the letter, you may imagine the condition of my mind. I did not take out the money, nor count it; but covering it again with the paper parcel, which I believe contained fish-hooks, and with the jar in my hands, I returned to the library, where I sat down to ponder upon these most astounding revelations. While so doing, my mother and my sister hastily entered the room. Lucille declared in an excited manner that she believed that the brownies or some other fairies had been there while we were away and had kept the house in order. The whole place was actually cleaner, she said, than when

we left it. She had taken down a thin dress from her closet, and it positively looked as if it had just come from the hand of a laundress, with the ruffles ironed smoother and more evenly than they had ever been since it was first stitched together. 'Albert,' said my mother, her face a little pale, 'there has been somebody in this house!' Then she went on to say that the windows, which were left unwashed because we went away in somewhat of a hurry, were as bright and clean as if the maids had just been rubbing them; the floors and furniture were cleaner and freer from dust than they had ever been before; and the whole house looked as if we had just left it yesterday. 'In fact,' she said, 'it is unnaturally clean!'

During this part of Mr. Dusante's story, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sat very quiet, with an air of sedate humility upon their faces; but I could see by the proud light in their eyes that they felt their superiority to ordinary women, although they were properly resolved not to show such feeling.

"At that moment," continued Mr. Dusante, "a servant came hurrying into the room, and informed us that the flour was all gone, and that there was scarcely anything in the pantries to eat. At this my mother and my sister, who knew that an abundance of provisions had been left in the house, looked at each other aghast. But before they could express their consternation in words, I addressed them. 'My dear mother,' said I, 'and Lucille, there truly has been some one in this house. By this letter I am informed that for several weeks eight persons have lived here under this roof; a marriage has been solemnized, and the happy couple have gone forth from our doors. These persons have eaten our food, they have made use of our property, and this has been their temporary home. But they are good people, honest and true-hearted, for they have left the house in better order than they found it, and more than the price of all they have consumed is in that ginger-jar.' And, thereupon, I read them your letter, sir.

"I cannot undertake to describe the wonder and absorbing interest with which this letter filled our minds. All needful stores were brought ashore from the yacht, which lay outside the reef, and we began our usual life on the island; but none of the occupations or recreations in which we formerly employed our time now possessed any attractions for us. Our minds were filled with thoughts of the persons who had been so strangely living in our house; and our conversation was mainly made up of surmises as to what sort of people they were, whether or not we should ever see them again, and similar suppositions."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Lucille,

Vol. XXXV.—55.

"I thought of you by day and by night, and pictured you all in various ways, but never as you really are. Sometimes I used to think that the boat in which you went away had been sunk in a storm in which you were all drowned, and that perhaps your ghosts would come back and live in our house, and sleep in our beds, and clean our windows, and wash and iron our clothes, and do all sorts of things in the night."

"Goodnessful, gracious me!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, "don't talk that way! The idea of bein' a cold ghost, goin' about in the dark, is worse than slidin' down a snow mountain, even if you had to do it on the bare of your back."

"Barb'ry!" said Mrs. Lecks, severely.

"The idea is jus' as chillin'," replied her undaunted friend.

"Two things connected with this matter," continued Mr. Dusante, "weighed heavily on my mind. One of these I have already mentioned—the cruel inhospitality of the barred entrance."

I had refrained from adding to the interruptions to Mr. Dusante's narrative, but I now felt impelled to assure the gentleman, on behalf of myself and wife, that we shared the opinions of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and felt that he could in no way be blamed for thus protecting his private property.

"You are very good," said Mr. Dusante, "but I will say here that there are now no bars to that entrance. I have left some people on the island, who will take care of my property and succor any unfortunate castaways who may arrive there. The other matter to which I alluded was, however, the heavier load which oppressed me. This was the money in the ginger-jar. I could not endure to reflect that I had been paid actual money for the hospitality I would have been so glad to offer to you poor shipwrecked people. Every sentiment of my being rebelled against such a thing. I was grieved. I was ashamed. At last I determined I would bear no longer the ignominy of this brand of inhospitality, and that, with the ginger-jar in my hand, I would search over the world, if necessary, for the persons who in my absence had paid board to me, and return to them the jar with its contents uncounted and untouched. Your letter informed me of the island to which you were bound, and if I did not find you there I could discover to what port you had taken your departure. There I could make further inquiries, and so follow you. When I proposed this plan to my family they agreed to it instantly, for their interest in the matter was almost as great as mine; and in a day or two we started on our quest."

"I easily traced you to San Francisco, and found the hotel at which you had stopped. Here I obtained fresh news of you, and learned that you had started East, and that the destination of the party was believed to be Philadelphia. I had hoped that I should meet with you before you left California; but supposing that by that time you had reached your destination, or were, at least, far on your way, I yielded to the solicitations of my sister and made some excursions in California, intending then to follow you to Philadelphia and there to advertise for Mr. Craig, if he could not otherwise be found. However, by the rarest and most fortunate of chances, we have met thus early, and for this I can never be too devoutly thankful."

"Nor we," said I earnestly; "for our greatly desired acquaintance with you and your family could not have begun too soon."

"Now," said Mr. Dusante, "I will perform the duty for which my journey was undertaken, and I assure you it is a great pleasure to me to be able, so soon, to carry out this cherished purpose."

He then took up from the floor by his side the package which he had so safely guarded during his swift and perilous descent of the mountain-side, and which he had since kept close by him. Placing this upon his knee, he removed the light shawl in which it had been rolled, and then several pieces of wrapping-paper, revealing to our eyes the familiar fat little ginger-jar which had stood on the mantel-piece of the dining-room in the house on the island, and in which we had deposited our board-money.

"It would be simply impossible for me," said Mr. Dusante, "to consent to retain in my possession money paid for the aid which I involuntarily rendered to shipwrecked people. Had I been present on the island that aid would have been most heartily and freely given, and the fact of my absence makes no difference whatever in regard to my feelings on the subject of your paying for the food and shelter you found at my house. Having understood from Mr. Craig's letter that it was Mrs. Lecks who superintended the collection and depositing of the money, I now return to you, madam, this jar with its contents."

"And which," said Mrs. Lecks, sitting up very rigidly, with her hands clasped behind her, "I don't take. If it had been a day and a night, or even two nights and over a Sunday, it would n't have mattered; but when me and Mrs. Aleshine — and the rest of the party can speak for themselves — stays for weeks and weeks, without leave or license, in a man's house, we pay our board — of course, deductin' services. Good-night."

With that she arose, and walked very erect into the adjoining room.

"It was all very well, Mr. Dusante," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for you to try to carry out what you thought was right, but we have our ideas as to what our duty is, and you have your ideas as to what your duty is, an' consciences is even."

And she followed her friend.

Mr. Dusante looked surprised and troubled, and he turned towards me. "My dear sir," said I, "those two good women are very sensitive in regard to right and justice, and I think it will be well not to press this subject upon them. As for my wife and I, neither of us would consent to touch money which was placed in that jar by Mrs. Lecks with the expectation that no one but you or one of your family would take it out."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Dusante, replacing the wrapping-paper around the jar; "I will drop the subject for the present. But you will allow me to say, sir, that I also am very sensitive in regard to right and justice."

Early the next morning the man who had been sent to the railroad station came back bringing news that a four-horse wagon would shortly be sent for us, and also bearing a letter from Mr. Enderton to Ruth. In this that gentleman informed his daughter that he was quite well, but that he had suffered anxiety on account of her probable hardships in the abandoned stage-coach. He had hoped, however, that the snow which had precluded his return with assistance had fallen lightly in the elevated position in which she had been left; and he had trusted also that Mr. Craig had bethought himself to build a fire somewhere near the coach, where his daughter might be warmed; and that the provisions, of which he knew an ample quantity had been packed for the trip, had been properly heated for her and given to her at suitable intervals. This anxiety, he said, had added very much to his own mental disquietude occasioned by the violent vituperations and unjust demands of the driver of the stage-coach, who had seen fit to attack him with all manner of abuse, and might even have resorted to personal violence had it not been for the interference of bystanders and the locking of his room-door. He was now, however, much relieved by the departure of this driver, and by the news that his daughter had reached a place of safety, which, of course, he had supposed she would do, her detention having occurred on an ordinary route of travel.

While waiting for the arrival of the wagon, the adventures of Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and myself, as well as those of Ruth and her father, from the time the one party left Amer-

ica and the other China, were related at length to the Dusantes, who showed a deep interest in every detail and asked many questions.

Mrs. Dusante, whose nervous equilibrium had been fully restored by her night's rest, and who, although feeling a little stiff and bruised, now declared herself quite well, proved to be a very pleasant lady of fifty-five or thereabouts. She was of a quiet disposition, but her speech and manner showed that in former years, at least, she had been a woman of society, and I soon found out that she was much interested in the study of character. This interest was principally shown in the direction of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, whom she evidently looked upon as most remarkable women. If any of her sentiments were those of admiration, however, they were not returned in kind: Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had but a small opinion of her.

"There's mother-in-laws, and step-mothers, and real mothers, and grandmothers, and sometimes great-grandmothers livin'," said Mrs. Lecks to me apart; "but though Mr. Dusante may be a well-meanin' man—and I don't doubt he is—and wishin', I have n't the least reason to disbelieve, to do his whole duty by his fellow-men, still, I must say, bein' brought up as I was, he has n't any right to make a new kind of mother. To be sure, a man can adopt children, but that is n't goin' backward like this is, which is agen nat'ral law, and gospel."

"I expect," said Mrs. Aleshine, who was with us, "that them French has got fashions that we don't know about, and thankful we ought to be that we don't! I never had no patience with French heels an' French arsenic-green beans, an' now if there's to be adoptin' of mothers in this country, the next thing will be gullotynes."

"I don't see," said I, "why you look upon the Dusantes as French people. They are just as much American as French."

"Well," said Mrs. Lecks, "it's not for me and Mrs. Aleshine to set ourselves up to judge other people. In our part of the country we don't adopt mothers, but if they do it in France, or the Sandwich Islands, or down East, I don't know that we ought to have anythin' to say."

"He might as well have adopted a father at the same time," said Mrs. Aleshine, "although, to be sure, he would 'a' had to been particular to take one that was acquainted with Mrs. Dusante, and not had 'em strangers to each other, though parents to him."

"If I was you, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "I'd adopt some sort of rag to the top of my head to serve for a bonnet, for here comes the wagon, and I suppose now we'll be off."

We took leave of the kind-hearted ranch people, who looked upon us as a godsend into their lonely life, and disposed ourselves as comfortably as we could in the large wagon. Our journey of seven or eight miles to the railroad station was slow, and over ways that were rough. Mrs. Dusante was a delicate woman and not used to hardship, whereas Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine were exceedingly vigorous and tough. The consequence of this difference was that the kindly hearts of the latter prompted them to do everything they could to prevent Mrs. Dusante feeling the bumps and jolts, and to give her such advantages of wraps and position as would help her to bear better the fatigues of the journey.

In doing this these good women gradually forgot the adopted mother and came to think only of the very pleasant lady who needed their attentions, and who took such a lively and agreeable interest in their family histories, their homes, their manner of living, and everything that pertained to them; and before we reached the end of our trip, these three were talking together like old friends. Ruth and Miss Lucille had also struck up a warm acquaintance, while I found Mr. Dusante a very entertaining man,—of sedate and careful speech, ingenious ideas, and of a very courteous disposition.

When we arrived at the railroad station we were met by Mr. Enderton, who showed a moderate degree of pleasure at seeing us and an immoderate amount of annoyance, exhibited principally to me, in being obliged to give up to the women of our party the large room he had occupied in the only lodging-house in the little settlement.

When I informed him that the strangers with us were the Dusantes, on whose island we had been staying, he at first listened vaguely. He had always looked upon the Dusante family as a sort of fable used by Mrs. Lecks to countenance her exactions of money from the unfortunate sojourners on the island. But when I told him what Mr. Dusante had done, and related how he had brought the board-money with him, and had offered to pay it back to us, an eager interest was aroused in him.

"I do not wonder," he exclaimed, "that the conscience-stricken man wishes to give the money back, but that any one should refuse what actually belongs to him or to her is beyond my comprehension! One thing is certain—I shall receive my portion. Fifteen dollars a week for my daughter and myself that woman charged me, and I will have it back."

"My dear sir," I said, "your board was reduced to the same sum as that paid by the rest of us,—four dollars a week each."

"I call to mind no reduction," said Mr.

Enderton. "I remember distinctly the exorbitant sum charged me for board on a desert island. It made a deep impression upon me."

"I do not care to talk any further on this subject," I said. "You must settle it with Mrs. Lecks."

Mr. Enderton gave a great sniff, and walked away with dignity. I could not but laugh as I imagined his condition two minutes after he had stated his opinions on this subject to Mrs. Lecks.

When Mr. Dusante had started from San Francisco on his search for us he had sent his heavy baggage ahead of him to Ogden City, where he purposed to make his first stop. He supposed that we might possibly here diverge from our homeward route in order to visit the Mormon metropolis; and, if we had done so, he did not wish to pass us. It was therefore now agreed that we should all go to Ogden City, and there await the arrival of our effects left in the snowed-up vehicles on the mountain-side. We made arrangements with the station-master that these should be forwarded to us as soon as the stage-coach and the carriage could be brought down. All the baggage of my party was on the coach, and it consisted only of a few valises bought in San Francisco, and a package containing two life-preservers, which Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine said they would take home with them, if they took nothing else.

On the morning after our arrival at Ogden City, Mr. Dusante took me aside. "Sir," he said, "I wish to confide to you my intentions regarding the jar containing the money left by your party in my house, and I trust you will do nothing to thwart them. When your baggage arrives, you, with your party, will doubtless continue your eastern way, and we shall return to San Francisco. But the jar, with its contents, shall be left behind to be delivered to Mrs. Lecks. If you will take charge of the jar and hand it to her, sir, I shall be obliged greatly."

I promised Mr. Dusante that I would not interfere with his intentions, but asserted that I could, on no account, take charge of the jar. The possession of that piece of pottery, with its contents, was now a matter of dispute between him and Mrs. Lecks, and must be settled by them.

"Very well, then, sir," he said. "I shall arrange to depart before you and your company, and I shall leave the jar, suitably packed, in the care of the clerk of this hotel, with directions to hand it to Mrs. Lecks after I am gone. Thus there will be nothing for her to do but to receive it."

Some one now came into the smoking-room, where we were sitting, and no more was said

on this subject. Mr. Dusante's statement of his intention very much amused me, for Mrs. Lecks had previously taken me into her confidence in regard to her intentions in this matter. "Mr. Dusante," she had said, "has n't dropped a word more about the money in that ginger-jar, but I know just as well as he does what he is goin' to do about it. When the time comes to go, he's goin' to slip off quietly, leavin' that jar behind him, thinkin' then I 'll be obliged to take it, there bein' nobody to give it back to. But he 'll find me just as sharp as he is. I've got the street and number of his business place in Honolulu from his sister,—askin' about it in an off-hand way, as if it did n't mean anythin',—an if that jar is left for me, I 'll pack it in a box, money and all, and I 'll express it to Mr. Dusante; and when he gets to Honolulu he 'll find it there, and then he 'll know that two can play at that sort of game."

Knowing Mr. Dusante, and knowing Mrs. Lecks, I pictured to myself a box containing a ginger-jar, and covered with numerous half-obliterated addresses, traveling backward and forward between the Sandwich Islands and Pennsylvania during the lifetime of the contestants, and, probably, if testamentary desire should be regarded, during a great part of the lifetime of their heirs. That the wear and tear of the box might make it necessary to inclose it in a keg, and that, eventually, the keg might have to be placed in a barrel, and that, after a time, in a hogshead, seemed to me as likely as any other contingencies which might befall this peregrinating ginger-jar.

We spent three days in Ogden City, and then, the weather having moderated very much, and the snow on the mountains having melted sufficiently to allow the vehicles to be brought down, our effects were forwarded to us, and my party and that of Mr. Dusante prepared to proceed on our different ways. An eastward-bound train left that evening an hour after we received our baggage, but we did not care to depart upon such short notice, and so determined to remain until the next day.

In the evening Mr. Dusante came to me to say that he was very glad to find that the westward train would leave Ogden City early in the morning, so that he and his family would start on their journey some hours before we left. "This suits my plans exactly," he said. "I have left the ginger-jar, securely wrapped, and addressed to Mrs. Lecks, with the clerk of the hotel, who will deliver it to-morrow immediately after my departure. All our preparations are made, and we purpose this evening to bid farewell to you and our other kind friends, from whom, I assure you, we are most deeply grieved to part."

I had just replied that we also regretted extremely the necessity for this separation, when a boy brought me a letter. I opened it, and found it was from Mr. Enderton. It read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: I have determined not to wait here until to-morrow, but to proceed eastward by this evening's train. I desire to spend a day in Chicago, and as you and the others will probably not wish to stop there, I shall, by this means, attain my object without detaining you. My sudden resolution will not give me time to see you all before I start, but I have taken a hurried leave of my daughter, and this letter will explain my departure to the rest.

I will also mention that I have thought it proper, as the natural head of our party, both by age and position, to settle the amicable dispute in regard to the reception and disposition of the money paid, under an

(To be concluded in

excusable misapprehension, for our board and lodging upon a desert island. I discovered that the receptacle of this money had been left in the custody of the clerk, addressed to Mrs. Lecks, who has not only already refused to receive it, and would probably do so again, but who is, in my opinion, in no wise entitled to hold, possess, or dispose of it. I, therefore, without making any disturbance whatever, have taken charge of the package, and shall convey it with me to Chicago. When you arrive there, I will apportion the contents among us according to our several claims. This I regard as a very sensible and prudent solution of the little difficulty which has confronted us in regard to the disposition of this money. Yours hurriedly,

DAVID J. ENDERTON.

P. S. I shall stop at Brandiger's Hotel, where I shall await you.

Frank R. Stockton.

RUSSIAN PROVINCIAL PRISONS.*



HERE are in Russia outside of the city of St. Petersburg no prisons intended primarily for political offenders and devoted exclusively to that class of criminals. Persons arrested upon political charges in the prov-

inces await trial in prisons which were originally built for the detention of common vagrants, thieves, forgers, burglars, and murderers, and which are always filled to overflowing with felons of that class. Although the politicals are separated by cell partitions from the common criminals, they necessarily share with the latter all the evils and miseries that result from the overcrowding, bad management, and bad sanitary condition of the prison buildings. How terrible and sometimes intolerable such evils and miseries are, only those who have had an opportunity to inspect Russian prisons can imagine, and only those who have been shut up in them can fully understand. Attempts—and apparently earnest and sincere attempts—have been made again and again by the Ministry of the Interior and the Central Prison Administration to improve the condition of the penal institutions of the empire, but with very little success.

As long ago as 1867 Baron Velio, Chief of the Department of Executive Police, made a report to the Minister of the Interior based on an inspection of forty-nine provincial prisons, in which he said that in every one of the institutions visited he found violations of law of a more or less flagrant character. He reported, for example, that little attention was

paid to the classification and separation of prisoners—insolvent debtors being shut up with hardened criminals of the worst type; prisoners were not properly supplied with clothing, and many of them were barefooted and in rags; men and women sick with contagious diseases were allowed to remain for days without care in crowded "kamas";† the hospitals were in a "very unsatisfactory condition," and the medical authorities failed properly to discharge their duties; prisoners were illegally detained beyond the periods of confinement to which they had been sentenced, and the prison wardens, with rare exceptions, were negligent, incompetent, and unfit for their places.‡

In 1869—two years later—Actual State Councilor Kossagofski made another inspection of provincial prisons, which resulted in "the discovery of many disorders, abuses, and violations of law," which are set forth with specifications in a circular letter to provincial governors. The Minister of the Interior "observes," he says, "with regret that most of the prison disorders found by State Councilor Kossagofski to exist in 1869 were the same which had been reported upon by Baron Velio in 1867." In other words, there had been no improvement.§

In 1872 the Minister of the Interior again earnestly called the attention of provincial governors to the disorders and violations of law which continued to prevail in the prisons subject to their control, and referred "with regret" to the fact that although seven previous circulars had been issued on the same subject, there had been little if any change for the better.||

* [These articles are prefatory to Mr. Kennan's illustrated papers on "Siberia and the Exile System."—THE EDITOR.]

† A "kamera" is a large room or cell in which from twenty to a hundred and sixty prisoners are shut up.

‡ Circular letter of the Minister of the Interior to provincial governors, No. 151, July 8th, 1867.

§ Circular letter No. 220, August 18th, 1869.

|| Circular letter No. 84, August 27th, 1872.

The evils complained of were evidently too deeply-rooted and had existed too long to be eradicated by Ministerial circulars, however mandatory their tone.

In 1879 the Ministry of the Interior sent still another letter to provincial governors, based on a report from Senator Grote calling attention once more to the glaring defects of the prison system, and urging the adoption of measures to remedy them and to secure a more rigid enforcement of the laws.*

Most of the circular letters above cited related to disorders which were the direct result of bad management and incompetent supervision;† but coincident with them there was issued another series, devoted more particularly to the overcrowding and bad sanitary condition of the prison buildings. From the letters comprised in this latter series it appears that "most of the prisons of the empire" were overcrowded, many of them containing twice or three times the number of prisoners for which they were intended.‡ In a report made by the Chief of the Central Prison Administration to the Minister of the Interior in 1883, it was stated that in the province of Sedlets there were 484 persons in a prison intended for 207; in the province of Suvalki there were 433 in a prison built for 165; and in the province of Petrokof there were 652 in a prison designed for 125.

In the annual report of the Central Prison Administration for 1882 it was admitted that there was not a prison in the empire which afforded its occupants one cubic fathom of air space per capita; § that in more than half the prisons the per capita air space was little more than a third of a cubic fathom, and that in some cases the overcrowding went to such an extent as to reduce the per capita air space to one-fifth of a cubic fathom. In other words, there were prisons where five human beings lived together and tried to breathe, in a volume of air which might have been contained in a packing-box seven feet square and seven feet high. ||

Much of this overcrowding is due to the slowness of judicial procedure in Russia, and still more, perhaps, is attributable to the provision of law which makes it a criminal offense to be without a passport or to allow one's passport to lapse. In some parts of the empire

twenty-five and even thirty per cent. of the so-called "criminals" in the jails are mere vagrants and "bezpassportni"—persons not provided with the papers necessary to prove their identity. ¶

792,933 persons were received into the prisons of the empire in 1884 and 698,418 were discharged therefrom, leaving 94,515 in prison on the first of January, 1885. Of this last number 26,307 were awaiting trial. **

It further appears from the series of circular letters above referred to, that in many prisons women were not adequately separated from the men, and male overseers were allowed to search the persons of female prisoners; †† officials took bribes from the criminals in their custody and furnished them secretly with intoxicating liquor; ††† the sanitary condition of the prison buildings was almost everywhere bad, the wells being poisoned by leakage from neglected and improperly constructed privies, and the air in the overcrowded cells being polluted and rendered unfit for respiration by miasmatic exhalations from the same sources; §§ the prison hospitals were in an "extremely unsatisfactory condition," and many of them were so small and so ill provided with medicines as to be of little use to the sick; |||| and the hospital officers sometimes neglected their duties to such an extent as to render themselves liable to criminal prosecution. In one case, cited by the Minister of the Interior as an illustration, a prison surgeon in a provincial town, wishing to get rid of a troublesome patient who had been left there sick by a passing criminal party, ordered the man to be sent forward to his destination, notwithstanding the fact that he was in a dying condition. The unfortunate prisoner lived only long enough to reach the first etape, fifteen or twenty miles away. ¶¶

The condition of the provincial prisons, as it appears from these circulars, is, to adopt the words of the Minister of the Interior, "an extremely unsatisfactory" one; but the picture thus outlined still falls far short of a full and true representation of the real state of affairs. Prison inspectors like Baron Velio and State Councilor Kossagofski necessarily see the penal institutions of the empire at their best. The provincial governors and the prison officials

* Circular letter No. 33, March 6th, 1879.

† Thirteen such letters were sent to provincial governors between 1859 and 1879, besides seventeen other circular letters aimed at specific abuses.

‡ Circular letters No. 9650, Nov. 5th, 1864; No. 33, March 6th, 1879; No. 4560, Nov. 28th, 1879; and No. 8, April 6th, 1883.

§ The Russian fathom is seven English feet.

|| Abstract of the Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1882. Newspaper "Sibir," May 1st, 1883.

¶ Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, p. 17.

** Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 5-8.

†† Circular letter of the Minister of the Interior, No. 33, March 6th, 1879.

††† Circular letter No. 266, Dec. 20th, 1866.

§§ Circular letter No. 21, July 30th, 1882.

|||| Circular letters No. 151, July 8th, 1867; and No. 33, March 6th, 1879.

¶¶ Circular letter No. 151, July 8th, 1867.

are always forewarned of their coming and have ample time to put the prisons into a temporary and deceptive state of comparative order; the inspection is generally a formal and perfunctory one, taking note only of irregularities and abuses which, to use a Russian expression, "throw themselves into the eyes"; and, finally, the stereotyped phrases, "violation of law," "extremely unsatisfactory condition," and so forth, in which the results of the inspection are set forth by the Minister of the Interior, convey to the mind of the reader no definite idea of the state of facts to which such euphemistic expressions refer.

A RUSSIAN PRISON AND ITS LIFE.

WITHOUT, however, going behind official sources of information, it is possible to obtain a much clearer view of Russian prison life than that afforded by ministerial circulars. Now and then a fearless and honest prison official, shocked by the disorder, wretchedness, and misery which he is forced to witness but is powerless to remedy, and convinced of the futility of formal report and remonstrance, prints in some Russian periodical as much of the results of his prison experience as the censor will allow him to print. In 1885 Mr. I. Reve, an official connected with a provincial prison in one of the northern provinces of European Russia, published in the "*Juridical Messenger*," the organ of the Moscow Bar Association, two long and carefully prepared papers entitled "*A Russian Prison and its Life*," in which there is drawn a much darker picture of prison disorder and demoralization than that outlined in the ministerial circulars above cited. The author does not hesitate to assert that the laws which are supposed to regulate Russian prisons bear hardly a semblance of relation to the real facts of prison life. "Nine-tenths of such laws," he says, "are not enforced at all, and the remaining tenth is enforced in a way very different from that which the statutes themselves contemplate." He recites at length the regulations for the government of prisons contained in the fourteenth volume of the Russian collection of laws, and shows that in the prison to which his observations relate hardly a pretense was made of observing any one of them. And this, he maintains, is not a state of affairs which exists in a single prison only, but a state of affairs which, with slight and inconsiderable variations, prevails everywhere. In 1880 the prison described by Mr. Reve was, he says, "a little tsardom, where the highest law was the will of the warden, and where the superior officials of the province either did not dare or did not care to show their faces." The procureur, who was required by law to visit the

prison every Friday, came thither once or twice a year. The prison surgeon paid no attention whatever to the sanitary condition of the buildings, nor to the food, clothing, or habits of the prisoners, but contented himself with visiting the hospital for a few moments once a week. The priest, whose duty it was to go to the prison "not less than twice a week," for the purpose of instructing ignorant prisoners and ministering to the spiritual welfare of the whole prison population, did not appear there at all. The prison workshop was in chaotic disorder, and the prisoners, instead of working in it, spent a large part of their time in smoking, gambling, quarreling, or fighting. Hardly a pretense was made of feeding them decently or regularly; but as most of them were allowed to wander about the town and seek work during the day-time they earned money enough to feed themselves, and shared the remainder of their wages with the warden who allowed them the privilege. The trade in intoxicating liquor was an organized system, and the warden himself set the example of drunkenness. Disciplinary punishment was inflicted at his caprice, and he executed his own sentences by beating the prisoners in the face with his fists. The prison committee, which should have supervised and controlled the whole domestic economy of the prison, was absolutely dead and inert. "It was not," Mr. Reve says, "a living institution, but a mere bureaucratic fiction."

It seems almost incredible that such a state of things as this should have been allowed to exist in any prison in European Russia, but the statements of fact are made by an official over his own signature, and the articles were printed in the most influential legal journal of the empire, presumably with the consent of the Moscow censorial committee. It must not be inferred, however, that no attempt was made by the higher authorities of the province to remedy the evils above set forth. Such attempts were made, but as they had their origin in official caprice rather than in a serious determination to enforce the existing laws, their results were far from satisfactory. Every official who stands at the head of a provincial government has his own peculiar character and his own peculiar views, and such character and views are reflected in the administration of prison affairs within the limits of his province. As the result of successive changes of provincial governors, the prison above described had, between 1880 and 1885, three different wardens and was subjected to five abrupt and radical changes of administrative policy. "What can be expected," Mr. Reve asks, "under such circumstances, except complete disorder and disorganization? A prison

so managed is like the proverbial child with seven nurses which always grows up crooked."*

Mr. Reve does not state what efforts he made, if any, to improve the condition of the prison which he describes; but in 1882 another official, Associate Procureur N. Timofeief, published through the same medium a long and instructive account of his attempts to remedy the horrible state of things which he found to exist in another provincial prison which it was a part of his official duty to visit and inspect.

The prison, he says, was an old, badly constructed, badly ventilated building with dark entries and corridors, and was so saturated with offensive odors, disease germs, and miasmatic exhalations from neglected privies that its atmosphere was to an unaccustomed person almost insufferable. During the time that Mr. Timofeief had official relations with this prison it rarely contained less than twice the number of occupants for which it was intended, and often held three times that number. Two-thirds of the prisoners, unable to find room on the "nares," or sleeping-benches, slept under them on the bare, filthy floor without bedding, blankets, or pillows. As the result of this overcrowding and of the bad sanitary condition of the building, from ten to twenty per cent. of the prisoners were constantly in the hospital, and there were two epidemics of typhus fever in one summer. The bath-house attached to the prison was in such a ruined and tumble-down condition that the warden would not allow the prisoners to use it, and in such washing as they could give their bodies in the overcrowded cells, they were compelled to use clay in the place of soap. Clothing was furnished to the prison upon the basis of the number of prisoners which it was intended to hold; but as the real number was always twice and sometimes three times the estimated number, one-half to two-thirds of the prisoners were dressed in filthy rags swarming with vermin, and had neither shoes nor a change of underclothing. At three different times in the course of one winter they were ordered to work out-of-doors barefooted, in a temperature of minus twenty degrees Réaumur. The mayor of the town was official purveyor for the prison, and as he was also a dealer in provisions, he found it convenient and profitable to feed the prisoners with spoiled products for which there was no market. The members of the prison committee rarely assembled oftener than once in six months, and ignored entirely the duties imposed upon them by law. The provincial prison bureau held one or two sessions a year, but committed the supervision of prison affairs

to an indifferent and incompetent clerk. The priest, whose legal duty it was to look after the moral training of the prisoners and to conduct religious services every Sunday for their benefit, made but one visit to the prison in the course of twelve months, and went there then only at the urgent solicitation of the *ispravnik*, "for the sake of form and decency." The prison turnkeys, who received salaries of from \$3.50 to \$4.50 a month, acted as purchasing agents for prisoners who had money, and supplied them with intoxicating liquor. One of the overseers—a renegade Jew—hired a degraded courtesan by the month, brought her every night to the prison, and received the wages of her prostitution.

ATTEMPTS AT REFORM.

IF Mr. Timofeief had been a weak man, a selfish man, or a timid man, he would have dealt with this cesspool of misery and vice as many weak, selfish, and timid men had dealt with it before—that is, he would have visited it as rarely as possible, would have characterized it in his annual report as "very unsatisfactory," and would have quieted his conscience with the reflection that his responsibility for the existing state of affairs was much less than that of the warden, the prison surgeon, the priest, the prison committee, the mayor, the provincial prison bureau, the *ispravnik*, the procureur, the governor, and the governor's council. Fortunately, however, Mr. Timofeief was not a man of that character. As soon as it became his official duty to visit the prison he did visit it, and, shocked by its terrible sanitary condition, he made a report thereupon to the prison administration. No attention, however, was paid to his representations. He made another report, with the same result. Finally, during one of the epidemics of typhus fever in the prison, he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the district surgeon, and with the aid of the latter prevailed upon the prison authorities to put ventilators in some of the cell windows, and induced the district assembly to authorize the district apothecary to furnish him with thirty-six pounds of copperas for use as a disinfectant. This was a very moderate measure of success, but it was probably more than had been done for that prison in the previous decade.

Mr. Timofeief then turned his attention to the ruined bath-house, and after an official correspondence which lasted more than a year, after three successive sets of plans and estimates for a new bath-house had been drawn up and sent back and forth to and from St. Petersburg, and after the provincial architect had made four journeys of three hundred versts each to inspect the old bath-house,—spending in mileage more than half enough

* "A Russian Prison and its Life," by I. Reve. "Juridical Messenger," No. 5, May, 1885, pp. 120-142; and Nos. 6 and 7, June and July, 1885, pp. 389-490.

to put up a new building,—the persistent associate procureur succeeded in getting an appropriation for a small quantity of lumber, and permission to employ the idle prisoners in the work of repair. The bath-house was then put in usable condition in two weeks.

The next reform in order was that relating to clothing. Soon after Mr. Timofeief's appointment, a number of prisoners, pale and emaciated from sleeplessness and partial asphyxia, came to him "almost in desperation," showed him their foul and ragged clothing, which was alive with vermin, and which they had worn night and day without change for months, and said to him in the graphic metaphorical language of the Russian peasant that "all their strength had been eaten up by beasts." The quantity of parasites on their bodies was, Mr. Timofeief says, "something astounding." He sent complaint after complaint to his immediate superior, the procureur of the circuit court, setting forth the intolerable sufferings of the prisoners and asking that they be supplied with the clothing to which they were legally entitled. The procureur replied that the letters of complaint had been "appropriately referred for suitable action, in accordance with law," and that ended it. Mr. Timofeief then went personally to the higher authorities of the province and urged them to make at least an effort to remedy what seemed to him the shameful and insufferable condition of things in one of their own prisons. The high officials said to him, "My dear sir, the evils of which you complain are not exceptional; they are common to all of our prisons, and they can not be remedied by temporary and exceptional measures." Determined that his superiors should fully understand, even if they would not remedy, the sufferings of the "beast"-tormented prisoners, Mr. Timofeief caused one of the latter to be stripped naked, made a package of his ragged, filthy clothing, loaded as it was with "a mass of parasites" and indescribably offensive to every sense, sewed it up in stout linen cloth, and sent it under seal, without a word of explanation, to the procureur of the circuit court. This heroic measure brought the desired clothing; but it brought also a reprimand from the procureur, who regarded such action on the part of a subordinate as impertinent and "out of place." In concluding his recital, Mr. Timofeief says that an associate procureur who attempts conscientiously to perform the duties laid upon him by the prison reform law of 1864 simply "makes

for himself personal enemies, and earns the reputation of being a troublesome man."*

I have summarized Mr. Timofeief's paper, not for the purpose of calling attention to one particular drop of suffering in an ocean of human misery, but for the purpose of illustrating some of the defects of a hopelessly bad system. The evils against which Mr. Timofeief bravely but vainly struggled are, as the provincial officials frankly said to him, common to all Russian prisons, and can not be remedied by local, temporary, and exceptional measures. It would, of course, be hasty and unfair to say that all provincial prisons in Russia are so bad as the one above described; but that there are scores, if not hundreds, which resemble this one to a greater or less extent can, I think, be shown beyond the possibility of doubt. The statistics furnished by the Government itself are fully adequate to prove that Mr. Timofeief's prison was not an exceptional nor an unusual phenomenon.

According to the report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884 there were in the empire 144 prisons in which the sick-rate for the year exceeded twenty per cent. of the whole number of prisoners therein confined; in 52 prisons it was more than thirty per cent.; in 25 prisons it exceeded forty per cent.; in 8 prisons it was more than fifty per cent.; and in the prison of Kutais it reached seventy-two per cent.† That in computing these sick-rates the officials did not take into account trifling ailments is shown by the fact that in 55 places of confinement the average period of sickness per capita was more than forty days, and in some prisons the patients were sick on an average seventeen weeks.‡ Scurvy—a preventable disease—was reported from 223 prisons, and in 19 of them it constituted more than ten per cent. of the whole aggregate of sickness.§ There were in the course of the year 391 scorbutic cases in the prisons of St. Petersburg alone, not taking into account the two fortresses of Petropavlovsk and Schlüsselburg.|| In explanation of this extraordinary prevalence of scurvy in the penal institutions of the capital itself, the prison physicians maintained first that the scorbutic patients had the disease in an incipient form when they were admitted to the prisons, and second that scurvy is infectious!¶ Typhus fever—another preventable disease, due chiefly to filth and overcrowding—was reported from 336 prisons, but in only 45 of them did the number of cases exceed 20. In

* "Prison Methods," by N. Timofeief, Associate Procureur.—"Juridical Messenger," No. 6, pp. 284-305. Moscow, June 1st, 1882.

† Report, Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 216-218; St. Petersburg: Ministry of the Interior, 1886.

VOL. XXXV.—56.

‡ Ibid., p. 221.

§ Ibid., p. 222, and Appendix, pp. 1-129.

|| Ibid., Appendix, pp. 69-117, 124.

¶ Ibid., pp. 234-236.

Odessa, however, there were 58 cases; in Kharkoff, 73; in Saratoff, 121; in St. Petersburg, 158; in Warsaw, 261; in Perm, 484; and in Moscow, 1206. The malady was epidemic in 17 prisons, and in one of them constituted ninety-four per cent. of the total aggregate of disease.* The whole number of sick patients treated in prison hospitals during the year was 89,523, not including 700 insane, and the whole number of "hospital days" was 2,055,524. Every prison in the empire had therefore on an average 101 cases of serious sickness and 2325 "hospital days" in the course of the year.† In the face of official statistics like these it seems to me impossible to maintain or to believe that the condition of the prison described by Associate Procureur Timofeief was either exceptional or unusual.

SUFFERINGS OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

THE feeling of apprehension, humiliation, and misery which educated and sensitive human beings must endure in such prisons as these while awaiting trial is still further intensified by imperfect separation from common criminals of the worst class. The solitary-confinement cells which political offenders occupy were originally intended for felons whose depraved character or boisterous behavior made it necessary to isolate them from the rest of the prison population. Such cells are still partly used for that purpose, and the result is that innocent young women arrested upon suspicion of political "untrustworthiness" are sometimes imprisoned side by side with the most degraded and foul-mouthed criminals of their sex, and are compelled to hear things which to a refined and pure-minded young girl are inexpressibly shocking and terrible. I met in Siberia many young women who told me that they had had this experience, and there were doubtless many more who were too shy and timid to suggest to a man and a stranger some phases of their prison life.

The solitary-confinement cells are also used for the purpose of isolating common felons sick with small-pox or other contagious diseases. In many, if not in most, Russian prison hospitals all the patients occupy what is practically one large room or a series of intercommunicating rooms, where there are no facilities for the separate treatment of infectious disorders. Small-pox patients are therefore put into solitary-confinement cells side by side with politicals and on the same corridor, and the same attendants serve both.

In the hospitals and lazarets politicals suf-

fering from nervous affections, or sick with brain-fever brought on by intense anxiety and solitude, are often put into the same ward with insane criminals who are undergoing what is known as "ispitanie" or "probation." The effect produced by the incessant babbling or raving of a lunatic upon the disordered nerves of a sick political prisoner, who perhaps feels conscious that his own mind is already breaking, and who is compelled to see and hear continually in another that which he most dreads for himself, can be imagined. The results of such experience were described to me as particularly disastrous and terrible in the cases of young and nervous women who had been reduced to a chronic hysterical condition by solitary confinement.

In addition to all of the sufferings and privations which political offenders must inevitably endure in such prisons as those described by Mr. Reve and Associate Procureur Timofeief, they are not infrequently subjected to cruel and illegal personal treatment at the hands of brutal or hot-tempered wardens.

In the year 1879 there were confined in the provincial prison of Kiev two political offenders named Izbitski and Beverly—the latter a young man of English descent on his father's side, but of Russian birth. In the summer of that year these two young men, seeing no prospect of an early trial, made an attempt to escape by digging a tunnel under the prison wall. For many weeks they labored hard with tin cups, pieces of board, and such rude implements as they could fashion for themselves out of the materials at their command, and by working at night, depositing the earth from the tunnel in vacant spaces under their cells, and carefully replacing the floors every morning, they succeeded in wholly concealing their operations from the eyes of the prison officials. At last the tunnel was completed. Its outer end was only a few feet below the surface of the ground, at a sufficient distance from the prison wall to render flight from it reasonably safe, and the young men were only waiting for a dark night to carry their plan of escape into execution. At this critical moment the prison officials, visiting the cell of one of the young men during the latter's temporary absence, discovered and explored the tunnel. In view of the fact that within a short time there had been several daring and successful escapes from the Kiev prison, the warden determined to make such an example of these young men as would deter others from following in their footsteps. Instead, therefore, of removing them to other cells and thus frustrating their plan of escape, the warden allowed them to suppose that no discovery had been made, and then prepared an ambush for them at the end of the tunnel.

* Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 222-225.

† *Ibid.*, p. 213.

When, on the first dark night, the fugitives came up through the ground outside the prison wall they were fired upon by a squad of soldiers, who had been stationed there by the warden with instructions to shoot the prisoners as soon as they should make their appearance. Beverly was killed outright, and Izbitski, who was dangerously wounded, was carried back into the prison. Beverly's blood-stained body was allowed to lie on the ground where it had fallen in plain sight of the prison windows until late the following day, as a sort of ghastly object-lesson for the instruction of the other prisoners. The exile who gave me these facts, and who was Beverly's dearest friend, left the Kiev prison for Siberia on the morning after the tragedy, and was compelled to march past the dead body of the man whom he loved, as he told me, "better than a brother." There can, I think, be no question that the deliberate and coolly planned assassination of Mr. Beverly under such circumstances was as truly a treacherous and shameful murder as it would have been had the warden shot him while asleep in his cell.

Such occurrences as this are, of course, not common even in the worst of Russian prisons, but that even this is not an isolated case appears from a ministerial circular sent to provincial governors on the 9th of February, 1870, in which a precisely similar occurrence is narrated and in which the prison officials are mildly rebuked for "permitting and even organizing crime." The minister declares that "such methods are not consistent with the conditions of prison life, nor with the objects of prison discipline, nor with the dignity of prison officials, and that they interfere with the moral reformation of the prisoners!"

The bearing of this whole series of facts upon the life of political offenders who have the misfortune to be arrested in the provinces hardly needs to be pointed out. Mr. Timofeief, in the article from which I have quoted, says very justly that when the executive power "deprives an individual of his liberty, paralyzes his volition, and subjects him to the restraints of a rigid system of prison discipline, it is bound to guarantee to him all the rights which are still his by virtue of law. The most important of such rights—the right to an endurable human existence, the right to live without danger of losing health and strength—is not guaranteed in most of our prisons, particularly in those remote, abandoned, almost forgotten places of confinement where the face of a high official is never seen and where the prisoners do not live, but merely languish in filth, and corruption, and hunger, and cold."*

If the right to "an endurable human existence" ought to be guaranteed to a burglar or a

murderer,—to a common felon of low intelligence and coarse fiber, who has been duly tried and found guilty of crime,—how much more should that right be guaranteed to an educated, sensitive young man or woman who has never been tried nor confronted by a witness, and against whom there is no other charge than "an intent to change the existing form of government . . . at a more or less remote time in the future."

METHODS OF INTERCOMMUNICATION.

THE hardships, humiliations, and petty miseries innumerable of life in a Russian provincial prison are alleviated to some extent by the possibility of secret communication between prisoners who occupy adjacent cells. Although such intercommunication is strictly forbidden by law, and renders the prisoners who attempt it liable to "disciplinary punishment," it prevails to a greater or less extent in all the prisons of the empire, with the single exception, perhaps, of the castle of Schlüsselburg. Every possible measure of prevention has been tried again and again by the prison authorities, but the ingenuity, patience, and persistence of the political prisoners have triumphed over all difficulties, and have virtually set official prohibition at defiance. Even in the gloomy and closely guarded casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress, it has been found impossible wholly to deprive the prisoners of this much-prized source of encouragement, support, and consolation.

The methods of intercommunication commonly resorted to by political prisoners in solitary confinement are based upon what is known as the "knock alphabet"—an ingenious combination of letters and figures so arranged that the letters have numerical values and the figures alphabetical equivalents. This inarticulate language of knocks has recently become familiar to a large number of people in Russia, including probably four-fifths of the whole "untrustworthy" class; but in the early days of the revolutionary movement, before "neblagonadezhnost" or "the-condition-from-which-nothing-good-is-to-be-hoped" became a crime, the ability to transmit intelligence through a solid brick wall was a rare accomplishment, and was confined chiefly to wily recidivists of a vulgar type, who, to use their own expression, had "been through fire, water, and a copper tube," and had received the degree of "Artium Magister" from half the penal institutions in the empire.

THE "KNOCK ALPHABET."

THE talented Russian novelist X—, who has been twice exiled to Siberia and half a dozen times imprisoned, told me last summer

* "Prison Methods," before cited, p. 305.

that when he was arrested for the first time he had never even heard of the "knock alphabet"; and that when, during the second day of his imprisonment, he noticed a faint tapping on the other side of the wall, he regarded it merely as an indication that the adjoining cell was occupied, and gave it no particular attention. As the knocking continued, however, and as the faint taps seemed to be definitely segregated into groups by brief intervals of silence, he became convinced that his unknown neighbor was endeavoring to communicate with him. Upon what principle or plan the knocks were grouped he did not know, but he conjectured that the number of taps between two "rests" might correspond with the serial number of a letter in the alphabet,—one knock standing for "a," two for "b," three for "c," and so on up to twenty-six for "z." Upon putting this conjecture to the test he was delighted to find that the knocks resolved themselves into the letters "D-o-y-o-u-u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d?" He replied with forty-nine knocks, so grouped and spaced as to make "Y-e-s"; but long before he had finished this short word he became mournfully conscious that, at the rate of forty-nine knocks for every three letters, he and his unknown correspondent would not be able to exchange more than half a dozen ideas a week. The invisible prisoner on the other side of the wall did not seem, however, to be at all discouraged, and began at once another long series of knocks, which extended to two hundred and ninety-six, and which, when translated, made the words "Teach you better way—listen!" Mr. X— then heard one loud tap near the corner of the cell, followed by a sound of scratching, which proceeded from that point towards the door at about the height of a man's head, as if the unknown were drawing a long horizontal line with some hard substance on the other side of the wall. After a brief interval of silence there came two staccato taps and the noise made by the scratching of a second line parallel with the first one, but a little lower down. When seven of these invisible lines had been drawn under one another about a foot apart, with a group of knocks at the beginning of each one to denote its number, the unseen artist went back to one knock, and proceeded to draw six perpendicular lines crossing the first series at right angles, so as to make a huge audible checker-board. As soon as Mr. X— heard this invisible diagram, the purpose for which it was intended flashed upon his mind, and before the unknown instructor had finished knocking out the words, "Put alphabet in squares," the quick-witted pupil had scratched upon the floor of his cell a reduced copy of the audible tracing, and was numbering its lines and col-

umns. His diagram when finished looked something like this:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	w	x	y
6	z				

After giving Mr. X— time to construct the figure, the unknown prisoner began another series of knocks so grouped and spaced as to indicate the lines and columns in which the required letters were to be found. Five knocks followed by three knocks meant that the equivalent letter would be found at the intersection of the fifth line and third column; two knocks followed by one knock indicated letter "f," at the intersection of line two and column one; and five knocks followed by four knocks meant letter "x," at the intersection of line five, column four. The first question asked by the unknown was 53 23 35 11 43 15 55 35 51: "Who are you?" The prisoners then exchanged brief biographies, and Mr. X— discovered that he had learned his a b c's and taken his first lesson in prison telegraphy from a common criminal,—a burglar, if I remember rightly,—who was awaiting exile to Siberia.

THE "CHECKER-BOARD CIPHER."

THE object of the "checker-board cipher" is, first, to facilitate the transmission of letters and words, and, second, so to disguise them as to make them unrecognizable to persons who have not the key. The cipher in the form above shown is an extremely simple one; but it reduces from 351 to 157 the number of knocks necessary to represent the English alphabet, and it is susceptible of variation and complication to an almost unlimited extent. The letters of the alphabet, for example, may be arranged in the square in twenty-four different symmetrical ways, and every such alphabetical scheme can be combined with two variations in the order of the figures and four in their arrangement, making 192 different ciphers. This, however, is only the beginning of the varied and complex system of secret intercommunication which the political prisoners have

built up on the corner-stone of the lettered square. By combining an understood key-word with the alphabetical checker-board, they have made a number-cipher which has thus far defied the ingenuity of the "cipher bureau" of the "gendarmérie" and which seems to me to be absolutely inscrutable.

Suppose that the message to be put into cipher is "Nicholas arrested," and that the understood key-word is "prison." The letters of the key-word are first written under the letters of the message as many times as may be necessary to fill out the space. The numerical equivalents of the two series of letters are then found in the lettered and numbered square and are added together to make a new series:

N i c h o l a s a r r e s t e d
P r i s o n p r i s o n p r i s

34 24 13 23 35 32 11 44 11 43 43 15 44 45 15 14
41 43 24 44 35 34 41 43 24 44 35 34 41 43 24 44
75 67 37 67 70 66 52 87 35 87 78 49 85 88 39 58

The last series constitutes the cipher, and its peculiar merit is that the same number never stands twice for the same letter. "A" in "Nicholas" is represented by "52"; "a" in "arrested" is represented by "35"; "e," the first time it occurs, is "49"; and the next time, "39"; the number "67," in the cipher message, stands in one place for "i" and in another for "h"; while "87" stands once for "s" and once for "r." In deciphering the cryptograph the numerical equivalents of the letters of the key-word are, of course, to be subtracted from the cipher-numbers, and then the letters which correspond with the figures of the remainder are to be sought in the alphabetical square.

It is apparent at a glance that a cryptograph of this kind, which can be indefinitely varied, and in which the same number never stands twice for the same letter, cannot be deciphered by any of the ordinary methods.

VARIOUS APPLICATIONS OF THIS CIPHER.

ANOTHER merit of the "checker-board cipher" is the wide range of its applicability. It can be used not only as a knock alphabet, but as an oral language, as a signal-code based on vision, and as a method of secret intercommunication by means of almost imperceptible dots or indentations in paper, sand, dust, or the leaf of a tree. Any substance which can be dotted, indented, or pierced may serve as a medium for the conveyance of the cipher numbers. The use of the alphabetical square in the form of an oral language is not common, but it is frequently resorted to in prisons where the number of politicals is so large that they can safely defy control. In such cases they do

not restrict themselves to secret intercommunication by means of knocks, but shout the cipher-numbers to one another openly from their cell windows. It is not possible to punish a hundred or more people for this offense by putting them all into dark cells,— the capacity of an already overcrowded prison will not admit of such a method of dealing with the evil,— and if the authorities resort to physical violence the prisoners meet it with an organized "hunger-strike." This desperate form of protest creates an excited state of public feeling in the town where the prison is situated; it exasperates the friends of the sufferers to such a degree as to endanger the lives of the prison officials; it is an occurrence which the warden must report to the Minister of the Interior, and it is almost certain to be followed by an investigation of the prison management, which may bring to light the illegal practices from which the warden, overseers, and turnkeys derive pecuniary profit. These inevitable consequences of a hunger-strike are greatly dreaded by the prison authorities, and it often happens that a warden, in order to avoid what is known in the prison world as a "skandal," winks at relatively trivial infractions of prison discipline. In this way a *modus vivendi* is established, by virtue of which the warden permits oral communication between the political prisoners, and the latter tacitly agree not to create a disturbance prejudicial to the interests of the warden. Such a state of things existed in the Kiev prison in 1883, and at almost any hour of the day or night a pedestrian passing the prison wall might have heard the voices of the politicals calling out in a steady monotone from their cell windows, "Twelve, fifteen, fifty-four, twenty-four, thirty-two, fifteen, fourteen." Nearly all of the political exiles whom I met in Siberia were skilled in the use of the checker-board cipher, and could transmit intelligence either by knocks or by calling the equivalent numbers at the rate of from ten to fifteen words a minute.

The use of this cipher as a signal code by prisoners who are so situated that they can see one another is more common, the numbers being made by visible motions of the hand instead of by audible knocks. At night the prisoner, if allowed to have a candle, makes the numbers by moving a book or a towel back and forth in front of the light so as to alternately hide it and reveal it. In this way conversations are sometimes carried on between politicals at their cell windows and friends in houses standing outside the prison wall and at a considerable distance.

One of the most ingenious and successful adaptations of the checker-board cipher to the peculiar conditions and necessities of prison

life is the method by which the political convey secret intelligence to their relatives and friends in open letters forwarded through official hands. When a political offender has been subjected to final examination and the papers in his case are ready for submission to the Department of Justice, he is generally allowed to exchange letters with his relatives. All such letters, however, must be sent to the procureur or the local chief of gendarmes for examination, and they are not only carefully scrutinized, but are often subjected to heat and to the action of chemical re-agents, in order to ascertain whether or not they contain invisible writing in sympathetic ink. In spite, however, of such measures of precaution, the political prisoners manage, with the aid of the checker-board cipher, to transmit contraband information through the hands and under the very eyes of the most subtle and experienced officials. As an illustration of the way in which this is accomplished, take the following extract from the letter of a prisoner:

I have received your welcome letter of the nineteenth instant and am very glad to learn from it that you are all well at home and that you received safely the letter which I wrote you on the twenty third of last month. I wish I could hear from you oftener.

There is apparently nothing unusual or suspicious either in the language or in the chirography of this letter,—it would probably be approved and passed by nine officials out of ten,—and yet it contains the words, "Tell Alexe to fly—arrest threatened." A close and careful examination of the writing will show that the letters are segregated into groups by minute and almost imperceptible spaces. The first words are spaced as follows: "Ihaverece-i-vedyo-urw-el-com-el." The number of letters in each group is regarded as a figure and every two figures constitute a number, whose alphabetical equivalent is to be found in the cipher square. The numbers in the above groups are 45 15 32 32, which the checker-board resolves into the letters, "T-e-l-l." The embarrassment which would be caused by the

word-spaces is obviated by a rule that such spaces shall be disregarded unless the final stroke of the terminal letter is upward, as in the word "of" in the first line of the foregoing illustration. That sign indicates that the word-space which follows it is also a cipher-space and is to be taken into account in determining the limits of the cipher-groups. This method of conveying information is now known to the "cipher bureau" of the gendarmerie, but for a long time it was practiced successfully, and it is still resorted to occasionally in remote provincial prisons.

Nothing has done more than this sort of intercommunication to prevent suicide and insanity among political prisoners in solitary confinement. Complete isolation is perhaps the most terrible punishment that can be inflicted upon an educated human being, and when to such isolation are added perfect stillness, limitation of vision by four bare walls, and deprivation of all means of employment for the intellectual powers, life soon becomes

unendurable and the prisoner either commits suicide, goes insane, or sinks into an apathetic stupor which terminates in dementia. The possibility of intercommunication—of sharing one's thoughts and emotions with another—lends some interest even to the dreariest existence, and the contrivance of schemes to baffle official vigilance and secure such intercommunication affords the mental faculties exercise enough to keep them from decay. Scores of political offenders have gone insane in Russian prisons, but the number of lives thus wrecked is much smaller than it would have been if the imprisoned revolutionists had not contrived, by ingenious methods of intercommunication, to support, encourage, and comfort one another in hours of despair.

George Kennan.

POST-MERIDIAN.

I. AFTERNOON.

WHEN in thy glass thou studieth thy face,
Not long, nor yet not seldom, half repelled
And half attracted; when thou hast beheld
Of Time's slow ravages the crumbling trace
(Deciphered now with many an interspace
The characters erewhile that Beauty spelled),
And in thy throat a choking fear hath swelled
Of Love, grown cold, eluding thy embrace:
Could'st thou but read my gaze of tenderness —
Affection fused with pity — precious tears
Would bring relief to thy unjust distress;
Thy visage, even as it to me appears,
Would seem to thee transfigured; thou would'st bless
Me, who am also, Dearest, scarred with years!

II. EVENING.

Age can not wither her whom not gray hairs
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of Time;
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,
And violets know the victory is theirs.
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime;
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene
With sense of duty done without complaint!
O venerable crown! — a living green,
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint —
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but been
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint!

Wendell P. Garrison.

INLET AND SHORE.

HERE is a world of changing glow,
Where moods roll swiftly far and wide!
Waves sadder than a funeral's pride,
Or bluer than the harebell's blow!

The sunlight makes the black hulls cast
A firefly radiance down the deep;
The inlet gleams, the long clouds sweep;
The sails flit up, the sails drop past.

The far sea-line is hushed and still;
The nearer sea has life and voice;
Each soul may take his fondest choice, —
The silence, or the restless thrill.

O little children of the deep,
The single sails, the bright, full sails,
Gold in the sun, dark when it fails,
Now you are smiling, then you weep!

O blue of heaven, and bluer sea,
And green of wave, and gold of sky,
And white of sand that stretches by
Toward East and West away from me;

O shell-strewn shore that, silent, hears
The legend of the mighty main,
And tells to none that lore again, —
We catch one utterance, only, — "Years!"

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE UPPER MISSOURI AND THE GREAT FALLS.



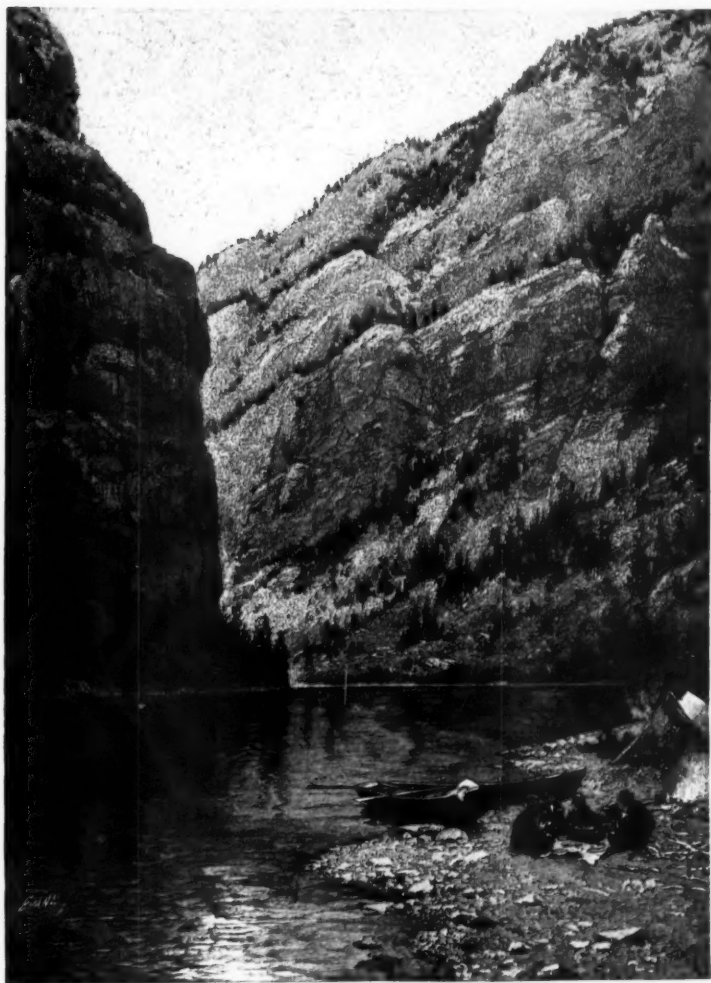
It was a CENTURY expedition in its plan, and its object was to descend the Missouri River in a skiff from some point near Helena, Montana, to the Great Falls, to make a portage around the falls and follow the river down to Fort Benton, and thence, by some sort of land transportation, to cross the country to the Yellowstone through the cattle and sheep ranges. When it came to start from Helena, however, a number of citizens joined it for the purpose of making the trip to the falls, so that there were two skiff-loads instead of one. The pilot, whose old title of colonel had lately been changed to commodore by the Helena newspapers, by reason of his having seven times braved the perils of the rapids and the passage through the Gate of the Mountains, was a man of resources. He had provided but one boat, and, in the free Western fashion, he laid hands upon a small craft that the governor of the Territory had constructed with the view of making a voyage, put it on wheels, and started it for the river in the wake of the larger skiff. The governor was to have gone with the expedition, but was hindered by some public duties. If he could not go his boat could, the commodore reasoned; and go it did, never to return, for there is no such thing as getting up the river with any sort of craft.

Now, Helena, where the boats were built, is some twelve miles from the Missouri, and the departure of the expedition was not so impressive an affair as its members might have wished. The appearance of the two skiffs on wheels, loaded with provisions and camp equipage, with the company following, some on foot and some in a "jerky," was by no means heroic. Nevertheless, the people of the town, accustomed to seeing all sorts of queer "outfits," witnessed our departure without any vociferous demonstrations of hilarity, restrained, perhaps, by the blue pennant which the commodore had set up on the prow of his flagship.

The day was the 16th of September, and though the high mountains of the main divide of the Rockies were white with new snow, the oats were not yet harvested on the ranches in the Valley of the Prickly Pear, through which we passed, so late is the maturing of grain in the high latitudes and on the high altitudes of Montana. At Stubbs's Ferry we put the boats into the water. Stubbs seemed

to keep a ferry chiefly for getting his hay across to his barns from his fields on the farther side of the river. There was a road that ran up into the foot-hills of the Belt Range, but no one could tell where it went to or why anybody should travel it. Stubbs's Ferry is about a hundred miles below the junction of the three rivers which form the Missouri—the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin. For much of that distance a railroad follows the course of the stream and the banks are sparsely inhabited by ranchmen, but below the ferry the river rushes through a series of profound cañons, and until it gets out of the Belt Range and into the great plains of eastern Montana, the country it traverses is singularly savage and desolate.

In the division of the party between our two boats, the artist and the writer took the smaller one, which had been pirated from the governor, and recruited for its crew a wandering Californian and a Helena journalist. The artist took the steering-oar, reassuring his companions as to his ability to run rapids successfully with the information that in his younger days he had navigated lumber-rafts on the Alleghany River; the writer sat in the bow, to give warning of breakers ahead and shove the boat off when she grounded on shoals; the Californian proved almost a Hanlan at the oars, and the Helena journalist was detailed to work the pumps, which consisted of an old tin can and a cup. The remainder of the party, numbering eight, embarked in the long-boat, and as they had with them the cook, the "grub-stake," and the tents, their craft was an object of much interest, about meal-times and at nightfall, to the occupants of the smaller skiff. At other times each of the boats kept its own course, and the skill of the commodore was only required to manage his own craft. By the camp-fire, however, when the day's run was over, the tents were pitched, and the supper was eaten, he came out strong with tales of Indian fights, of Vigilante hangings, and of all manner of wild frontier adventures. He had been through the civil war and numerous Indian campaigns, and carried two bullets in his body. At one time he had held a prominent Federal office in Montana. In later years he has taken a great fancy to the wild rapids and gorges of the Upper Missouri and delights to conduct parties of adventurous travelers through them. The business cannot be profitable, but there is lots of fun in it for the old gentleman; and his bronzed face, sil-



THE CAMP IN WHITE ROCK CAÑON.

very hair and whiskers, and scarlet handkerchief light up the dark cañons of the river two or three times every season.

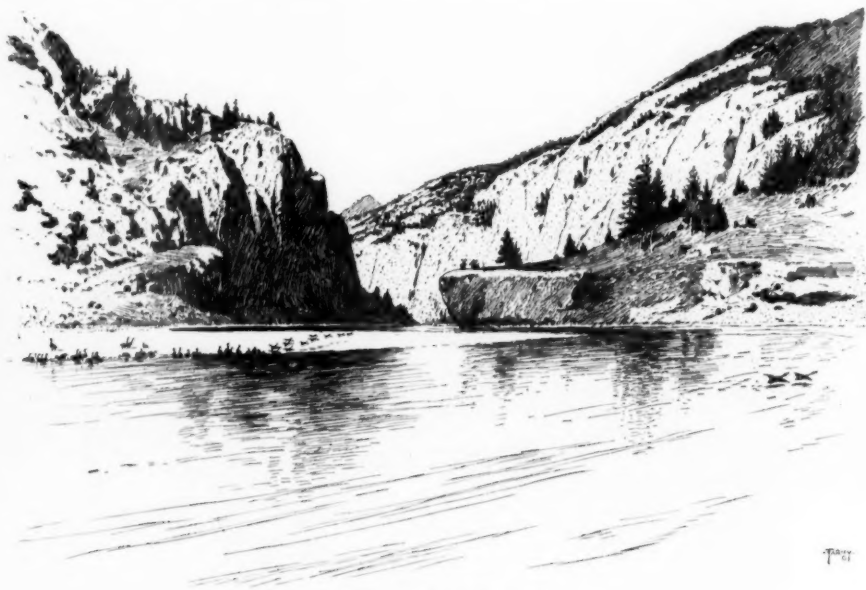
In floating down the stream there was a quiet exhilaration which grew upon the travelers as they became accustomed to the moods and ways of the strong green river, and were convinced that it meant no harm when it whirled them around a rocky promontory or swept them swiftly through a seething rapid; convinced, too, that with stout arms and oars they were the masters in any case, and could keep off from half-hidden rocks and away from dangerous shores. The water was clear and cold, and as good to drink as any spring water.

Vol. XXXV.—57.

Occasionally there was a little stretch of grassy bottom along one or the other bank, fringed with a thicket of wild-rose bushes, the branches all beaded with coral-red berries; but most of the way huge cliffs of reddish rock or steep mountains, thinly clad with pines, rose abruptly from the water's edge. The strata in the cliffs were bent and twisted in curious ways. Occasionally broad green bands ran through the gray or red rocks, indicating the presence of copper. A solitary ranch was passed the first day of the voyage, and for many miles there was a vestige of former human occupancy in the shape of a long-abandoned flume, that once furnished water for placer-mining. It had cost

a hundred thousand dollars, the commodore said, and had never paid back the money. Montana, and all the mining Territories, abound in such monuments of misplaced enterprise. The old adage about mining for the precious metals, that more money is put into the ground than is taken out, would probably not hold good for universal application, but it fits most mining districts. The solitude and silence on the river grew oppressive as twi-

When enlisted for THE CENTURY expedition he was newly out of jail, a fact that did not in the least put him out of countenance. He regarded himself as a victim of Chinese cheap labor. When in Missoula, cooking in a hotel, he could not get on well with the Chinese assistant in the kitchen, and therefore knocked him down. The landlord took the Chinaman's part, which so enraged Nick against the Mongolian element in general, that he



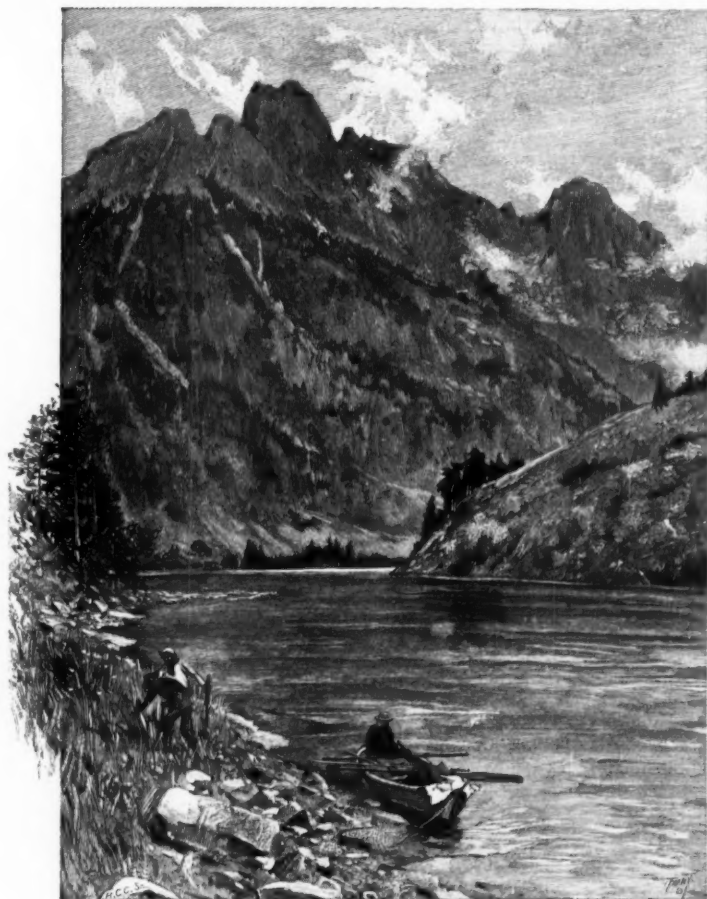
THE GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

light began to fall. There was no sound save the rippling and gurgling of the water. The boat slipped along as quietly as the funeral barge in Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine." Weird profiles and masks looked down from the rocky walls. The talk and laughter, and the shouting for echoes, that had made the voyage a merry one so long as the sun shone, had ceased, and there came upon the wanderers a sense of loneliness and mystery, as though they had set out to penetrate an unknown wilderness. It was a relief to all to tie up to the bank at dark, to light a camp-fire, pitch the tents, and unload the boats; and the efforts of the party to eat supper on the ground, in darkness made visible by the flickering fire, were amusing enough to restore good humor all around.

Nick, the cook, was a droll frontier character. For twelve years he had cooked for exploring parties, engineers, and railway builders all the way from Minnesota to Oregon.

rushed into the street and proceeded to run amuck against all the Celestials he met. Before the police could secure him, he had prostrated three or four by vigorous kicks and fisticuffs. He was an amiable fellow in the main, however. His coffee was good, but his views on the Chinese question were a little too aggressive.

The second day's run took the boats through the Gate of the Mountains, a narrow cleft in the Belt Range, through which the river runs at moderate velocity after the preliminary rush of a rapid. The precipices are of grayish rock, about fifteen hundred feet high, and the riven mountains are covered with pines. The sheer cliffs and the warped strata show that the passage has not been worn by the action of the water, but was opened by some great convulsion which tore the solid mountains apart. Very grand and impressive is this deep cañon, but with the bright blue sky above and the sunlight on the pea-green river below, it did not



BEAR'S TOOTH MOUNTAIN.

seem gloomy, like the two smaller cañons we had passed the day before. All through Montana people talk of the Gate of the Mountains, but very few have visited it, from the fact that it is inaccessible by road or bridle-path and can be seen only from a boat. The name was bestowed by Lewis and Clarke, the explorers, who passed through it in canoes on the 19th of June, 1805, on their way to the Pacific coast. They also gave it the alternative designation of the Great White Rock Cañon. Two sons of the Chevalier Vendrye, the French explorer, passed through it as early as 1742, and were probably the first white men to gaze upon its frowning precipices.

Tying up the boats that day for the noon lunch of ham and bread, we found upon a

grassy plateau some relics of former occupancy that seemed to indicate that the spot had been the scene of a tragedy. There were two "foundations," a few rods apart. A "foundation" in Montana means four logs laid across each other so as to form a square, and is a legal notification of intent to build a cabin and take up a claim. The two "foundations" so near together were evidences of a dispute about the title to the little strip of meadow land, on which the occupants perhaps expected to find gold. Within one of the log quadrangles we found bloody clothing, sodden and mildewed, a rusty ax, a camp-kettle and a coffee-pot, some blankets, and many other articles. The imaginative members of our party speedily constructed from these materials a story of murder—the victim thrown into

the river, and the guilty man fleeing horror-stricken from the scene of his crime.

Below the mountain gateway a boiling rapid carried us swiftly past one of the great landmarks of northern Montana—the Bear's Tooth Mountain. It rises in a series of cliffs some two thousand feet above the river channel, and on its forest-covered summit stands a huge irregular, turret-like rock with broken crest. This rock, possibly three hundred feet high, gives the mountain its name. It is plainly seen from Helena, which must be at least forty miles away as the crow flies.

Below the Bear's Tooth the character of the shores of the river changes. The great chasms of distorted strata cease, and though there are numerous cliffs and pinnacles, they are of soft brown rock, much worn by the action of wind and rain. Profiles and faces become so numerous that only the most striking are remarked. I remember the Egyptian mummies suspended high above the water; a strongly marked, majestic, and serene face with beard washed by the waves, which I called the River God; and two gigantic statues known as the Old Man and the Old Woman. Of ruined castles, broken towers and battlements, huge archways, and other familiar effects of fantastic rock-work, there were too many specimens to name or notice at length. The mountains gradually broke away into steep hills, between which were grassy valleys running down to the river's brink. This region of singular rock effects extends for about forty miles below the Gate of the Mountains and ends abruptly. Beyond, stretch out the great plains. A huge wall, beginning at the river and running up an acclivity for three or four hundred yards, marks the boundary between the two regions, and is the last outwork of the Rocky Mountain system in this direction.

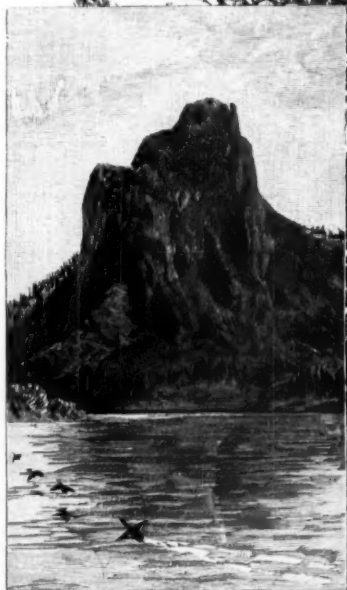
In the afternoon of the third day of the voyage the crew of the small boat, having gotten some miles in advance of the commissariat in the big skiff, determined to forage on the country for supplies. A pair of horses grazing on the bank indicated that there must be a ranch near at hand. In Montana every human habitation outside of the towns is a ranch. There are hay ranches, grain ranches, milk ranches, horse ranches, cattle ranches, and chicken ranches. The word has traveled all the way from northern Mexico to the British possessions, amplifying its application as it advanced. The ranch which we found, after scrambling through the thicket of rose-bushes and willows that formed a stout natural hedge all along the shore, defied classification under any of the above terms. It displayed a little of everything that could be done in

the way of Montana agriculture. On a broad bench, surrounded by mountains, were small fields of hay and grain, and a big irrigated vegetable garden, where potatoes, corn, beets, turnips, tomatoes, and watermelons were growing. A log cabin with one door and one window, and a log barn flanked by hay and straw stacks, stood far back from the river. A man clad in a brown canvas suit and a wide-brimmed felt hat, which is the universal costume of all who do outdoor work in Montana, was digging potatoes. He leaned on his hoe and very closely scanned the four men approaching him, as if to satisfy himself whether their intentions were hostile or peaceable. When told that we were well-disposed travelers floating down the river, at that moment bent only on getting something to eat, he became quite friendly. "You're welcome to the best I've got," he said. "Pick an armful of roasting-ears, and I'll rustle up a fire." He limped on to the house while we hunted for tender ears on the dry stalks. He proved to be the only occupant of the place, and his cabin of one room was kitchen, dairy, granary, and bedroom combined. Its only decorations were a huge rude painting of a four-horned goat, and a singular robe of some strange fur. He explained the possession of these treasures by saying that some years ago he went to South Africa to dig for gold. The robe he bought from a native chief, and the picture represented a goat he had brought back and exhibited in "the States," with small financial success. He came to Montana from Ohio as a young man in the early days of the gold migration, and after his African adventures he had returned to these wild mountains, concluding that this country suited him as well as any he had seen. "Lonesome? Well, not particularly." He had always "bached it" (lived as a bachelor). Next winter his nephew was coming to live with him. A raft went down the river once a month. Once a year he went to Helena for his supplies. There was no wagon road to his place, and bacon was the only thing he could pack out to sell. He fed his milk and vegetables to his hogs.

The prospect for a square meal did not look favorable at first view of the cabin, but we underrated our host's resources. He roasted potatoes under the embers in his little box-stove and corn above them, and upon it he fried bacon and made coffee; with plenty of milk and cream, with tomatoes for salad and watermelons for dessert, we made a capital dinner. There was room at the rough board table for only two, so the others took their plates and cups to the wood-pile outdoors. Our host refused to take money, invited us to come again, and following us to our boat, as a last

act of hospitality he gathered for us some choke-cherries in a thicket near the river.

That afternoon we ran the Half Breed Island rapids, the only formidable obstacle to steamboat navigation on the Missouri above the falls. The gunwales of the boats were raised by nailing on boards, canvas was stretched over the bows, and thus protected against shipping water, we pushed into the



CENTURY BUTTE

tumultuous current island — a little quite jubilant lightly our craft and how easy rowing, to give thus avert the drifting broadside to the current and being rolled over like a log. The first plunge of the rapids is about half a mile in length; then comes a little stretch of quiet water, and then a second descent, of a quarter of a mile. To sweep along with the swift rush of the seething waves, past the fast-receding shores, was wonderfully exhilarating.

By dint of some hard rowing, with the aid of a rather sluggish current, we that night reached the only place between our point of embark-

at the head of the nervous at first, but when we found how danced over the waves it was, with steady her steerage-way and only danger, that of the current and being rolled over like a log. The first plunge of the rapids is about half a mile in length; then comes a little stretch of quiet water, and then a second descent, of a quarter of a mile. To sweep along with the swift rush of the seething waves, past the fast-receding shores, was wonderfully exhilarating.

ation and the Great Falls that is accorded a name and the round dot on the map which indicates a town. The name was Ulidia, and the town consisted of a store and post-office, a hotel, a saloon, and two dwellings. The hotel had but three rooms, and its single bedroom was occupied by the landlady. Guests were lodged in a lean-to attached to the store on the opposite side of the road. South of Ulidia the Chestnut Valley stretches out at the foot of the Belt Mountains in brown undulations to the horizon, the Little Belts bounding it on the east. It is sparsely inhabited by prosperous stock-raisers, mostly from Missouri. One has grown so rich that he spends most of his time in Paris; another passes his winters in New York. I need hardly say that there are no chestnut-trees in the valley, or indeed in all Montana. If there were, the inhabitants would have found another name for them. A current ferry crosses the river at Ulidia, and a road leads north-west to Fort Shaw and the stage road from Helena to Fort Benton, which keeps far back from the river to avoid the cañons and broken mountain ranges. The country is open and grassy, consisting of rolling plains diversified by buttes and rock-crested ridges, and is a part of the great grazing ranges of eastern Montana.

To float down a rapid river through magnificent and varied scenery is a pleasant mode of travel, but when the river grows lazy, as does the Missouri after it gets out into the plains, and its banks are mud walls topped by screens of cottonwoods and willows, and you must pull hard at the oars under a hot sun to make any satisfactory progress, the business assumes quite a different aspect. After five or six hours of this sort of navigation, leaving Ulidia on the fourth day of the journey, we tied the boat up to the bank for the main body of the expedition to pick up, and engaged a ranchman to take us across country in his wagon to Sun River. This ranchman lived in a log house of two rooms, and had a homestead of 160 acres, on which he cut hay to feed the horses of the cavalry at Fort Shaw. He got six dollars a ton for the hay, and had cut about two hundred tons. His girlish wife — she was only eighteen — put the baby in a ham-mock made from an old piece of bagging, and cooked for us an excellent dinner of prairie chickens shot that morning from the kitchen window. In the living-room of the cabin the log walls and the rafters which supported the

dirt roof were hidden by cotton sheeting, and there was a sewing-machine, a rocking-chair, a canary bird, a white counterpane on the bed, and a few pictures. The husband had saved enough from his wages as a teamster to buy a team and wagon and build a cabin. In a few years he will be an independent ranchman with money in the bank, and will undoubtedly take his family back to Illinois to visit the old folks and show them how young people can prosper in Montana. He represents the new element in the population of Montana, and the hermit who entertained us the day before was a type of the old element.

stream, with an occasional clump of cottonwoods on its banks. At the place where we forded it the bottom was paved from side to side with large square rocks as smooth as flagstones. Far to the northward could be seen the snowy peaks of the main chain of the Rockies, where the river has its sources. Southward, towards the Missouri, was a white speck on the horizon, which was the goal of our day's journey. It was after dark before the little speck had grown to a house and we had found shelter for the night at the ranch of the Montana Cattle Company. The fall round-up for the Sun River district was in progress at the time, but



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

The agricultural valleys and the great grazing ranges of this enormous Territory are fast being occupied by active young men who refuse to lead the lonesome bachelor life of the old times, and who wisely lay the sure foundations of success by marrying, and creating for themselves homes, however humble they may be at the start.

We drove across rolling plains covered with dry bunch-grass. An enormous square-topped butte on the northern horizon gave character to the landscape. The surface of the country dipped suddenly into a narrow valley through which ran Sun River, the Medicine River of Lewis and Clarke's map—a clear, shallow

the cattle were sixty or seventy miles distant on the Teton River. The bees were to be driven northward to the Canadian Pacific Railway for shipment to the Eastern markets. All the cattle transportation for the country north of the Missouri and that immediately south of the river is now done by the new Canadian road. The drive is not so long as that to the Northern Pacific in the Yellowstone Valley, and the grazing on the way is said to be better.

From comfortable quarters in the dwelling of the cattle ranch we drove down the Sun River Valley to a ferry that led to the site of a prospective town just above the upper fall of the Missouri, called Great Falls City.

Placid as a Minnesota lake in summer-time, the Missouri glides along between banks shaded by cottonwoods. Its waters are ruffled only by flocks of wild ducks and geese. There are no indications that it is about to plunge over a series of cataracts and rapids and make an aggregate fall of five hundred feet in a distance of about twelve miles. So hemmed in by steep banks are the cataracts, that their roar is muffled and is scarcely heard until one is close upon them. The first leap, succeeding a long rapid, is twenty-six feet in perpendicular descent. This is called the Black Eagle Fall, and was so named by Lewis and Clarke from the circumstance of an eagle having her nest on an island below the fall. Viewed from the high bank above, this cataract is not very impressive. It has too much the look of a great mill-dam. The eye soon wanders from the fall to the stately landscape, spread out to the north and west—to the billowy brown plains, the black masses of the Belt Mountains, and the white pinnacles of the Rockies, far up towards the Canadian line. The appearance of the Black Eagle Fall suggests its future use. Some day it will drive saws, spindles, and mill-stones. About four miles below is a nameless fall, of fourteen feet—nameless, no doubt, because hardly noticeable from its proximity to the beautiful Rainbow Fall, a sheer descent of forty-seven feet. The water is nearly equally distributed over the whole breadth of this superb fall, and its curve of white and light green, tinted with rainbow hues, is wonderfully symmetrical. Only in one place is it broken a little by an indentation in the ledge which gives to the plunging flood a deeper hue of green. Otherwise the fall might be criticised as "faultily faultless." The best view is from the bottom of the gorge. On the south bank of the river there is a break-neck path that leads down to the foot of the cataract. Here the spray clouds and rainbows, and the lovely aqua-marine tints of the water, show to best advantage.

Below the Rainbow Fall is the Crooked or Horse Shoe Fall, which has a perpendicular descent of nineteen feet. This fall, the Rainbow, and the smaller fall above can be seen at once from a projecting bluff. Not far off is an enormous spring, shaped like an open fan with an outer radius of three hundred feet, which discharges into the river, over a series of wide, low terraces, an enormous quantity of pure, cold water. This tremendous outpouring seems to be rather the mouth of a hidden river than a simple spring. Various names were suggested by the visiting party, for it had hitherto borne no other name than the "big spring." Finally all agreed to christen it the Giant's Fountain.

Eight miles below the Rainbow are the Great Falls. Perhaps a third of the river's volume plunges down a precipice eighty-seven feet high, the rest descending over broken shelves of rock, in a multitude of cascades. After Niagara this fall must rank as the greatest cataract on the American continent. We could only see the entire breadth of the fall from a single point on the extreme verge of a crag jutting over the cañon. There was no way of getting down into the gorge to the water's edge, which is about four hundred feet below the general level of the country. The deep crease in which the river runs is entirely lost to view a quarter of a mile away. Its lips seem to close up, and appear like the many modulations in the grassy plain, so that a traveler riding across country might come almost to the sheer verge of the cañon before he would suspect that he was approaching one of the great rivers of the world.

We returned to the new town to spend the night, and late in the morning we were joined by the party in the boats. We had gained a day's time by striking across the country to Sun River and following its valley to the Missouri.

We portaged the boats around the falls the next day, getting them out of the water and upon wagons by dint of much tugging and lifting, with the assistance of the entire population. By the time we had traveled twelve miles of rolling country and had gotten the wagons down the precipitous banks of a *coulé* leading to the river and launched the boats it was 2 o'clock, and we were still twenty-four miles from Benton.

The stream was shut in between Bad Land bluffs—miniature mountains of blue clay and brown mud with streaks of lignite coal and strata of soft sandstone, all worn and seamed by the weather and showing many fantastic shapes. The aspect of these queer formations was dreary and sinister. "If this is God's country," remarked the Californian, "it must be because he is still at work on it."

Night fell long before we reached the town. There was no moon, and it was impossible to see the shores, the shallows, or the rapids. Nothing was visible but a little gleam on the water a few yards around the boat, and the black bulk of the tall cliffs. Then came the welcome sight of lights ahead. Soon we were safely ashore and sitting down to supper in a comfortable hotel, very tired and very happy.

The town of Fort Benton has played a part in the commerce of the far North-west out of all proportion to its size. In its best days it had a scant thousand of settled inhabitants, but twice that number of transient sojourners

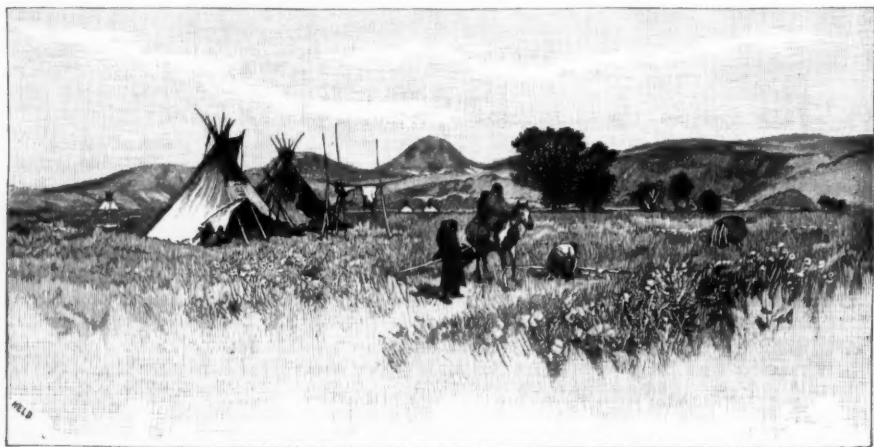


RUINS OF FORT BENTON.

were often domiciled in its log and adobe buildings. Probably it has now a stable population of fifteen hundred at least, but the wild throng of buffalo-hunters, wolfers, teamsters, French-Canadian half-breeds, boatmen, and miners that once filled the streets has departed, leaving a peace and serenity behind that is not at all enjoyed by the citizens. Formerly the trade of Benton extended far up into the British territory, reached westward and south-westward for five hundred miles, and to the southward embraced all the country as far as the Yellowstone. Goods were brought up the Missouri by steamboat from St. Louis, 2500 miles distant, until the railroad reached Bismarck, in Dakota, when that place became the point of departure for the fleet of flat-bottomed, light-draught boats. The season of navigation was short, lasting only from May to midsummer, though sometimes two or three boats went up after the autumn rise in the river. A few years ago the boats had to run the gauntlet of hostile Indians, and every wood-yard was a stockade. Old captains tell of the days when they had to stop and wait for enormous herds of buf-

falo to swim the stream. The boats brought the year's supplies for the mining-camps in the Rocky Mountains, for the Indian agencies and the military posts, for the cattle ranches, and for the Canadian mounted police. Long trains of wagons, drawn by mules or bullocks, transported the goods over vast desolate plains and through lonesome mountain gorges. The arrival of the first boat in the spring was a great event in the little frontier hamlet which had been cut off from the world for eight months. The necessity of laying in a year's stock at once caused the trade of Benton to fall into the hands of a few strong firms controlling large capital, having branch stores, and owning the freighting teams that distributed the goods over all the immense tributary territory. Each of these firms had a motley army of retainers and dependents—teamsters, trappers, hunters, and Indians. Their big stores survive the trade that once filled them with customers.

The channels of commerce in the Northwest have changed of late, and Fort Benton is left stranded between two railroads. On the south and west the Northern Pacific has



PIEGIAN CAMP ON TETON RIVER.

cut off the business of nearly all the mining country and much of the cattle country, and on the north the Canadian Pacific has taken away the traffic of all the Dominion posts, agencies, and police, and of the fur-trapping Indians and half-breeds over the line. There is nothing left for the town to live upon but the trade of the cattle and sheep ranches in the country close at hand. Most of the boats that used to come up the river have been withdrawn, and those that arrived last season with light freights could get no return cargoes, there being no more buffalo skins to carry. It would not be appropriate to say that in Benton all the week seems like Sunday, for in prosperous times Sunday was the busiest and noisiest day. There used to be a saying in the Yellowstone country that "West of Bismarck there is no Sunday, and west of Miles City there is no God." Benton was probably never so good as now. In time the town will rebound from its present depression, and with the development of the resources of the neighboring farming and grazing country will again be prosperous, but in a different way. The dramatic features of its old life as a remote outpost of civilization are gone forever.*

The town is built on a bank by the river-side surrounded by grassy hills. Climb the hills, or cross the river by the current ferry and scramble to the top of the lone mud cliffs, and you see that the stream runs some hundreds of feet below the general level of the country, which is a rolling plateau. The town is a queer conglomeration of handsome new brick structures and old cotton-wood log huts, with a few neat frame houses painted in the fashionable olives and browns. One is astonished at the size of the hotel, of the mercantile establishments, of the court-house, and of the buildings of the two newspapers.

Near the town, we visited the camp of a dozen lodges of Piegan Indians, who had come to stay all winter for the sake of such subsistence as they could get from the garbage-barrels of the citizens. A race of valorous hunters and warriors has fallen so low as to be forced to beg at back doors for kitchen refuse. In one of the *tepees* in the Piegan camp there was an affecting scene. A young squaw lay on a pile of robes and blankets, hopelessly ill and given up to die. In the lines of her face and the expression of her great black eyes there were traces of beauty and refinement not often seen in Indian women. Crouched on the ground by her side sat her father, an old blind man with long white hair and a strong, firm face clouded with an expression of stolid grief.

* Benton is on the line of the new railroad, and expects a new season of prosperity.

The Piegans and the Blackfeet, who inhabit the great reservation north and east of Fort Benton, have suffered grievously of late for want of food, and hundreds have died from scrofula and other diseases induced by insufficient nourishment. In fact, the Government has kept them in a state of semi-starvation. It is a long way from the Upper Missouri to the halls of Congress, where the money is voted for Indian supplies, and it is not easy to place on the proper shoulders the blame for the barbarity of issuing for a week's rations barely enough food for two days. The appropriations for these Indians have hitherto been based on estimates for their winter support only. In the season of roaming and hunting it was supposed they could pick up their own living, as they used to do with ease before the white buffalo-hunters exterminated the game which was their main dependence. Now, the buffaloes which used to roam these plains in great herds are gone. Occasionally a solitary animal is found, or perhaps a little "bunch" of half a dozen, lurking in a ravine among the Bad Lands, but an Indian might starve to death before he had the luck to find one. Knowing how desperate are the chances of killing game, the Indians crowd around the agencies and try to subsist on the scanty rations issued by the Government. A few, up at Fort Belknap, raise little patches of grain; but of the five or six thousand on the reservation north of the Missouri, probably there are not five hundred who can be called self-supporting. One of the Jesuit fathers from Flathead Mission visited the Blackfeet lately and prevailed upon them to let him take fifty of their children to be reared and educated at the Mission. Indians are strongly attached to their children in a passionate, unreasoning way, and as they are but children of larger growth themselves, living only in the present and incapable of much thought for the future, it is very hard to persuade them to part with the little ones. In this case the only consideration that moved them was the fear that the children would die for want of food, as many had already done. Father Palladimi told me that the speeches of the Indian chiefs at the council, where they told of the sufferings of the tribe and bared their emaciated arms and breasts to show to what a condition they had been brought by hunger, were thrilling bursts of savage oratory, even affecting listeners who could not, as he did, understand the spoken words. There seems to be but one humane and sensible course for the Government to take with these Indians. Their enormous reservation, now useless to them for the purposes of the chase, should be abolished,

and smaller ones containing good agricultural and grazing lands established, and they should be fed until they could be put in a way of raising crops and cattle. This course has lately been recommended by a commission sent out to examine into their condition.

The old adobe fort erected in 1846 by the American Fur Company, which served as a nucleus to the town of Fort Benton and gave it its name, is still in existence, though much dilapidated. The four towers at the corners of the quadrangle are in a good state of preservation, but portions of the connecting walls have fallen. The rooms where the trappers and traders used to count their profits and make merry are now a rookery of poor homeless people, and the court looks like the backyard of a block of New York tenement houses.

In one of the towers an embrasure is shown from which a cannon was once turned with terrible effect upon a party of peaceable Indians gathered outside the walls of the fort for traffic. The story is that a hunting party of Blackfeet drove off some cattle belonging to the fort, and killed a negro who followed them to recover the animals. The burgess (the title borne by the commander of the fur-trading station) was a man of violent and revengeful disposition. When the Blackfeet

failed to give up the murderer, he determined to punish them Indian fashion, and waited until all apprehension of reprisals had been allayed in their minds and they had brought in their furs to barter for goods. Then he loaded his cannon to the muzzle with slugs and musket-balls, and, his men all refusing to put a match to it, fired it himself into a group of the unsuspecting savages.

The original trading fort on the Upper Missouri stood at the mouth of the Maria's River, twenty miles below Benton, and was built in 1828. This was abandoned in 1849, and old Fort Benton was erected eight miles above the present town and occupied for fourteen years. In 1843 the traders went down to the mouth of the Judith and built Fort Shagran. In 1846 they began work on the existing adobe fort and transferred to it the name of Benton. The American Fur Company sold the fort in 1865 to the North-west Fur Company, and in 1877 the Government leased it for a military post and occupied it four years. The town grew up slowly under the protection of the walls of the fort. These are the outlines of the history of a place whose trade extended over an area as great as that of all New England and the Middle States when it was itself only a collection of mud-roofed log huts and warehouses.

Eugene V. Smalley.



A SONG OF CHEER.

THE winds are up, with wakening day
And tumult in the tree.
Across the cool and open sky
White clouds are streaming free.
The new light breaks o'er flood and field,
Clear, like an echoing horn;
While in loud flight the crows are blown
Athwart the sapphire morn.

What tho' the maple's scarlet flame
Declares the summer done;
Tho' finch and starling voyage south
To win a softer sun;
What tho' the withered leaf whirls by
To strew the purpling stream,—
Stretched are the world's glad veins with
strength;
Despair is grown a dream!

The acres of the golden-rod
Are glorious on the hills;
Tho' storm and loss approach, the year's
High heart uleaps and thrills.
Dearest, the cheer, the brave delight,
Are given to shame regret,
That, when the long frost falls, our hearts
Be glad, and not forget!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE FORMATION OF THE CABINET.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN'S CABINET.



HERE is distinguished authority† for the statement that the work of framing the new Cabinet was mainly performed on the evening of the presidential election. After the polls were closed on the 6th of November (so Mr. Lincoln related a year or two later), the superintendent of the telegraph at Springfield invited him to come and remain in his office and read the dispatches as they should come in. He accepted the offer; and, reporting himself in due time at the telegraph office, from which all other visitors were excluded at 9 o'clock, awaited the result of the eventful day. Soon the telegrams came thick and fast — first from the neighboring precincts and counties; then from the great Western cities, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; and finally from the capitals of the doubtful States, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the Empire State of New York. Here in this little room, in the company of two or three silent operators moving about their mysteriously clicking instruments, and recording with imperturbable gravity the swift-throbbing messages from near and far, Mr. Lincoln read the reports as they came in, first in vague and fragmentary dribbles, and later in the rising and swelling stream of cheering news. There was never a nicer or closer calculator of political probabilities than himself. He was emphatically at home among election figures. All his political life he had scanned tables of returns with as much care and accuracy as he analyzed and scrutinized maxims of government or platforms of parties. Now, as formerly, he was familiar with all the turning-points in contested counties and "close" districts, and knew by heart the value of each and every local loss or gain and its relation to the grand result. In past years, at the close of many a hot campaign he had searched out the comforts of victory from a discouraging and adverse-looking column of figures, or correctly read the fatal omen of defeat in some fragmentary announcement from a precinct or

county. Silently, as they were transcribed, the operators handed him the messages, which he laid on his knee while he adjusted his spectacles, and then read and re-read several times with deliberation. He had not long to wait for indications. From a scattering beginning, made up of encouraging local fragments, the hopeful news rose to almost uninterrupted tidings of victory. Soon a shower of congratulatory telegrams fell from the wires, and while his partisans and friends from all parts of the country were thus shaking hands with him "by lightning" over the result, he could hear the shouts and speeches of his Springfield followers, gathered in the great hall of the State-house across the street, and fairly making that building shake with their rejoicings.

Of course his first emotions were those of a kindling pleasure and pride at the sweeping completeness of his success. But this was only a momentary glow. He was indeed President-elect; but with that consciousness there fell upon him the appalling shadow of his mighty task and responsibility. It seemed as if he suddenly bore the whole world upon his shoulders, and could not shake it off; and sitting there in the yet early watches of the night, he read the still-coming telegrams in a sort of absent-minded mechanical routine, while his "inner man" took up the crushing burden of his country's troubles, and traced out the laborious path of coming duties. "When I finally bade my friends good-night and left that room," said Lincoln, "I had substantially completed the framework of my Cabinet as it now exists."

If the grouping and combining of the new President's intended councilors occurred at this time, it is no less true that some of them were selected at a much earlier date. In the mean time no one was informed of his intentions in this regard. For a full month after the election he gave no intimation whatever of his purpose. Cabinet-making is at all times difficult, as Mr. Lincoln felt and acknowledged, even though he had already progressed thus far in his task. Up to the early days of December he followed the current of newspaper criticism, daily read his budget of private letters, gave numerous interviews to visiting pol-

† Hon. Gideon Welles, conversation. J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.

* Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886-7. All rights reserved.

iticians of prominence and influence from other States, and, on the occasion of a short visit to Chicago, met and conferred with Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President-elect, — all constituting, most probably, little else than a continued study of the Cabinet question. Never arbitrary nor dictatorial in the decision of any matter, he took unusual care on this point to receive patiently and consider seriously all the advice, recommendations, and objections which his friends from different States had to offer.

His personal experience during his service as a member of Congress had given him an insight into the sharp and bitter contentions which grow out of office-seeking and the distribution of patronage. It was therefore doubtless with the view to fortify himself in his selections, that he now determined to make definite offers of some at least of the Cabinet appointments. The question of taking part of his constitutional advisers from among his political opponents, and from the hostile or complaining Southern States, had been thoroughly debated in his own mind. The conclusion arrived at is plainly evinced by the following, written with his own hand, and inserted as a short leading editorial in the Springfield "Journal" on the morning of December 12th (or 13th), 1860:

"We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his Cabinet two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions.

"First. Is it known that any such gentleman of character would accept a place in the Cabinet?

"Second. If yea, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them, or do they enter upon the administration in open opposition to each other?"

The high authorship of these paragraphs was not announced, but the *reductio ad absurdum* was so complete that the newspapers were not amiss in guessing whence they emanated.

The selection of enemies being out of the question, Mr. Lincoln, in execution of long-matured plans, proceeded to choose his friends, and those of the best and ablest. On the morning of December 8th, 1860, he penned the following letters:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 8th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: With your permission I shall at the proper time nominate you to the Senate for confirmation as Secretary of State for the United States. Please let me hear from you at your own earliest convenience.

Your friend and obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Washington, D. C.*

(Private and confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 8th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: In addition to the accompanying and more formal note, inviting you to take charge of the State Department, I deem it proper to address you this. Rumors have got into the newspapers to the ef-

fect that the Department named above would be tendered you as a compliment, and with the expectation that you would decline it. I beg you to be assured that I have said nothing to justify these rumors. On the contrary, it has been my purpose, from the day of the nomination at Chicago, to assign you, by your leave, this place in the Administration. I have delayed so long to communicate that purpose, in deference to what appeared to me a proper caution in the case. Nothing has been developed to change my view in the premises; and I now offer you the place in the hope that you will accept it, and with the belief that your position in the public eye, your integrity, ability, learning, and great experience all combine to render it an appointment preëminently fit to be made.

One word more. In regard to the patronage sought with so much eagerness and jealousy, I have prescribed for myself the maxim, "Justice to all"; and I earnestly beseech your coöperation in keeping the maxim good.

Your friend and obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Washington, D. C.*

This letter, so full of frankness and delicate courtesy, together with the brief note preceding it, was sent to two intimate friends of the President-elect at Washington, with the request, if their judgment concurred in the step, to hand them to Mr. Seward. They were at once delivered, and the recipient wrote the following equally courteous and characteristic answer:

WASHINGTON, December 13th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: I have had the honor of receiving as well your note which tenders to me a nomination to the Senate for the office of Secretary of State, as also your private and confidential letter on the same subject.

It would be a violation of my own feelings, as well as a great injustice to you, if I were to leave occasion for any doubt on your part that I appreciate as highly as I ought the distinction which, as the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, you propose to confer upon me, and that I am fully, perfectly, and entirely satisfied with the sincerity and kindness of your sentiments and wishes in regard to my acceptance of it.

You will readily believe that, coming to the consideration of so grave a subject all at once, I need a little time to consider whether I possess the qualifications and temper of a minister, and whether it is in such a capacity that my friends would wish that I should act if I am to continue at all in the public service. These questions are, moreover, to be considered in view of a very anomalous condition of public affairs. I wish, indeed, that a conference with you upon them were possible. But I do not see how it could prudently be held under existing circumstances. Without publishing the fact of your invitation, I will, with your leave, reflect upon it a few days, and then give you my definite answer, which, if I know myself, will be made under the influence exclusively of the most earnest desire for the success of your administration, and through it for the safety, honor, and welfare of the Union.

Whatever may be my conclusion, you may rest assured of my hearty concurrence in your views in regard to the distribution of the public offices as you have communicated them.

Believe me, my dear sir, most respectfully and most faithfully your friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President-elect of the United States.*

* Unpublished MS.

Before the end of the month, Mr. Lincoln received a short and simple note from Mr. Seward signifying his acceptance. Meanwhile he had sent (December 13th) a verbal message to Hon. Edward Bates, at St. Louis, Mo., that he would come down there the next day to see and consult him about some points connected with the formation of his Cabinet. "I thought I saw an unfitness in his coming to me, and that I ought to go to him,"* writes Mr. Bates with his old-school politeness. Accordingly, the following Saturday (December 15th) found him at Mr. Lincoln's office in Springfield.

They had had a personal acquaintance of some eight years; and after cordial greetings the President-elect proceeded without further prelude to tell him that since the day of the Chicago nomination it had been his purpose to tender him one of the places in his Cabinet. Some of his friends had asked the State Department for him. He could not now offer him this, which was usually considered the first place in the Cabinet, for the reason that he should offer that place to Mr. Seward, in view of his ability, his integrity, his commanding influence, and his fitness for the place. He did this as a matter of duty to the party and to Mr. Seward's many and strong friends, while at the same time it accorded perfectly with his own personal inclinations, notwithstanding some opposition on the part of sincere and warm friends. He would, therefore, offer Mr. Bates what he supposed would be more congenial, and for which he was certainly in every way qualified,—the Attorney-Generalship.†

Within a few days it was announced by authority that Mr. Bates had been tendered and had accepted a place in the new Cabinet. His adhesion was looked upon as a sure indication of a moderate and constitutional policy by the incoming Administration.

The choice of Mr. Seward as the head of the Cabinet, as well as his probable acceptance, was also soon whispered about among leading Republicans in Congress, rumored in the public press, and in due time confirmed by a semi-official statement in the Albany "Evening Journal," the organ of Mr. Seward's friend Thurlow Weed. This action of Mr. Lincoln also gave the party at large general gratification, since up to the Chicago convention Mr. Seward had been its chief favorite. Whatever of antagonism existed between pronounced and conservative Republicans was thus happily neutralized, and the respective partisans of Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates each felt themselves bound to the new Adminis-

tration through the presence of an acknowledged and trusted leader in Mr. Lincoln's councils.

To these two selections a third had in the mean time been virtually added. As the individual held a less prominent position in the nation, and as the choice was merely provisional, it provoked no immediate attention or contest. On December 11th, three days after writing his letter to Mr. Seward, two gentlemen called upon the President-elect to present the claims of Hon. Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, one of the "pivotal States" in the November election, to a seat in the Cabinet. After a very short talk, showing that the question had already gone through the crucible of his judgment, Mr. Lincoln replied, that, being determined to act with caution and not embarrass himself with promises, he could only say that he saw no insuperable objections to Indiana's having a place, or to Smith being the man.‡ To this decision Mr. Lincoln held firm, though, later on, very considerable pressure came upon him in behalf of another citizen of Indiana, already then distinguished and destined to attain still greater eminence. A letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote him, explaining why he adhered to his original choice, will be of interest in this connection as illustrating one of his rules of conduct which contributed so much to his popular strength; namely, neither to forget a friendship nor remember a grudge.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 8th, 1861.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 6th has just been handed me by Mr. Baker of Minnesota. When I said to you the other day that I wished to write you a letter, I had reference, of course, to my not having offered you a Cabinet appointment. I meant to say, and now do say, you were most honorably and amply recommended; and a tender of the appointment was not withheld, in any part, because of anything happening in 1858. Indeed, I should have decided as I did easier than I did, had that matter never existed. I had partly made up my mind in favor of Mr. Smith—not conclusively, of course—before your name was mentioned in that connection. When you were brought forward I said, "Colfax is a young man, is already in position, is running a brilliant career, and is sure of a bright future in any event—with Smith it is now or never." I considered either abundantly competent, and decided on the ground I have stated. I now have to beg that you will not do me the injustice to suppose for a moment that I remember anything against you in malice.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN. †

The next step in Cabinet-making was much more complex as a political and personal adjustment, and proved for the present too difficult of execution. Mr. Lincoln had frequently and without reserve expressed his decided preference for Governor Salmon P. Chase of

* Bates, diary. Unpublished MS.

† J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.

‡ Unpublished MS. Also partly printed in Hollister, "Life of Colfax."

Ohio as his Secretary of the Treasury,—not only on account of his acknowledged executive talent, but above all because his spotless integrity of character would at once impart tone to and confidence in the national credit, greatly impaired by recent maladministration and now liable to be lost in the convulsions of civil war. There seemed, too, an eminent fitness in this selection. He was looked upon as the most prominent and able representative of the second great constituent element of the Republican party,—the former Democrats of the Northern States whose anti-slavery convictions had joined them to the new party of freedom.

But against this personal preference of the President-elect, to this particular office there rose up the local claim of the State of Pennsylvania and of Senator Simon Cameron as her most prominent citizen. The manufacturing industry of the State created a local sentiment in behalf of a protective tariff stronger than all other party issues. Protection had not, indeed, been a prominent question in the late election, yet the Republican platform proclaimed that the "industrial interests" should be encouraged; the bulk of the new party were former tariff men; Mr. Lincoln himself had been an avowed protectionist in other political campaigns, and was known not to have changed his convictions on this point. Stronger than all was the implied understanding in favor of protection,—unwritten, indeed, but none the less relied upon by politicians and parties. Now that the election was won, Pennsylvania claimed control of the Treasury Department as that branch of the Government which could wield the greatest influence, both upon legislation and administration, for the promotion of her industrial prosperity. Governor Chase had a wider national reputation than Senator Cameron, but each was an unrivaled leader in his own State, each had received the almost unanimous complimentary vote of his own State in the Chicago convention.

In view of these conflicting motives and interests, the President invited Mr. Cameron to visit him at Springfield, and interviews took place between them on the 30th and 31st of December. Their conversations were undoubtedly intended to be frank and explicit, and yet it would appear that a temporary misunderstanding grew out of them, the precise nature of which has never become public history. When Mr. Cameron returned to his home, he bore with him the following note:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 31st, 1860.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: I think fit to notify you now, that by your permission I shall at the proper time nominate you to the U. S. Senate for confirmation as Secretary

of the Treasury, or as Secretary of War—which of the two I have not yet definitely decided. Please answer at your earliest convenience.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.*

The purpose of the President-elect, evidently formed with deliberation, was suddenly changed, but, as the sequel proved, for a time only. If he ever explained his full reason for so doing, it was to witnesses who are long since dead. One of the secondary causes he has himself left on record. It happened that just at this juncture he received, both by letter and through personal visits from Pennsylvania politicians, the indications of a bitter hostility to Cameron from an influential and very active minority in that State, headed by the newly elected governor and the chairman of the State central committee, who protested in harsh and severe terms against Cameron's appointment. The situation required prompt action, and keeping his own counsel, Mr. Lincoln wrote:

(Private.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: Since seeing you, things have developed which make it impossible for me to take you into the Cabinet. You will say this comes of an interview with McClure; and this is partly, but not wholly, true. The more potent matter is wholly outside of Pennsylvania; and yet I am not at liberty to specify it. Enough that it appears to me to be sufficient. And now I suggest that you write me declining the appointment, in which case I do not object to its being known that it was tendered you. Better do this at once, before things so change that you cannot honorably decline, and I be compelled to openly recall the tender. No person living knows or has an intimation that I write this letter.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

P. S. Telegraph me instantly on receipt of this, saying, "All right."—A. L.*

It will be seen from this that Mr. Lincoln did not offer any explanation of his course; also that he had so well kept his secret, both of the tender and the recall, that, since his judgment so dictated, he could reverse his own action and the world be none the wiser. Still further does it appear from this letter that he had either enjoined or expected an equal discretion on the part of Mr. Cameron. But the latter, in haste to control the party politics of Pennsylvania, and dictate who from that State should succeed him in the Senate, had shown Mr. Lincoln's first note. Mr. Cameron was, therefore, not only unable to telegraph "All right," but was in a measure compelled also to show the recall to a few special friends; and thus the incident, though the correspondence and the actual details were carefully kept out of the newspapers, was more or less understood in the confidential circles of politics.

* Unpublished MS.

As might have been expected, Mr. Cameron's nearest personal friend came at once to Springfield; and the conferences on the subject may be sufficiently inferred from a letter and its inclosure which he carried back to Mr. Cameron:

(Private and confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 13th, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: At the suggestion of Mr. Sanderson and with hearty good-will besides, I herewith send you a letter dated Jan. 3d—the same in date as the last you received from me. I thought best to give it that date, as it is in some sort to take the place of that letter. I learn, both by a letter of Mr. Swett and from Mr. Sanderson, that your feelings were wounded by the terms of my letter really of the 3d. I wrote that letter under great anxiety, and perhaps I was not so guarded in its terms as I should have been; but I beg you to be assured I intended no offense. My great object was to have you act quickly, if possible before the matter should be complicated with the Penn. senatorial election. Destroy the offensive letter or return it to me.

I say to you now I have not doubted that you would perform the duties of a Department ably and faithfully. Nor have I for a moment intended to ostracize your friends. If I should make a Cabinet appointment for Penn. before I reach Washington, I will not do so without consulting you, and giving all the weight to your views and wishes which I consistently can. This I have always intended.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

[Inclosure.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1861.

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

MY DEAR SIR: When you were here, about the last of December, I handed you a letter saying I should at the proper time nominate you to the Senate for a place in the Cabinet. It is due to you and to truth for me to say you were here by my invitation, and not upon any suggestion of your own. You have not as yet signified to me whether you would accept the appointment, and with much pain I now say to you that you will relieve me from great embarrassment by allowing me to recall the offer. This springs from an unexpected complication, and not from any change of my view as to the ability or faithfulness with which you would discharge the duties of the place.

I now think I will not definitely fix upon any appointment for Pennsylvania until I reach Washington.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.*

Before further describing this Cameron dilemma, we must look at another complication which was added to it. On the day on which Mr. Lincoln had given Mr. Cameron his written tender of a place (December 31st), he had also telegraphed to Governor Chase, "In these troublous times I would like a conference with you. Please visit me here at once."† By a curious coincidence, Mr. Chase arrived in Springfield on the very day (January 3d) on which Mr. Lincoln wrote the recall of the tender to Mr. Cameron. As in other instances,

the President-elect waived all ceremony and promptly called on Mr. Chase at his hotel. "I have done with you," said he, "what I would not perhaps have ventured to do with any other man in the country,—sent for you to ask you whether you will accept the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury, without, however, being exactly prepared to offer it to you."‡ He was also informed of the selection of Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates, which he heartily approved. Nothing was, of course, said of the tender to Cameron or its recall; but the opposition of the anti-Cameron minority in Pennsylvania and their urging the selection of Mr. Dayton of New Jersey instead, the apparent acquiescence of all in the choice of Mr. Chase, and the threatening affairs of the nation as well as the strife among Republican factions, were fully talked over during his visit, which lasted two days. Mr. Chase stated that he "was not prepared to say that he would accept that place if offered."† Neither did he positively decline. He valued the trust and its opportunities, but he was reluctant to leave the Senate. It was resolved to ask the advice of friends, and abide the course of events. "A good deal of conversation," writes Mr. Chase, "followed in reference to other possible members of the Cabinet, but everything was left open when we parted."

All these important visits to Springfield were heralded in the newspapers, and the rumors connected therewith proportionately magnified. Particularly did the statement of Mr. Cameron's selection, and its quick contradiction, put both his friends and opponents on the alert. Pennsylvania politics were for the moment at a white heat, and letters showered into Springfield. Politicians are but human, and Mr. Cameron was sorely wounded in pride and weakened in prestige. He felt hurt at the form as well as the substance of the recall, which, being intended to remain secret, was more explicit than conventional. While he did not conceal his chagrin, on the whole he kept his temper, taking the ground that he neither originally solicited the place, nor would he now decline it. His enemies, seeing him at bay, redoubled their efforts to defeat him. They charged him with unfitness, with habitual intrigue, with the odium of corrupt practices. Mr. Lincoln, however, soon noticed that these allegations were vaguely based upon newspaper report and public rumor, and that, when requested to do so, no one was willing to make specific charges and furnish tangible proof.

While the opponents of Mr. Cameron hastened to transmit to Springfield protests against his appointment, his friends were yet more

* Unpublished MS.

† Warden, "Life of Salmon P. Chase."

‡ Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase."

active in forwarding recommendations in his behalf. All through the month of January this epistolary contest seemed the principal occupation of the Pennsylvania Republicans, and to some extent it communicated itself to other localities. Sharp as were the assaults, the defense was yet more earnest, and testimonials came from all ranks and classes,—citizens, clergymen, editors, politicians, and officials of all grades, and in numbers fully as three to one,—indorsing his private and personal worth, his public services, his official uprightness. Astute Washington politicians were nonplused, and frankly confessed that his vindication from aspersion was complete and overwhelming and that they could not account for it,—attributing it, as usual, to his personal intrigue. Reasons aside, it was evident that Pennsylvania demanded Cameron, and in the same connection protested against Chase, in the Treasury Department, insisting that the latter, through his Democratic teachings and party affiliations, was necessarily wedded to the doctrines of free trade, and hence inimical to the manufacturing prosperity of that State, which was anxiously looking forward to protective legislation. Mr. Cameron was highly gratified at this manifestation from his own State, as he had a right to be, and was thereby able to declare himself entirely satisfied with the situation as thus left, and to express his continued good-will towards the President-elect.*

Pending this incident, still another phase of the Cabinet question had more fully developed itself at Washington. The proposition to appoint at least one distinctly Southern man continued from time to time to be urged upon Mr. Lincoln, notably by some of the most prominent and, it may be added, most radical Republican senators and representatives in Congress. To the policy of such a step the President-elect cordially assented; but the real question was, as he had already so sharply defined it, Would any Southern man of character and influence accept such a place? Since Mr. Seward's selection, he too joined in the current suggestion. "I feel it my duty," he wrote, December 25th, "to submit for your consideration the names of Colonel Frémont for Secretary of War, Randall Hunt of Louisiana, and John A. Gilmer or Kenneth Raynor of North Carolina, for other places. Should you think that any of these gentlemen would be likely to be desirable in the Administration, I should find no difficulty, I think, in ascertaining whether they would accept, without mak-

ing the matter public."† In another note, of December 28th, he added the name of Hon. Robert E. Scott of Virginia to his list of Southern candidates. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln sent him authority to make the inquiry, while he himself wrote directly to John A. Gilmer asking him to come to Springfield. Mr. Seward's letters had also urged, in this connection, that in view of the threatened revolution Mr. Lincoln should come to Washington somewhat earlier than usual, and should at once select his Secretaries of War and Navy, that they might begin to devise measures of safety. To all these suggestions Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply:

(Private.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 3d, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours without signature was received last night. I have been considering your suggestions as to my reaching Washington somewhat earlier than usual. It seems to me the inauguration is not the most dangerous point for us. Our adversaries have us now clearly at disadvantage. On the second Wednesday of February, when the votes should be officially counted, if the two houses refuse to meet at all, or meet without a quorum of each, where shall we be? I do not think that this counting is constitutionally essential to the election; but how are we to proceed in absence of it?

In view of this, I think it best for me not to attempt appearing in Washington till the result of that ceremony is known. It certainly would be of some advantage if you could know who are to be at the heads of the War and Navy Departments; but, until I can ascertain definitely whether I can get any suitable men from the South, and who, and how many, I cannot well decide. As yet, I have no word from Mr. Gilmer, in answer to my request for an interview with him. I look for something on the subject, through you, before long.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN. ‡

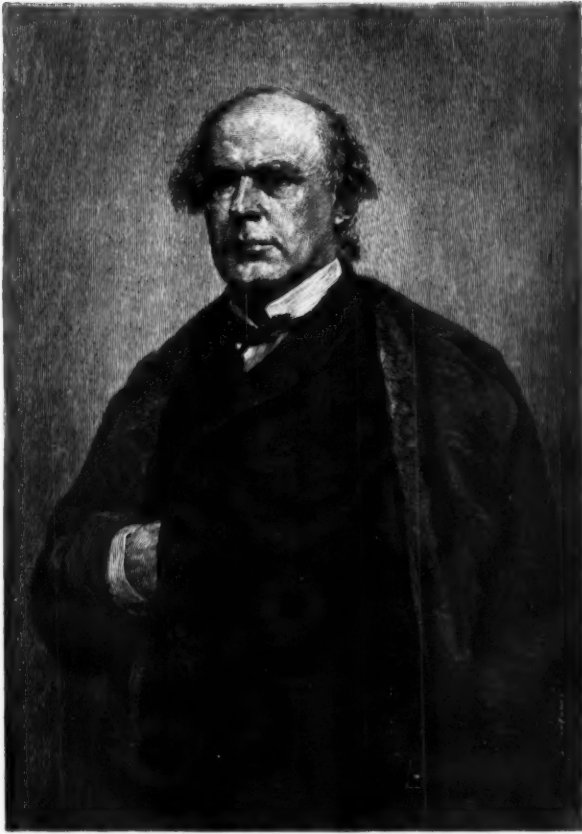
The result of Mr. Seward's inquiries soon came, and revealed precisely the hesitation and difficulty which the President-elect had foretold. "Mr. G. of N. C. says he will consider of the proposition, and that he trusts that before giving an answer he will be able to name a person better calculated than himself for the purpose indicated. I do not think he will find such a person. He will not reply further, until required to do so by you, directly or indirectly. I will communicate with him if you wish. I think he would not decline. I have tried to get an interview on my own responsibility with Mr. Scott, but he has not yet come, though he has promised to do so. . . I still think Randall Hunt of Louisiana would be well chosen."§ And again: "Mr. Gilmer has written home confidentially, and will give me an answer in a few days. He is inquiring

* Morehead to Lincoln, Jan. 27th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Seward to Lincoln, Dec. 25th, 1860. Unpublished MS.

‡ Unpublished MS.

§ Seward to Lincoln, Jan. 4th, 1861. Unpublished MS.



SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN.)

about Randall Hunt. What do you know of Meredith P. Gentry of Tennessee?"* To this Mr. Lincoln answered:

(Private.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 12th, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 8th received. I still hope Mr. Gilmer will, on a fair understanding with us, consent to take a place in the Cabinet. The preference for him over Mr. Hunt or Mr. Gentry is that, up to date, he has a living position in the South, while they have not. He is only better than Winter Davis in that he is farther South. I fear if we could get, we could not safely take, more than one such man—that is, not more than one who opposed us in the election, the danger being to lose the confidence of our own friends.

Your selection for the State Department having become public, I am happy to find scarcely any objection to it. I shall have trouble with every other Northern Cabinet appointment, so much so that I shall have to defer them as long as possible, to avoid being teased to insanity to make changes.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.†

* Seward to Lincoln, Jan. 8th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

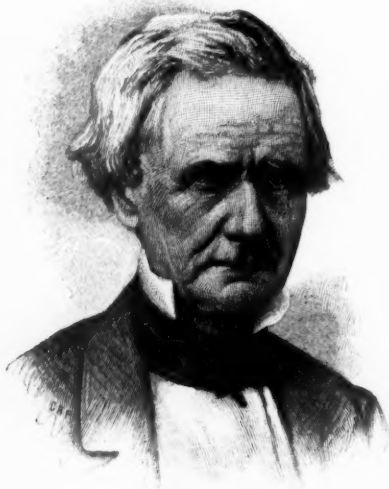
This quest after a loyal member from the South soon terminated. Under date of January 15th Mr. Seward sent an additional report on the subject. "I think," wrote he, "Mr. Scott has been terrified into dropping the subject about which I wrote to you. He has not come to see me; so we will let him pass, if you please. I still think well and have hopes of Gilmer."‡ But Mr. Lincoln was by that time thoroughly satisfied that this last hope would also prove idle; for he himself had a second letter from Mr. Gilmer (dated January 29th) in which that gentleman declined his invitation to come to Springfield, and in which, having missed receiving Mr. Lincoln's former reply, he still pathetically insisted that the President-elect should save the country by writing a letter to satisfy the South.

In this attitude matters remained until towards the end of February, when Mr. Lin-

† Unpublished MS.

‡ Seward to Lincoln, Jan. 15, 1861. Unpublished MS.

coln arrived in Washington; namely, Mr. Seward of New York and Mr. Bates of Missouri had positively accepted definite places in the Cabinet. Mr. Chase of Ohio and Mr. Smith of Indiana had been virtually chosen, but were yet held under advisement; a tender had been made to Mr. Cameron of Pennsylvania, and recalled but not declined; and distinctively Southern men, like Gilmer of North Carolina and Scott of Virginia, had not the courage to accept. In addition to these, Mr. Lincoln had



SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

by this time practically settled in his own judgment upon Hon. Gideon Welles of Connecticut as the New England member, though no interview had been held nor tender made. But as early as the meeting (November 22d) between the President and Vice-President elect at Chicago, this name had been the subject of special consultation; and a friend had obtained from Mr. Welles the latter's written views upon current political questions, especially the fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution. A great number of letters and formal recommendations since received had but confirmed Mr. Lincoln's first impressions as to his fitness, availability, and representative character.

Washington was thronged with politicians, called there by the proceedings of Congress; by the Peace Convention, just closing; by the secession excitement; and especially by the advent of a new and yet untried party in administration. Willard's, then the principal hotel, was never in its history more busy nor more

brilliant. Here Mr. Lincoln and his suite had spacious and accessible rooms, and here during the six or eight working-days which intervened between his arrival and the inauguration was the great political exchange, where politicians, editors, committee-men, delegations, Congressmen, governors, and senators congregated, and besieged the doors of the coming power from morning till midnight.

Mr. Lincoln had a sincere respect for great names in politics and statesmanship, the more so because his own life had in the main been provincial. Nevertheless, he quickly noted that here at the center, as well as in lesser and more distant circles, there was present harmony in the chief party tenets, but that great diversity and cross-purpose, even serious antagonism, as to men and measures in detail were likely to arise in the future; that the powerful cross-lights of the capital only intensified the factional contests, local jealousies, or the national difficulties and dangers he had already viewed more remotely but quite as accurately from Springfield; that the wisdom of trained actors in the political drama was as much beclouded by interest or prejudice as was his own by inexperience and diffidence.

After a week's patient listening he found his well-formed judgment about the composition of his Cabinet unshaken. He had by this time finally determined to place Cameron in the War Department, and Chase was understood to have accepted the Treasury. Hence the East and the West, the great "pivotal States," the Whig and Democratic elements of the Republican party, each by three members were all believed to be fairly and acceptably represented. The slave States too, through Mr. Bates of Missouri, had a voice in the new council; but the charge of sectionalism had been so persistently iterated by the South, that it was thought best to give the single remaining place to Maryland, even then balancing between loyalty and open secession; and the final controversy was whether that choice should fall upon Montgomery Blair, a Democrat, and member of a historic and influential family, or upon Henry Winter Davis, a young Whig of rising fame.

Something of the obstinacy and bitterness of the entire contest was infused into this last struggle over a really minor place. This was partly because so little remained to quarrel about, but mainly because it was supposed to be the casting vote of the new Cabinet, which should decide the dominancy of the Whig Republicans or Democratic Republicans in Mr. Lincoln's administration. In the momentary heat and excitement this phase of the matter expanded beyond any original design, until Mr. Lincoln began to realize that it was

no longer a mere local strife between Blair and Davis in Maryland, but the closing trial of strength and supremacy between Whigs and Democrats of the new party throughout the Union, headed respectively, though perhaps unconsciously, by Seward and Chase. This contingency, too, had been foreseen by the President-elect, and he had long ago determined not to allow himself to be made the football between rival factions. Carrying out, therefore, his motto of "Justice to all," as formulated in his tender to Seward, he now determined to appoint Mr. Blair. When reminded that by this selection he placed four Democrats and only three Whigs in his Cabinet, he promptly replied that "he was himself an old-line Whig, and he should be there to make the parties even." This declaration he repeated, sometimes jocularly, sometimes earnestly, many times afterward. Heated partisans from both factions doubtless found it difficult to persuade themselves that this inexperienced man would persist in attempting to hold an even and just balance between the two. But he had already made up his mind that if the quarrel became irrepressible it should be carried on by both factions outside of his Administration. During the two or three days which elapsed after his selections were finally determined upon and their actual transmission to the Senate for confirmation there were interminable rumors of changes, and, of course, a corresponding rush to influence new combinations. Late one night a friend gained access to him, and in great excitement asked, "Is it true, Mr. Lincoln, as I have just heard, that we are to have a new deal after all, and that you intend to nominate Winter Davis instead of Blair?" "Judd," replied he, "when that slate breaks again, it will break at the top."*

These plottings at last bore mischievous fruit. Superserviceable friends doubtless persuaded Seward that the alleged ascendancy of the Chase faction in the Cabinet was real and ominous. Hence, possibly, the subjoined note:

WASHINGTON, March 2d, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Circumstances which have occurred since I expressed to you in December last my willingness to accept the office of Secretary of State, seem to me to render it my duty to ask leave to withdraw that consent.

Tendering to you my best wishes for the success of

* Hon. N. B. Judd, conversation. J. G. N., personal memoranda. MS.

your administration, with my sincere and grateful acknowledgments of all your acts of kindness and confidence towards me, I remain very respectfully and sincerely,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President-elect. †



GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

This, from the man who now for several months had held intimate counsel with him, had taken active part in the formation of the Cabinet, and had read and partly revised the inaugural, was unexpected. Did it mean that he would now withdraw and complain that he was forced out because a preponderating influence was given to his rival? The note was received on Saturday, and Mr. Lincoln pondered the situation till Monday morning. While the inauguration procession was forming in the streets, he wrote the following and handed it to his private secretary to copy, with the remark, "I can't afford to let Seward take the first trick."

† Unpublished MS.



CALEB B. SMITH, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

It is dated, for form's sake, at the Executive Mansion, though it was written and copied at Willard's:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 4th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Your note of the 2d instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude with me; and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply enlisted in the same direction. Please consider and answer by 9 o'clock A. M. to-morrow.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.*

When the inauguration pageant was ended, and the usual public reception and hand-shaking were concluded, Mr. Seward called upon the President at the Executive Mansion, and the two men once more had a long, frank, and confidential talk, in which Seward's answer, sent the following morning, had, perhaps, already been foreshadowed:

March 5th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Deferring to your opinions and wishes as expressed in your letter of yesterday, and in our conversation of last evening, I withdraw my letter to you of the 2d instant, and remain, with great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Whereupon, at 12 o'clock, the Senate being convened in extra session, the President sent

* Unpublished MS.

to that body the names of his proposed Cabinet, as follows:

For Secretary of State, William H. Seward of New York.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio.

For Secretary of War, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania.

For Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles of Connecticut.

For Secretary of the Interior, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana.

For Attorney-General, Edward Bates of Missouri.

For Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair of Maryland.

The Senate confirmed all these nominations without delay; and on the day after, March 6th, most of the appointees were formally inducted into office. That evening occurred the first Cabinet meeting, being, however, merely for mutual introduction and acquaintance; and the new President greeted his Cabinet at the Executive Mansion in composition and membership substantially as he had planned and arranged it, on the night of the November election, in the little telegraph office at Springfield.

Carping critics might indeed at the moment have specified defects, incongruities, jealousies, and seeds of possible discord and disaster in the new Cabinet, but we can now understand that they neither comprehended the man who was to dominate and govern it, nor the storms of State which, as captain and crew, he and they were to encounter and outride. He needed advisers, helpers, executive eyes and hands, not alone in department routine, but in the higher qualities of leadership and influence; above all, his principal motive seems to have been representative character, varied talent,—in a word, combination. Statesmanship implies success; success demands coöperation, popular sympathy and support. He wished to combine the experience of Seward, the integrity of Chase, the popularity of Cameron; to hold the West with Bates, attract New England with Welles; please the Whigs through Smith, and convince the Democrats through Blair. Mr. Lincoln possessed a quick intuition of human nature and of the strength or weakness of individual character. His whole life had been a practical study of the details and rivalries of local partisanship. He was, moreover, endowed in yet unsuspected measure with a comprehensive grasp of great causes and results in national politics. He had noted and heralded the alarming portent of the slavery struggle. With more precision than any

contemporary, he had defined the depth and breadth of the moral issues and rights it involved; he had led the preliminary victory at the November polls. Now that the hydra of secession was raising a threatening head in every cotton-State, his simple logic rose above minor considerations to the peril and the protection of the nation, to the assault on and the defense of the Constitution. He saw but the ominous cloud of civil war in front, and the patriotic faith and enthusiasm of the people behind him. The slogan of a Seward committee, a Chase delegation, or a Cameron clan was but the symbol and promise of a Wide-Awake club to vote for freedom, or of an armed regiment on the battle-field to maintain it. Neither did any one yet suspect his delicate tact in management, strength of will, or firmness of purpose. In weaker hands such a Cabinet would have been a hot-bed of strife; under him it became a tower of strength. He made these selections because he wanted a council of distinctive and diverse, yet able, influential, and representative men, who should be a harmonious group of constitutional advisers and executive lieutenants,—not a confederated board of regents holding the great seal in commission and intriguing for the succession.

THE QUESTION OF SUMTER.

In his letter of January 4th, General Scott had promised Mr. Lincoln that from time to time he would keep him informed of the situation of military affairs. This promise the General failed to keep; probably not through any intentional neglect, but more likely because in the first place Buchanan's policy of delay, indecision, and informal negotiation with the conspirators left everything in uncertainty; and, secondly, because the attention of the Administration (and measurably of the whole country) was turned to the vague hope of compromise, especially through the labors of the Peace Convention. The rebels, on their part, were absorbed in the formation of the provisional government at Montgomery; Lincoln was making his memorable journey from Springfield to Washington by way of the chief cities of the North; the Fort Pickens truce was practically kept a secret; and thus

the military status was for the time being lost sight of beyond the immediate neighborhood of Charleston. Since the reorganization of Buchanan's cabinet on December 31st, and



EDWARD BATES, ATTORNEY-GENERAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

the expulsion or defection of traitors from the departments and from Congress, the whole North had breathed somewhat easier. The firing on the *Star of the West* had indeed created a storm of indignation; but this, too, quickly subsided, and by a sort of common consent all parties and sections looked to the incoming Administration as the only power which could solve the national crisis.

The key-note of such a solution was given in the inaugural of the new President. This announced a decided, though not a violent, change of policy. Buchanan's course had been one professedly of conciliation, but practically of ruinous concession. By argument he had almost justified the insurrection; he had acknowledged the doctrine of non-coercion; he had abdicated the rightful authority and power of the Executive; he had parleyed and stipulated with treason; he had withheld reinforcements. Lincoln, receiving from his hands the precious trust of the Government,—not in its original integrity, but humbled, impaired, diminished, and threatened,—announced his purpose of conciliation and not concession,

but conservation and restoration. "The policy chosen," said he, "looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion, and the ballot-box. It promised a continuance of the mails at Government expense to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was forborne without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot."*

This pacific purpose was now, however, destined to receive a rude shock. When on the morning of the 5th of March Lincoln went to his office and council chamber in the Executive Mansion, he found a letter from Mr. Holt, still acting as Secretary of War, giving him news of vital importance received on the morning of the inauguration,—namely, that Fort Sumter must, in the lapse of a few weeks at most, be strongly reënforced or summarily abandoned. Major Anderson had in the previous week made an examination of his provisions. There was bread for twenty-eight days; pork for a somewhat longer time; beans, rice, coffee, and sugar for different periods from eight to forty days. He had at the same time consulted his officers on the prospects and possibilities of relief and reënforcement. They unanimously reported that before Sumter could be permanently or effectively succored a combined land and naval force must attack and carry the besieging forts and batteries, and hold the secession militia at bay, and that such an undertaking would at once concentrate at Charleston all the volunteers, not alone of South Carolina, but of the adjacent States as well. "I confess," wrote Anderson, transmitting the reports and estimates of his nine officers, "that I would not be willing to risk my reputation on an attempt to throw reënforcements into this harbor within the time for our relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of our provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same with a force of less than twenty thousand good and well-disciplined men."† Mr. Holt, quoting from previous instructions to and reports from the major, added that this declaration "takes the De-

partment by surprise, as his previous correspondence contained no such intimation."

Retrospective criticism as to why or how such a state of things had been permitted to grow up was, of course, useless. Here was a most portentous complication, not of Lincoln's own creating, but which he must nevertheless meet and overcome. He had counted on the



MONTGOMERY BLAIR, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

soothing aid of time: time, on the contrary, was in this emergency working in the interest of rebellion. General Scott was at once called into council, but his sagacity and experience could afford neither suggestion nor encouragement. That same night he returned the papers to the President with a somewhat lengthy indorsement reciting the several events which led to, and his own personal efforts to avert, this contingency, but ending with the gloomy conclusion, "Evacuation seems almost inevitable, and in this view our distinguished Chief Engineer (Brigadier Totten) concurs—if indeed the worn-out garrison be not assaulted and carried in the present week."

This was a disheartening, almost a disastrous, beginning for the Administration. The Cabinet had only that same day been appointed and confirmed. The presidential advisers had not yet taken their posts—all had not even signified their acceptance. There was an impatient multitude clamoring for audience, and behind these swarmed a hungry army of office-seekers. Everything was urgency and confu-

* Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4th, 1861.

† Anderson to Cooper, Feb. 28th, 1861. MS. Partly printed in War Records.

sion, everywhere was ignorance of method and routine. Rancor and hatred filled the breasts of political opponents departing from power; suspicion and rivalry possessed partisan adherents seeking advantage and promotion. As yet, Lincoln virtually stood alone, face to face with the appalling problems of the present and the threatening responsibilities of the future. Doubtless in this juncture he remembered and acted upon a biblical precedent which in after days of trouble and despondency he was wont to quote for justification or consolation. When the children of Israel murmured on the shore of the Red Sea, Moses told them to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Here then, at the very threshold of his presidential career, Lincoln had need to practice the virtue of patience,—one of the cardinal elements of his character, acquired in many a personal and political tribulation of his previous life.

He referred the papers back to General Scott to make a more thorough investigation of all the questions involved. At the same time he gave him a verbal order, touching his future general public policy, which a few days later was reduced to writing, and on the installation of the new Secretary of War transmitted by that functionary to the General-in-chief through the regular official channels, as follows:

"I am directed by the President to say he desires you to exercise all possible vigilance for the maintenance of all the places within the military department of the United States, and to promptly call upon all the departments of the Government for the means necessary to that end."*

On the 9th of March, in written questions Lincoln in substance asked General Scott to inform him: 1st. To what point of time can Anderson maintain his position in Sumter? 2d. Can you, with present means, relieve him within that time? 3d. What additional means would enable you to do so?† This was on Saturday following the inauguration. The chiefs of the several departments, with the exception of Cameron, Secretary of War, had been during the week inducted into office. That night the President held his first Cabinet council on the state of the country; and the crisis at Sumter, with the question of relieving the fort, was for the first time communicated to his assembled advisers. The general effect was one of dismay if not consternation. For such a discussion all were unprepared. Naturally all decision must be postponed, and the assistance of professional advice be sought. What followed has been written down by an eye-witness and participant.

* Cameron to Scott (written by Lincoln). Unpublished MS.

"March 9th, 1861, Saturday night.—A Cabinet council upon the state of the country. I was astonished to be informed that Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, must be evacuated, and that General Scott, General Totten, and Major Anderson concur in opinion, that as the place has but twenty-eight days' provision, it must be relieved, if at all, in that time; and that it will take a force of 20,000 men at least, and a bloody battle, to relieve it!

"For several days after this, consultations were held as to the feasibility of relieving Fort Sumter, at which were present, explaining and aiding, General Scott, General Totten, Commodore Stringham, and Mr. Fox, who seems to be *au fait* in both nautical and military matters. The army officers and navy officers differ widely about the degree of danger to rapid-moving vessels passing under the fire of land batteries. The army officers think destruction almost inevitable, where the navy officers think the danger but slight. The one believe that Sumter cannot be relieved—not even provisioned—without an army of twenty thousand men and a bloody battle. The other (the naval) believe that with light, rapid vessels they can cross the bar at high tide of a dark night, run the enemy's forts (Moultrie and Cumming's Point), and reach Sumter with little risk. They say that the greatest danger will be in landing at Sumter, upon which point there may be a concentrated fire. They do not doubt that the place can be and ought to be relieved.

"Mr. Fox is anxious to risk his life in leading the relief, and Commodore Stringham seems equally confident of success.

"The naval men have convinced me fully that the thing can be done, and yet as the doing of it would be almost certain to begin the war, and as Charleston is of little importance as compared with the chief points in the Gulf, I am willing to yield to the military counsel and evacuate Fort Sumter, at the same time strengthening the forts in the Gulf so as to look down opposition, and guarding the coast with all our naval power, if need be, so as to close any port at pleasure.

"And to this effect I gave the President my written opinion on the 16th of March."‡

This extract from the diary of Edward Bates, the Attorney-General in the new Administration, shows us the drift and scope of the official discussions on the Sumter question. To understand its full bearings, however, we must examine it a little more specifically. The idea of the evacuation and abandonment of the fort was so repugnant that Mr. Lincoln could scarcely bring himself to entertain it: we have his own forcible statement of how the apparently crushing necessity presented itself to his mind. General Scott, on March 11th and 12th, made written replies to the questions the President had propounded, and submitted the draft of an order for evacuation.

He believed Anderson could, in respect to provisions, hold out some forty days without much suffering, but that the assailants, having overpowering numbers, could easily wear out the garrison by a succession of pretended night attacks, and, when ready, take it easily by a single real assault. To supply or reinforce the fort successfully, he should need a fleet of war vessels and transports which it would take

† Unpublished MS.

‡ Bates, diary. Unpublished MS.

four months to collect; and, besides, 5000 regulars and 20,000 volunteers, which it would require new acts of Congress to authorize and from six to eight months to raise, organize, and discipline. "It is therefore my opinion and advice," writes Scott, "that Major Anderson be instructed to evacuate the fort so long gallantly held by him and his companions, immediately on procuring suitable water transportation, and that he embark with his command for New York."* "In a purely military

destruction consummated. This could not be allowed."†

The dire alternative presented caused a thorough reëxamination and discussion of the various plans of relief which had been suggested; and since the army and the navy showed some considerable disagreement in opinions, these discussions were held in the presence of President and Cabinet in the executive council chamber itself. General Scott's first impulse had been to revive and reorganize the



BUST OF JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CHARLESTON BY MAYOR WILLIAM A. COURTENAY.

point of view," says Lincoln, "this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort. It was believed, however, that so to abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that in fact it would be our national

Ward expedition, prepared about the middle of February, which was to have consisted of several small Coast Survey steamers. To this end he called Captain Ward to Washington and again discussed the plan. This, however, considering the increase of batteries and channel obstructions, was now by both of them pronounced impracticable. But one other offer seemed worthy of consideration. This was the plan proposed by Gustavus V. Fox, a gentleman thirty-nine years of age, who had been nineteen years in the United States Navy, had been engaged in the survey of the

* Unpublished MS.

† Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4th, 1861.

Southern coast of the United States, had commanded United States mail steamers, and had resigned from the navy in 1856 to engage in civil pursuits. He was a brother-in-law of the new Postmaster-General, Blair, who seconded his project with persistence. He had made his proposal to General Scott early in February, and, backed by prominent New York merchants and shippers, urged it as he best might through the whole of that month.

In his various communications Captain Fox thus described his plan:

"I propose to put the troops on board of a large, comfortable sea-steamer, and hire two [or three] powerful light-draught New York tug-boats, having the necessary stores on board; these to be conveyed by the United States steamer *Pawnee*, now at Philadelphia, and the revenue cutter *Harriet Lane*. . . . Arriving off the bar [at Charleston], I propose to examine by day the naval preparations and obstructions. If their vessels determine to oppose our entrance (and a feint or flag of truce would ascertain this), the armed ships must approach the bar and destroy or drive them on shore. Major Anderson would do the same upon any vessels within the range of his guns, and would also prevent any naval succor being sent down from the city. Having dismissed this force, the only obstacles are the forts on Cumming's Point and Fort Moultrie, and whatever adjacent batteries they may have erected, distant on either hand from mid-channel about three-quarters of a mile. At night, two hours before high water, with half the force on board of each tug, within relieving distance of each other, I should run in to Fort Sumter."

"These tugs are sea-boats, six feet draught, speed fourteen knots. The boilers are below, with three and a half feet space on each side, to be filled with coal. The machinery comes up between the wheel-houses, with a gangway on either hand of five to six feet, enabling us to pack the machinery with two or three thicknesses of bales of cotton or hay. This renders the vulnerable parts of the steamer proof against grape and fragments of shells, but the momentum of a solid shot would probably move the whole mass and disable the engine. The men are below, entirely protected from grape—provisions on deck. The first tug to lead in empty, to open their [the enemy's] fire. The other two to follow, with the force divided, and towing the large iron boats of the *Baltic*, which would hold the whole force should every tug be disabled, and empty they would not impede the tugs."

The feasibility of Captain Fox's plan thus rested upon his ability to "run the batteries," and on this point the main discussion now turned. As recorded in the diary we have quoted, the army officers believed destruction almost inevitable, while the naval officers thought a successful passage might be effected. Captain Fox, who had come to Washington, finally argued the question in person before the President, Cabinet, and assembled military officers, adducing the recorded evidence of examples and incidents which had occurred in the Crimean war, and the results of Dahlgren's experiments in firing at stationary targets; maintaining that there was no certainty whatever, and even only a minimum of chance, that

land batteries could hit a small object moving rapidly at right angles to their line of fire at a distance of thirteen hundred yards, especially at night.

So far as mere theory could do it, he successfully demonstrated his plan, convincing the President and at least a majority of his Cabinet against all the objections of General Scott and his subordinate officers.

The scheme of Captain Fox presented such favorable chances that the military problem seemed in fair way of solution; nevertheless, as the more important of the two, the political question yet remained to be considered. Resolved on prudent deliberation, President Lincoln now, on March 15th, asked the written answer of his constitutional advisers to the following inquiry:

"Assuming it to be possible to now provision Fort Sumter, under all the circumstances is it wise to attempt it?"

As requested, the members of the Cabinet returned on the next day a somewhat elaborate reply, setting forth their reasons and conclusions. Two of them, Chase and Blair, agreeing with the President's own inclinations, responded in the affirmative; the five others, Seward, Cameron, Welles, Smith, and Bates, advised against the measure.

"I have not reached my own conclusion," wrote Chase, "without much difficulty. If the proposed enterprise will so influence civil war as to involve an immediate necessity for the enlistment of armies and the expenditure of millions, I cannot, in the existing circumstances of the country and in the present condition of the national finances, advise it."

He argued, however, that an immediate proclamation of reasons, and the manifestation of a kind and liberal spirit towards the South, would avert such a result, and he would therefore return an affirmative answer.

Blair had been from the first in favor of prompt and vigorous measures against the insurrection. A Democrat of the Jackson school, he would repeat Jackson's policy against nullification. He had brought forward and urged the scheme of Captain Fox. By the connivance of Buchanan's administration, he argued, the rebellion had been permitted unchecked to grow into an organized government in seven States. It had been practically treated as a lawful proceeding; and, if allowed to continue, all Southern people must become reconciled to it. The rebels believe Northern men are deficient in courage to maintain the Government. The evacuation of Sumter will convince them that the Administration lacks firmness. Sumter reinforced becomes invulnerable, and will

* Fox, memorandum, Feb. 6th, 1861. War Records.

† Fox to Blair, Feb. 23d, 1861. War Records.

‡ Chase to Lincoln, March 16th, 1861.

completely demoralize the rebellion. No expense or care should be spared to achieve this result. The appreciation of our stocks would reimburse the most lavish outlay for this purpose.

"You should give no thought for the commander and his comrades in this enterprise. They willingly take the hazard for the sake of the country, and the honor, which, successful or not, they will receive from you and the lovers of free government in all lands."^{*}

Seward, in the negative, argued the political issue at great length. To attempt to provision Sumter would provoke combat and open civil war. A desperate and defeated majority in the South have organized revolutionary government in seven States. The other slave States are balancing between sympathy for the seceders and loyalty to the Union, but indicate a disposition to adhere to the latter. The Union must be maintained, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must, to every extremity. But civil war is the most uncertain and fearful of all remedies for political disorders. He would save the Union by peaceful policy without civil war. Disunion is without justification. Devotion to the Union is a profound and permanent national sentiment. Silenced by terror it would, if encouraged, rally, and reverse the popular action of the seceding States. The policy of the time is conciliation. Sumter is practically useless.

"I would not provoke war in any way now. I would resort to force to protect the collection of the revenue, because this is a necessary as well as a legitimate Union object. Even then it should be only a naval force that I would employ for that necessary purpose, while I would defer military action on land until a case should arise when we would hold the defense. In that case, we should have the spirit of the country and the approval of mankind on our side."[†]

Cameron followed the reasoning of the army officers. Captain Fox, he said, did not propose to supply provisions for more than one or two months. The abandonment of Sumter seemed an inevitable necessity, and therefore the sooner the better.[‡] Welles thought the public mind was becoming reconciled to the idea of evacuation as a necessity. The strength, dignity, and character of the Government would not be promoted by a successful attempt, while a failure would be disastrous.[§] Smith argued that Sumter is not essential to any of the duties imposed on the Government. There are other and more

effective means to vindicate its honor, and compel South Carolina to obey the laws.^{||} Bates believed the hazard greater than the gain. "True," wrote he, "war already exists by the act of South Carolina—but this Government has thus far magnanimously forborne to retort the outrage. And I am willing to forbear yet longer in the hope of a peaceful solution of our present difficulties." Pickens, Key West, etc., should, on the contrary, be strongly defended, and the whole coast from South Carolina to Texas be guarded by the entire power of the navy.[¶]

Against the advice of so decided a majority, Lincoln did not deem it prudent to order the proposed expedition. Neither did his own sense of duty permit him entirely to abandon it. Postponing, therefore, a present final decision of the point, he turned his attention to the investigation of the question immediately and vitally connected with it,—the collection of the revenue. On the 18th of March he once more directed written inquiries to three of his Cabinet officers. To the Attorney-General, whether under the Constitution and laws the Executive has power to collect duties on ship-board off shore?^{**} To the Secretary of the Treasury, whether, and where, and for what cause any importations are taking place without payment of duties? Whether vessels off shore could prevent such importations or enforce payment? and what number and description of vessels besides those already in the revenue service?^{††} To the Secretary of the Navy, what amount of naval force he could place at the control of the revenue service, and how much additional in the future?^{‡‡}

Pending the receipt of replies to these inquiries, Lincoln determined to obtain information on two other points,—the first, as to the present actual condition and feeling of Major Anderson; the second, as to the real temper and intentions of the people of Charleston. Captain Fox had suggested the possibility of obtaining leave to visit Sumter through the influence of Captain Hartstene, then in the rebel service at Charleston, but who had in former years been his intimate friend, and comrade in command of a companion steamer of the California line. By order of the President, General Scott therefore sent him to obtain "accurate information in regard to the command of Major Anderson in Fort Sumter."^{§§} As he an-

^{*} Blair to Lincoln, March 15, 1861. Unpublished MS.

[†] Seward to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861.

[‡] Cameron to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861.

[§] Welles to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^{||} Smith to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

[¶] Bates to Lincoln, March 15th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^{**} Lincoln to Bates, March 18th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^{††} Lincoln to Chase, March 18th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^{‡‡} Lincoln to Welles, March 18th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^{§§} Cameron to Scott, March 19th, 1861. War Records.

ticipated, Hartstene introduced him to Governor Pickens, to whom he showed his order, and was, after some delay, permitted to go to the fort under Hartstene's escort, having meanwhile had an interview with General Beauregard.

"We reached Fort Sumter after dark" (March 21st), writes Captain Fox, "and remained about two hours. Major Anderson seemed to think it was too late to relieve the fort by any other means than by landing an army on Morris Island. He agreed with General Scott that an entrance from the sea was impossible; but as we looked out upon the water from the parapet, it seemed very feasible, more especially as we heard the oars of a boat near the fort, which the sentry hailed, but we could not see her through the darkness until she almost touched the landing. I found the garrison getting short of supplies, and it was agreed that I might report that the 15th of April, at noon, would be the period beyond which the fort could not be held unless supplies were furnished. I made no arrangements with Major Anderson for reinforcing or supplying the fort, nor did I inform him of my plan."*

Unlike Fox, Anderson was in no wise encouraged by the conversation.

"I have examined the point," wrote he, "alluded to by Captain Fox last night. A vessel lying there will be under the fire of thirteen guns from Fort Moultrie, and Captain Foster says that at the *pan-coupé* or immediately on its right,—the best place for her to land,—she would require, even at high tide, if drawing ten feet, a staging of forty feet. The department can decide what the chances will be of a safe debarkation and unloading at that point under these circumstances."†

The other point on which the President sought information revealed equally decisive features. It so happened that S. A. Hurlbut of Illinois (afterwards General), an intimate friend of Lincoln, was at the moment in Washington. This gentleman was of Charleston birth, four years a law student of the foremost citizen and jurist of South Carolina, James L. Petigru, and then in frequent correspondence with him. On March 21st the President called Mr. Hurlbut to him, and explaining that Mr. Seward insisted that there was a strong Union party in the South,—even in South Carolina,—asked him to go personally and ascertain the facts. Mr. Hurlbut telegraphed his sister in Charleston that he was coming on a visit, which, in the threatening aspect of affairs, he might not soon be able to repeat. He traveled as a private citizen, though purposely with some show of publicity. Public curiosity, however, centered itself upon his traveling companion, Colonel Ward H. Lamon, who, coming with an ostensible Government mission to examine some post-office matters, was looked upon as the real presidential messenger, was treated to a formal audience with the governor, and permitted to make a visit to Fort Sumter. While Lamon was hobnobbing with the young secessionists at the Charleston Hotel, Hurlbut, quartered at the house of his

sister, and thus free from the inquisitive scrutiny of newspaper reporters, was quietly visiting and being visited by his former neighbors and friends,—politicians, lawyers, merchants, and representative citizens in various walks of life. Of greater value than all was his confidential interview with his former legal preceptor. Mr. Petigru was at that time the best lawyer in the South, and the strongest man in the State of South Carolina so far as character, ability, and purity went, and never surrendered nor disguised his Union convictions. Mr. Hurlbut was himself an able lawyer, a man of experience and force in politics, and a shrewd and sagacious judge of human nature. His mission remained entirely unsuspected; and after two days' sojourn, he returned to Washington and made a long written report to the President.

"By appointment," he writes, "I met Mr. Petigru at one P. M. and had a private conversation with him for more than two hours. I was at liberty to state to him that my object was to ascertain and report the actual state of feeling in the city and State. Our conversation was entirely free and confidential. He is now the only man in the city of Charleston who avowedly adheres to the Union. . . . From these sources I have no hesitation in reporting as unquestionable—that separate nationality is a fixed fact, that there is an unanimity of sentiment which is to my mind astonishing, that there is no attachment to the Union. . . . There is positively nothing to appeal to. The sentiment of national patriotism, always feeble in Carolina, has been extinguished and overridden by the acknowledged doctrine of the paramount allegiance to the State. False political economy diligently taught for years has now become an axiom, and merchants and business men believe, and act upon the belief, that great growth of trade and expansion of material prosperity will and must follow the establishment of a Southern republic. They expect a golden era, when Charleston shall be a great commercial emporium and control for the South, as New York does for the North."‡

These visits to Charleston added two very important factors or known quantities to the problem from which the Cabinet, and chiefly the President, were to deduce the unknown. Very unexpectedly to the latter, and no doubt to all the former as well, a new light, of yet deeper influence, was now suddenly thrown upon the complicated question. The fate of Sumter had been under general discussion nearly three weeks. The Cabinet and the high military and naval officers had divided in opinion and separated into opposing camps. As always happens in such cases, suspicion and criticism of personal motives began to develop themselves, though, at this very beginning, as throughout his whole after-administration, they

* Fox, Official Report, Feb. 24th, 1865. "Chicago Tribune," Sept. 14th, 1865.

† Anderson to Adj. Gen., March 22d, 1861. War Records.

‡ Hurlbut to Lincoln, Report, March 27th, 1861. Unpublished MS.

were held in check by the generous faith and unvarying impartiality of the President. Hitherto the sole issue was the relief or abandonment of Sumter; but now, by an apparent change of advice and attitude on the part of General Scott, the fate of Fort Pickens was also drawn into discussion.

So far as is known, the loyalty and devotion of General Scott never wavered for an instant; but his proneness to mingle political with military considerations had already been twice manifested. The first was when in his memorial entitled "Views," etc., addressed to President Buchanan, October 29th, 1860, he suggested the formation of four new American Unions if the old should be dismembered. The second was more recent. On the day preceding Lincoln's inauguration, the General had written a letter to Seward. In this he advanced the opinion that the new President would have to choose one of four plans or policies: 1st. To adopt the Crittenden compromise, and change the Republican to a Union party; 2d. By closing or blockading rebel ports or collecting the duties on ship-board outside; 3d. Conquer the States by invading armies, which he deprecated; and 4th, Say to the seceded States: "Wayward sisters, depart in peace!"* It must be noted that between three of these alternatives he gives no intimation of preference. The letter was simply a sign of the prevailing political unrest, and therefore remained unnoticed by the President, to whom it was referred.

When Lincoln assumed the duties of government, Scott had among other things briefly pointed out the existing danger at Fort Pickens, and the President by his verbal order of March 5th, directing "all possible vigilance for the maintenance of all the places," had intended that that stronghold should be promptly reinforced. He made inquiries on this head four days later, and to his surprise found nothing yet done.† Hence he put his order in writing, and had it duly sent to the War Department for record March 11th, and once more gave special directions in regard to Pickens, assuming the omission had occurred through preoccupation about Sumter. Upon this reminder, Scott bestirred himself, and at his instance the war steamer *Mohawk* was dispatched March 12th, carrying a messenger with orders to Captain Vogdes to land his company at Fort Pickens and increase the garrison.

Both President and Cabinet had since then considered that port disposed of for the moment.

On the evening of March 28th, the first State dinner was given by the new occupants of the Executive Mansion. Just before the hour of leave-taking, Lincoln invited the members of his Cabinet into an adjoining room for an instant's consultation; and when they were alone, he informed them, with evident deep emotion, that General Scott had that day advised the evacuation of Fort Pickens as well as Fort Sumter. The General's recommendation is formulated as follows, in his written memorandum to the Secretary of War:

"It is doubtful, however, according to recent information from the South, whether the voluntary evacuation of Fort Sumter alone would have a decisive effect upon the States now wavering between adherence to the Union and secession. It is known, indeed, that it would be charged to necessity, and the holding of Fort Pickens would be adduced in support of that view. Our Southern friends, however, are clear that the evacuation of both the forts would instantly soothe and give confidence to the eight remaining slave-holding States, and render their cordial adherence to this Union perpetual. The holding of Forts Jefferson and Taylor on the ocean keys depends on entirely different principles, and should never be abandoned; and indeed the giving up of Forts Sumter and Pickens may be best justified by the hope that we should thereby recover the State to which they geographically belong by the liberality of the act, besides retaining the eight doubtful States."‡

A long pause of blank amazement followed the President's recital, § broken at length by Blair in strong denunciation, not only of this advice, but of Scott's general course regarding Sumter. He charged that Scott was transcending his professional duties and "playing politician." Blair's gestures and remarks, moreover, were understood by those present as being aimed specially at Seward, whose peace policy he had, with his usual impulsive aggressiveness, freely criticised. Without any formal vote, there was a unanimous expression of dissent from Scott's suggestion, and under the President's request to meet in formal council next day, the Cabinet retired. That night Lincoln's eyes did not close in sleep. || It was apparent that the time had come when he must meet the nation's crisis. His judgment alone must guide, his sole will determine, his own lips utter the word that should save or lose the most precious inheritance of humanity, the last hope of free government on the earth. Only the imagination may picture that intense and weary vigil.

* Scott to Seward, March 3d, 1861. Scott, "Autobiography," Vol. II., pp. 625-628.

† Meigs, diary, March 31st, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Scott, memorandum, War Records.

§ Blair to Welles, May 17th, 1873. Welles, "Lincoln and Seward," p. 65.

|| Meigs, diary. Unpublished MS.

PECUNIARY ECONOMY OF FOOD.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. V.

"No one can say that I do not give my family the best of flour, the finest sugar, the very best quality of meat."



THE above is the boast of a coal laborer earning seven dollars a week. It illustrates a phenomenon which I would commend to the consideration of either psychologists or students of social science, or both. I refer to the conceit, let us call it, that there is some mysterious virtue in those kinds of foods that have the most delicate appearance and flavor and the highest price; that whatever else one has or does not have he must, if possible, have this sort of food; and that to economize by using anything inferior would be a sacrifice of both dignity and principle.

The quotation, from a description of the life of factory operatives in New England, in an article by Mr. Lee Meriwether, in "Harper's Magazine" for April, 1887, illustrates what I mean.

The cheapest food is that which supplies the most nutriment for the least money. The most economical food is that which is cheapest and best adapted to the wants of the user. But the maxim that "the best is the cheapest" does not apply to food. The best food, in the sense of that which has the finest appearance and flavor and is sold at the highest price, is not generally the cheapest nor the most economical, nor is it always the most healthful. The coal laborer who made it so much an article of faith to give his family "the best of flour, the finest sugar, the very best quality of meat"; who, as Mr. Meri-

wether tells us, at a time when excellent butter was selling at 25 cents a pound paid 29 cents for an extra quality; who spent \$156 a year for the nicest cuts of meat, which his wife had to cook before six in the morning or after half-past six at night because she worked all day in the factory; who spent only \$108 for clothing for his family of nine, and only \$72 a year for rent in a crowded tenement-house where they slept in rooms without windows or closets; who indulged in this extravagance in food when much cheaper meat and in all probability much less of it, cheaper butter, cheaper flour, and other less costly materials such as come regularly upon the table of many a man of wealth would have been just as wholesome, just as nutritious, and in every way just as good save in its gratification to pride and palate,—this man was innocently committing an immense economical and hygienic blunder. He was doing this because, like the very large class of people of whom he is a type, he was laboring under this conceit of which I speak.

One great difficulty here is the lack of information. Even those who wish and try to economize in the purchase and use of food very often do not understand how. They consult carefully the prices they pay, but have in general very vague ideas about the nutritive values. It is an interesting fact that although the cost of food is the principal item of the living expenses of the large majority of people,—of all, indeed, but a few of the especially well-to-do,*—and although the health and strength of all are so intimately dependent

* In his Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts for 1884, Mr. Carroll D. Wright summarizes the results of investigations into the cost of living of people with different incomes, especially of workingmen's families, in Massachusetts and in Great Britain, and quotes similar results obtained by Dr. Engel in Germany. Dividing expenses into those for subsistence (food), clothing, rent, fuel, and sundries, the percentage of the whole income expended for subsistence averages as in the tabular statement herewith. As incomes increase the relative percentage of outlay for food becomes less and that for "sundries" greater. In the Massachusetts and Great Britain figures (I do not know how it is with the German, but presume that the case is the same) no outlay for intoxicating liquors is included in the allowance for subsistence.

PERCENTAGE OF INCOME EXPENDED FOR SUBSISTENCE.

Families of	Annual income.	Per cent. expended for food.
GERMANY.		
Workingmen	\$225 to \$300	62
Intermediate class, "Mittelstand" ..	450 to 600	55
In easy circumstances, "Wohlstand" ..	750 to 1100	50
GREAT BRITAIN.		
Workingmen	500	51
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Workingmen	350 to 400	64
"	450 to 600	63
"	600 to 750	60
"	750 to 1200	56
"	above 1200	51

upon their diet, yet even the most intelligent know less of the actual uses and value of their food for fulfilling its purposes than of those of almost any other of the staple necessities of life.

RATIOS OF NUTRITIVE VALUES TO COST.

THE large majority of the families in this country have, I understand, not over \$500 a year to live upon. More than half of this goes, and must go, for food. Rent, clothing, the cost of preparing the food for the table, and all other expenses must be provided from the rest. Perhaps these statements apply less accurately to farmers, but of wage-workers in towns statisticians tell me they are correct.

To the man with an income of \$5000 a year, it may seem to make little difference whether he pays 20 cents or \$2 a pound for the protein of his food; but to the one who can earn only \$500 or less a year for the support of his family, the difference is an important one. His wife goes to the dry-goods store to buy a dress for her daughter, and hesitates between a piece of cloth at 40 cents a yard that would please her better and one at 35 that is not so pretty but just as durable, and is very apt to take the cheaper one because she feels that she must. She does not fall into the error of getting more cloth than is needed and using part of the excess for lining and throwing the rest away, nor, if she is wise, does she try to economize by getting poor trimmings and cheap thread. But when she goes to the grocer or to the butcher or to the fish-market for food to build up her children's bodies and give her husband and herself strength to work, she often pays one or two dollars a pound for protein to make muscle when she might obtain it in forms equally wholesome and nutritious for from 15 to 50 cents. The food she buys is apt to supply some of the nutrients in excessive amount as well as at needlessly high cost, while it furnishes others in insufficient quantity or in unfitting forms and in uneconomical ways; and only too often a part of it finds its way into the drain or the garbage barrel instead of being utilized for nourishment.

Of course the good wife and mother does not understand about protein and potential energy and the connection between the nutritive value of food and the price she pays for it, and doubtless she never will. But if the knowledge is obtained and put in print, and diffused among those who have the time and training to get hold of it, the main facts will gradually work their way to the masses, who most need its benefit.

A subject that has received but little attention in this country, though it is one of the

many special problems that are being carefully considered by students of social economy in Europe, is the relation of the nutritive value of food to its cost. We purchase our food by gross weight or measure. Part of it consists of nutritive substances, the rest is made up of water and various materials which serve only as ballast. In comparing different food-materials with respect to their cheapness or dearness we are apt to judge them by the prices per pound, quart, or bushel, without much regard to the amounts or kinds of actual nutrients which they contain. Of the different food-materials which the market affords and which are palatable, nutritious, and otherwise fit for nourishment, what ones are pecuniarily the most economical?

In a series of studies, undertaken at the instance of the Smithsonian Institution, I have had occasion to examine into some of these problems. A few of the results of the inquiry are summarized in Diagrams VI. and VII.

There are various ways of comparing food-materials with respect to the relative cheapness or dearness of their nutritive ingredients. The best, perhaps, consists in simply comparing the quantities of nutrients obtained for a given sum, 25 cents for instance, in the food when purchased at market prices. Diagram VI. gives a series of such comparisons. They are based upon the analyses of materials, obtained mostly in markets in New York City and in Middletown, Conn., and upon the retail prices paid for them. Along with the quantities of nutrients which 25 cents will buy are shown the quantities estimated to be appropriate for a day's diet for an ordinary man doing a moderate amount of muscular labor. Two such standards are given,—one proposed by Professor Voit in Germany, and based mainly upon experiments and observations in that country; the other proposed by myself. The diagram shows the quantities of different food-materials which one would get for a quarter of a dollar; the quantities of protein and fats and carbohydrates contained in them; and how these amounts of nutrients compare with what an average man, engaged in moderately hard muscular work, might be expected to need to maintain his body in vigorous condition and supply strength for the work he has to do. Another way of comparing the nutritive value of the food-materials with the cost is by the quantities of potential energy they contain. Diagram VII. shows the estimated quantities of energy in the nutritive ingredients of the materials in Diagram VI.,—that is, the amount which 25 cents would pay for. Still another method of comparing the actual expensiveness of different foods at the prices at which people buy them consists in comparing the cost of

the same nutrient in different food-materials. Of the different nutrients, protein is physiologically the most important, as it is pecuniarily the most expensive. For these reasons the cost of protein in different food-materials may be used as a means of comparing their relative cheapness or dearness, as is done in Diagram VII. The figures represent the ordinary prices per pound and the corresponding costs of protein, due allowance being made for the carbohydrates and fats, the estimated costs of which are, for the sake of brevity, omitted from the table.*

EXPENSIVE VS. ECONOMICAL FOODS.

TAKING the diagrams and tabular statements together, the first thing that strikes one is the cheapness of the vegetable as compared with the animal foods. Note, for instance, Diagram VI. and the accompanying figures, which show how much actually nutritive material one may have for 25 cents in different foods at ordinary prices. The quarter of a dollar invested in flour, meal, or potatoes brings several times the quantity of nutrients that it does if spent for meats, fish, or milk. But it is to be remembered that the animal foods contain more of the protein and fats, which are the most valuable food constituents, while the excess of material obtained in the vegetable foods consists mainly or entirely of sugar, starch, and other carbohydrates, which, though very important for nourishment, are far less valuable, weight for weight, than the protein and fats. Furthermore, the protein of the animal foods is more easily and completely digestible than that of the vegetable foods.

The greater expensiveness of animal foods is brought out with even greater clearness in Diagram VII. and in the accompanying figures. The quantities of potential energy in the nutritive material obtained for 25 cents range, in

the animal foods, from 160 calories, in the salmon at a dollar a pound, to 6800, in salt pork at 13 cents a pound; while in the vegetable foods in the tables the range is from about 500, in rice at 8 cents a pound, to 1200, in corn meal at 2 cents a pound. The standards for the diet of an ordinary workingman call for from 3000 to 3600 calories in one day's food.

Estimating the expensiveness by the cost of the protein, we find this to range from 8 to 34 cents a pound in the vegetable and from 18 cents to a little over one dollar in ordinary animal foods,—meats, fish, milk, eggs, etc.,—while in some it is much higher, thus showing the greater expensiveness of animal foods in another way. The reason for this higher cost is, of course, simple enough. Animal foods are made from vegetable, and by a more or less expensive process. The manufacture of beef or milk from grass and grain involves considerable outlay for labor and incidental expenses, and the product is, of course, much less in quantity than the raw material.

If the reader is interested in such statistics he will find considerable food for reflection in the diagrams and figures. He will observe that among animal foods those which rank as delicacies are the costliest. If he uses the protein of oysters to make blood, muscle, and brain, it will cost him from two to three dollars a pound. In salmon, if he is enough of a gourmand to buy it at the beginning of the season at one dollar a pound, he will pay at the rate of five dollars a pound for his protein. In beef, mutton, and pork the cost of the protein ranges from a little over a dollar to about 40 cents a pound. (Salt pork, in which its cost is estimated at 25 cents, contains extremely little protein.) In such fish as shad, blue-fish, and halibut (which are not mentioned in the diagrams), when they are cheap, say from 8 to 12 cents a pound, the protein costs about the same as in

* As explained in previous articles, the actually nutritive ingredients of food may be divided into four classes: Protein, Fats, Carbohydrates, and Mineral matters. Leaving water out of account, lean meat, white of eggs, casein (curd) of milk, and gluten of wheat consist mainly of protein compounds. Butter and lard are mostly fats. Sugar and starch are carbohydrates. The nutrients of meat, fish, and other animal foods consist mainly of protein and fats; those of the vegetable foods are largely carbohydrates.

In serving as nutriment, the protein compounds which contain nitrogen form the basis of blood, muscle, tendon, etc., and are transformed into fat, and also serve as fuel to supply the body with heat and muscular strength. The fats of the food are stored as fat in the body and serve as fuel. The carbohydrates are transformed into fats and serve as fuel. The potential energy in calories (calorie is the equivalent of heat which would warm about four pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit) is taken as the measure of the fuel-value of the food. One part by weight of fat is equiva-

lent, in this respect, to about two parts of either protein or carbohydrates. The demands of different people for nourishment vary with age, sex, occupation, and other conditions of life. Health and pecuniary economy alike require that the diet should contain nutrients proportionate to the wants of the user.

Of course the difference in the composition of different specimens of the same kind of food-material, and in the nutritive effect of the same substance with different persons, is such that these calculations are not correct for every case. Furthermore, there are other things besides the proportions of nutrients that affect the nutritive action of food. This topic I hope to discuss later. Meanwhile it will suffice to say that for the staple food-materials these calculations are probably close approximations to the real nutritive values as compared with the costs. The methods by which they are made are too complex to be explained here, but may be found in an article on "Food Consumption" in the Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1886, p. 251.

440 **DIAGRAM VI.—COMPARATIVE EXPENSIVENESS OF FOODS.**

AMOUNTS OF ACTUAL NUTRIENTS (NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS) OBTAINED FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
IN DIFFERENT FOOD-MATERIALS AT ORDINARY PRICES, WITH AMOUNTS APPROPRIATE
FOR A DAY'S RATION.

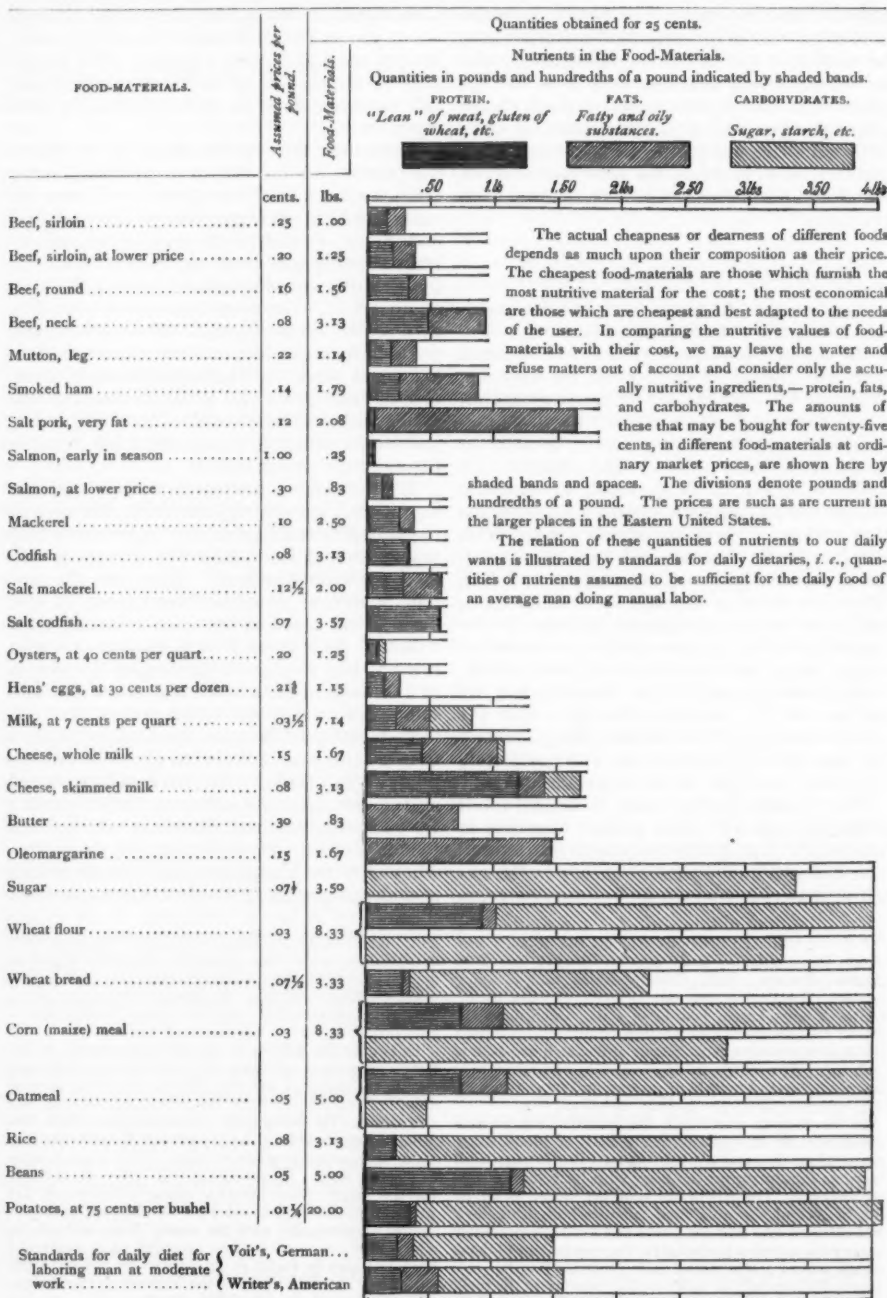
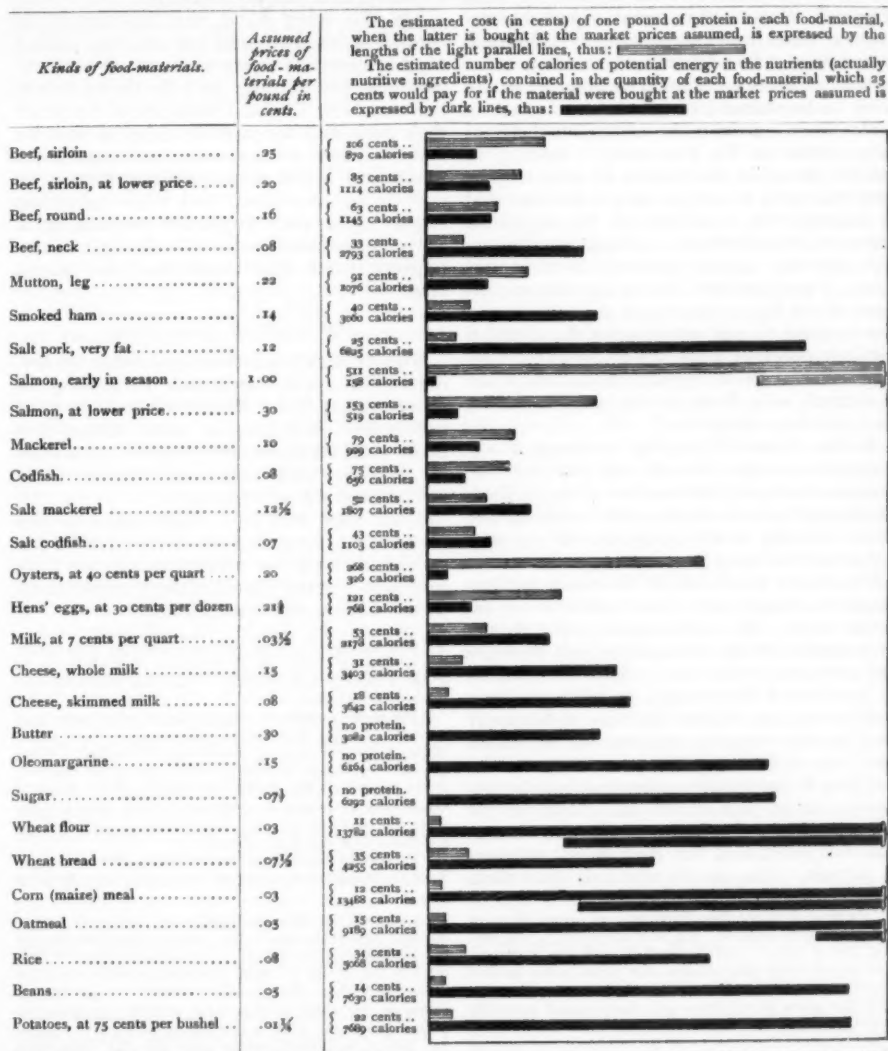


DIAGRAM VII.—COMPARATIVE EXPENSIVENESS OF FOODS. 441

COSTS OF A POUND OF PROTEIN AND AMOUNTS OF POTENTIAL ENERGY OBTAINED FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS IN DIFFERENT FOOD-MATERIALS AT CURRENT MARKET PRICES.



beef and mutton; but when the price is from 15 to 25 cents, the cost of the protein is from one to two dollars a pound. In cod and mackerel, fresh and salted, the protein varies from 30 to 80 cents a pound. Salt cod and salt mackerel are generally, fresh cod and fresh mackerel often, and even the choice fish, as blue-fish and shad, when abundant, cheaper sources of protein than any but the cheapest kinds of meat. Among meats, pork is the cheapest; but salt pork or bacon has but very little protein and consists mostly of fat, which, though rich in

potential energy, and very useful for people who have hard work to do or are exposed to severe cold, is not so appropriate in warm weather or for those whose time is spent within doors and whose muscular labor is light. The comparative cheapness of cheese is well worth noting, and the great economy of oleomargarine as compared with butter deserves of more than a passing remark.

The comparison between wheat flour and potatoes is especially interesting. The protein in the wheat flour, at \$6 a barrel or 3

cents a pound comes to 11 cents, while in potatoes at 50 cents a bushel it costs 15 cents a pound. Estimated in terms of potential energy, 25 cents pays for about 14,000 calories in wheat flour at \$6 a barrel, and 12,000 in potatoes at 50 cents a bushel. The potatoes would have to be reduced to 40 cents a bushel to make their nutrients as cheap as those of wheat flour at \$6 per barrel. Adding to this the fact that the protein of wheat is the more valuable, weight for weight, because that in the potatoes is apparently less digestible and certainly of inferior chemical constitution, the showing against potatoes, even at this price, is very decided. But in the eastern portions of the United States, at any rate, people are very apt to pay 75 cents or \$1 a bushel for their potatoes, while the finest wheat flour now sells at \$6 a barrel; and if they are contented with flour of the coarser grades, they can have it for less.*

In the United States the tendency to extravagance, combined with the mistaken notion as to the nutritive value of costly food, causes exceptions to the rule. Taking the world through, however, the poorer communities and classes of people almost universally select those foods which chemical analysis shows to supply the actual nutrients at the lowest cost. But, unfortunately, the proper proportions of the nutrients in their dietaries are often very defective. Thus in portions of India and China rice, in northern Italy maize-meal, in certain districts of Germany and in some regions and seasons in Ireland potatoes, and among the poor whites of the southern United States maize-meal and bacon, make a large part of the sustenance of the people. These foods supply the nutrients in the cheapest forms, but they are all deficient in protein. The people who live upon them

are ill-nourished, and suffer physically, intellectually, and morally thereby.

On the other hand, the Scotchman, as shrewd in his diet as in his dealings, finds a most economical supply of protein in oatmeal, haddock, and herring; and the thrifty inhabitants of New England supplement the fat of their pork with the protein of beans and the carbohydrates of potatoes, and supplement maize and wheat flour with the protein of codfish and mackerel; and while subsisting largely upon such frugal but rational diets, are well nourished, physically strong, and distinguished for their intellectual and moral force.

THE FOOD OF THE POOR.

THAT the rich man becomes richer by saving and the poor man poorer by wasting his money is one of the commonest facts in daily experience. It is the poor man's money that is the most un-economically spent in the market, and the poor man's food that is worst cooked and served at home.

I can refer only to a single phase of this subject here, repeating for the purpose a few statements from the article on "Food Consumption" in the Report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau above mentioned:

"The agents of the Bureau in collecting the statistics of dietaries have made inquiries of tradesmen as to the kinds of food the poor of Boston purchase and the price they pay. . . .

"By poor people is meant those who earn just enough to keep themselves and families from want. When a grocery-man or market-man is asked, 'What is your experience in dealing with your poor customers in regard to the quality of food used by them?' the answer is, in almost every case, 'Oh, they usually want the best and pay for it, and the most fastidious are those who can least afford it.'

"In the matter of beef, for instance, the cuts most used for steak are the face of the round, costing from

* At first thought this cheapness of wheat flour as compared with potatoes is a little surprising. The natural law of supply and demand of such staple materials, in the long run, shapes the price more or less closely to the actual value for use, and we should expect that the price of potatoes and flour would naturally gravitate to points which would make them more nearly equal in actual cheapness. At \$10 a barrel, the price of wheat flour a few years ago, its protein would cost not far from 13 cents a pound, which would correspond to potatoes at about 60 cents a bushel. If the price of flour should remain where it now is, we may perhaps expect that of potatoes to come down gradually to a point where the actual expensiveness of the two will be more nearly the same. Of course this is a matter outside of chemistry, but the little study I have given it leaves me with the decided impression that the prices of such staple food-materials tend to adjust themselves to the nutritive values.

This statement is apparently in direct contradiction with a fact which these computations bring out most forcibly, to wit, the wide difference between the prices of foods and their values. But these differences have, really, a very simple explanation. The prices we pay

for many of our food-materials are regulated rather by their agreeableness to our palates than their values for nourishing our bodies. The sirloin of beef which we buy for 25 or 30 cents a pound is really no more nourishing than the shoulder which we get for 10 cents, or the neck at 8 cents a pound. In general, only a part, and often a small part, of what we spend for meats and sweetmeats goes for the nutriment they contain. The rest is the price of flavor, tenderness, and other things that make them toothsome. Nor does the disparity between animal and vegetable foods conflict with the principle I have ventured to lay down. Meats, fish, and the like gratify the palate in ways which most vegetable foods do not, and, what is perhaps of still greater weight in regulating the actual usage of communities by whose demand the prices are regulated, they satisfy a real need by supplying protein and fats, which vegetable foods lack. People who can afford it, the world over, will have animal foods and will compete with one another in the prices they give for them. These facts put the choicer animal foods outside the action of the law, if it be a law, that price and nutritive value tend to run parallel.

eighteen to twenty cents per pound; the tip of the sirloin, at from twenty to twenty-five cents; and rib-roast, at from eighteen to twenty cents. They do not use the flank-piece for steak and would feel insulted if it were offered them. The flour they use is the best. For butter they pay from twenty-eight to thirty cents per pound at present prices. All their other groceries are such as are sold to first-class customers."

I took occasion to make some inquiries myself among the Boston market-men, and one very intelligent butcher, in Boylston Market, said:

"Across the street over there is an establishment which employs a good many seamstresses. One of them comes to my place to buy meat, and very frequently gets tenderloin steak. I asked her one time why she did not take round or sirloin, which is a great deal cheaper, and she replied, very indignantly, 'Do you suppose because I don't come here in my carriage I don't want just as good meat as rich folks have?' And when I tried to explain to her that the cheaper meat was just as nutritious, she would not believe me. Now Mr. — and Mrs. —, who are among the wealthy and sensible people of this city, buy the cheaper cuts of meat of me. Mr. — very often comes and gets a soup bone, but I have got through trying to sell these economical meats to that woman and others of her class."

I am told that the people in the poorer parts of New York City buy the highest priced groceries, and that the meat-men say they can sell the coarser cuts of meat to the rich, but that people of moderate means refuse them. I hear the same thing from Washington and other cities. A friend of mine, a man of wealth, who, like his father before him, had long been noted as one of the most generous benefactors of the poor in the city where he lives, and with whom I happened to be talking about these matters, remarked, "For my family I get the cheaper cuts of meat because they are cheaper. My children are satisfied with round steak and shoulder, even if they are not quite as tender and toothsome as sirloin. They are strong and healthy, and understand that such food is good enough for their parents and is good enough for them." I question whether his gardener or his coachman would be so entirely ready to accept such doctrine; and if the poor people to whom in times of stress his money is given without stint are like many others of their class, not a few of them would be ill content with some of the food-materials that appear regularly on his table.

WASTE OF FOOD.

BUT our popular food-economy is at fault in other ways as well as in the purchasing of needlessly expensive kinds of food. Results

of examinations of dietaries, to be given in a subsequent article, will show that, unless the inferences from a very large amount of experimenting are entirely at fault, many people buy a great deal more food than they need. The excess is generally of the most expensive kinds of foods, meats, and sweetmeats. In a number of dietaries that have come to my notice, including those of sensible people who really desired to economize, if half the meat, dairy products, and sugar had been left out, and the rest of the food economically used, it would have supplied considerably more nutriment than accepted standards call for. We buy needless quantities of these things because they taste good, and we have got in the way of thinking we must have them. Part of the excess is eaten, to the great detriment of the health, and the rest simply thrown away.

In the course of some studies in physiological chemistry, Mr. C. S. Videon, a student in this laboratory (Wesleyan University), took occasion to examine the dietary of a students' boarding-club, for which purpose accurate determinations of the quantities of meat consumed were necessary. In a piece of roast beef weighing 16 pounds, the "trimmings," which consisted of the bone and the meat cut out with it, and which were left for the butcher to sell to the soap-man or get rid of as he might otherwise choose, weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, so that $11\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of meat went to the customer, who, of course, paid for the whole. The butcher said that he sold this sort of beef largely to the ordinary people of the city,—mechanics, small tradesmen, and laborers; that many of his customers preferred not to take the "trimmings"; and that they were not exceptionally great in this case, either in amount or in proportion of meat and bone, for that "cut" of beef, which was the "rib-roast." Inquiries of other meat-men brought similar information. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of "trimmings" consisted of (approximately) $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of bone and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of tendon ("gristle"), which would make a most palatable and nutritious soup, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds of meat, of which 1 pound was lean and $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds fat. Mr. Videon estimates that the nutritive materials of meat thus left unused, saying nothing of the bone and tendon, contained some 15 per cent. of the protein and 10 per cent. of the potential energy of the whole. The price of the beef was \$2.24. Assuming the nutritive value of the ingredients of the "trimmings" to be $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole, 28 cents' worth of the nutriment, besides the bone and tendon, was left at the butcher's.

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Rochester, New York, tells me that, while a member of the Board of

Health of that city, he directed the officer in charge of the collection of garbage to note the character of the waste material gathered. It was ascertained that from the streets inhabited by the well-to-do classes, where the culinary affairs were largely left to the servants, the amount of waste thus collected was enormous, and that a considerable proportion of the food purchased was literally thrown away by careless servants. A surprisingly large amount of this waste consisted of good bread. Among the people in moderate circumstances this waste of food was less.

Still, people of moderate means do not save as they might. A gentleman from Pennsylvania, who has for years been in the way of employing hundreds of mechanics and other laborers, tells me that in passing the houses where his employees live he is constantly pained to notice the evidences of waste of food which would not occur in his own household.

Is not the American, of all civilized men, the most wasteful, and is not his worst wastefulness in his food — and drink?

SHALL WE ECONOMIZE?

THIS brings us back to the theme with which we began, — the American indifference or aversion to food-economizing. I have never observed any special development of this notion on the Continent of Europe, but have heard a good deal about it in England, where it is said, for instance, that the "workingmen with small wages buy the most expensive beef." I judge the disorder to be essentially Anglo-Saxon, quite prevalent in England, and epidemic in the United States. Perhaps it is only part of the more general tendency, inherent in human nature, but dependent upon the opportunity which material prosperity brings for its development. It certainly could not prevail under the straitened conditions of living which exist in most countries of Europe; and the comparative opulence which prevails with us, unrestrained by either habits of saving or understanding of the facts, would naturally tend to its wide development. Possibly part of its explanation lies deeper, and is to be sought in the impression which the older philosophy and theology inculcated in men's thinking, and which is not yet entirely gone. The philosophy which dealt chiefly with abstractions, and the theology which regarded the body as only a burden of earthly clay and concerned itself merely for the soul, both considered the material details of life beneath their notice. I believe it was Hegel who, expressing his dissent from the practical ideas current in England in his time, said, "Socrates brought

philosophy from the clouds, but the Englishmen have dragged her into the kitchen." And it is not long since a man in one of our highest educational positions assured me that such studies as those of food and nutrition which have been described in these articles were not in consonance with the intellectual dignity of a university. Is not our impression that attention to the little economies of life is beneath us the natural outgrowth of this same idea, — a weed which the conditions elsewhere have kept down but which here has grown rank?

But whatever may be the genesis of this notion, I am persuaded that, in the form in which we have to deal with it, it represents only a phase of a far more complex problem, the importance of which is coming to be felt in our time as never before, and which the many-sided effort to improve the material condition of the masses is really an effort to work out. We are learning that the best way to help men is to help them to help themselves, and that to help themselves they must be freed from ignorance and prejudice and must understand the principles that underlie the right practice of the arts of life. We are learning that for intellectual and moral elevation improvement of physical condition is necessary; that to improve mind and heart we must look out for the body also; that before people can attain to highest intelligence and righteousness they must be properly clothed and housed and fed. We are learning too that not merely increase of income but husbanding of resources are conditions of better welfare; that people need to save as well as to earn; that wastefulness is the cause of poverty and economy the way to comfort.

While the thoughtful man sees these things and feels their force, the average man does not. In the older countries, with exhausted fertility of soil and overcrowded population, the alternative of partial starvation has made close economizing a necessity. But with us, whom the abundant product of the virgin soil, far in excess of the demand of a still sparse population, and the superadded advantages of wonderful material progress, have placed in comparative affluence, the circumstances of our coal-heaver's family were positively luxurious in comparison with those of the bulk of the population of Europe. With us false pride and wastefulness have far too largely usurped the place of care and saving.

As a people we have not learned the art of getting the most out of what we have. With our larger incomes and better opportunities we often enjoy far less of comfort and contentment than our foreign brethren, who with their limited resources have learned how to husband and to make the best of the little that

falls to their lot. Those who have seen the inside of life in France and Germany know how true this is. I well remember how it impressed me in my first experience in Germany. Living in a private family, my breakfasts, which, though consisting only of the usual rolls and coffee, were nevertheless ample, were always brought to my room. With the coffee there came invariably a little jar of milk and some lumps of sugar. During the whole six months of my stay in that house, the number of lumps was never more nor less than five. An American lady living in another family in the same city was wont to aver her conviction that her landlady counted the grains of coffee for every potful she made. Every scrap of food was utilized. Like economies were manifested everywhere; indeed, they were a part of common education, not only at home but in school, where, for instance, the girls were taught to sew and mend as they were to read and write. And when I went about with the people and saw how they lived; how contentedly and pleasantly they took the affairs of life; how much they made of simple and inexpensive pleasures; how little they were beset with false pride of show and the petty ambition to go ahead of their neighbors, which are such corrosive influences in American and English society; how much of human kindness and home joy and social satisfaction they had with incomes and prices which would make life for average Americans of similar station a torturing struggle with want—I could not avoid the conviction that in their ways was a lesson which it would be a blessing for us to learn.

We waste at the store, at the market, and in the house enough to make us wealthy if we would only save. The fathers and the mothers do not understand the little arts of economizing, and the sons and the daughters do not learn them. We think it incompatible with our dignity as free-born and well-to-do Americans to devote our attention to them.

This is especially true as regards our food. The common saying that "the average American family wastes as much food as a French family would live upon" is a great exaggeration, but I hope to cite statistics in a succeeding article to show that there is a deal of truth in it. We endeavor to make our diet suit our palates by paying high prices in the market rather than by skillful cooking and tasteful serving at home. We buy much more than we need, use part of the excess to the detriment of our health, and throw the rest away. And, what makes the matter worse, it is generally those who most need to save that are the most wasteful.

Things cannot always go on thus. International competition is becoming sharper, our

population denser, and the virgin fertility of our soil gradually exhausted. We must reform or retrograde. Unless we mend our ways the future will bring loss instead of gain in material prosperity, and fearful falling away rather than improvement in our morals.

The remedy for the evil, so far as it applies to the chief item of our living expenses, our food, must be sought in two things,—popular understanding of the elementary facts regarding food and nutrition, and the acceptance of the doctrine that economy is respectable. Here, I believe, is an opportunity for a two-fold propagandism of incalculable usefulness.

A very large body of people in this country say practically, though not in words, for such principles are not formulated by those who follow them: "To economize closely is beneath us. We do not want to live cheaply; we want to live well."

The true Anti-poverty Society is the Society of "Toil, Thrift, and Temperance." One of the articles of its constitution demands that the principles of intelligent economy shall be learned by patient study and followed in daily life.

Of the many worthy ways in which the charity that we call Christian is being exercised none seems to me more worthy of that appellation than the movement in industrial education, of which teaching the daughters of working-people how to do housework and how to select food and cook it forms a part.

If Christianity is to defend society against socialism must it not make such homely, non-theological teachings as these part of its gospel? If the old dispensation with its somber doctrine makes the earning of man's bread in the sweat of his face part of the primeval curse, does not the newer dispensation of religion and science make the gaining of support by earnest toil, and the economizing of resources by careful study, a substantial joy of life?

It is a happy phase of modern intellectual progress that much of its best work is being done along these lines of material usefulness. The place of the scholar, as of the saint, was once that of the recluse; now they are both busy among their fellow-men and doing their best to help them. The reason why so many of the Hegels of to-day are devoting themselves to the study of the practical problems of ordinary life is not simply nor chiefly for the material recompense it brings, but because they find in it the keenest intellectual stimulus, the opportunity for the profoundest thought, and the deep satisfaction that comes from rendering to their day and generation the best service of which their endowments make them capable. At the fountain-heads of knowledge, the great universities, speculative philosophy

and technology, Sanscrit and sanitation, are studied side by side with equal intellect and ardor. At the University of Cambridge, England, where not only the laboratories but the machine-shop have become parts of the paraphernalia of instruction, Professor Stuart, who works with his students at the forge, told me that his associates in the management of the university affairs showed most cordial sympathy in his department. The French Academy is felt to honor itself in electing Pasteur to its membership. Such a philosopher as Lotze makes the study of the practical details of life a part of his Microcosmus.

Nor is this materialism at all. It is the corollary, or rather the concomitant, of the metaphysics and theology which make matter and energy one, and that a manifestation of Deity. It is the nineteenth-century application of the ancient motto, "*Humani nihil alienum.*" It is the following of the precept and the example of the great Teacher, who made his doctrine

dear to men by his deeds of love, and a part of whose work on earth was to feed the hungry and to heal the sick.

It is important that people be taught about their food, but the first requisite is the information to give them. The subject is, however, new. In its investigation we stand upon the borders of a continent of which but a small part has yet been explored. In the great European universities investigation is active. In our own country extremely little is being done, and that little is dependent almost entirely upon private munificence for its support. The opportunity for useful research is a rare one, and the demand for it great and increasing. If the cost of a yacht were invested in appliances for research in this direction, and the annual expense of maintaining it were devoted to carrying on such researches, they would bring fruit of untold value to the world, and, to the donor, the richest reward that a lover of his fellow-men could have.

W. O. Atwater.

A LOVE SONG.

LOVE, the last late snows are failing,
Failing;
Hear'st thou? Spring is nigh;
Love, the banished birds are sailing,
Sailing,
Back along the sky.

Love, O love! — my heart is calling,
Calling;
Haply, it may be,
Thou may'st hear and answer me.
Love, the purple shades are falling,
Falling,
On the greening lea.

Love, O love! — and shall I ever,
Ever,
In the days unknown,
Rest upon thy heart, that never,
Never,
Rested on my own?

Love, my heart is ever saying,
Saying,
Softly, in a dream:
"Hist! — she cometh by yon stream."
Death! — 'Tis but my fancy playing,
Playing,
With the swift sun-beam.

Haply, when the May is turning,
Turning,
Earth from all her woes;
Haply, when the blush is burning,
Burning,
On the summer rose

Then, O love! if thou canst hear me,
Hear me,
When my spirit cries,
Come, before the summer dies;
Come but once, O love, to cheer me,
Cheer me,
Ere my spirit flies.

Love, my love; or dead or waking,
Waking,
Here, or on that shore,
Where the unknown seas are breaking,
Breaking,
Now and evermore;

Here, or there; — alas! — God knoweth,
Knoweth:
He alone, not I.
Love, the days are passing by;
Fast, oh, fast, the river floweth,
Floweth! —
Love me, ere I die.

Robert Burns Wilson.

AN ELK-HUNT ON THE PLAINS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE INNESS, JR., AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.



THOUGH untold numbers of elk, as the American red deer, or wapiti, is generally called, still roam the wild hill-lands of the West or seek refuge in the timber-districts of its less mountainous regions, the swift advance of civilization has swept the elk from the plains and has made elk-hunting on those wide and timberless tracts a thing of the past.

But fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the author was stationed as an American cavalry-officer at North Platte barracks, at the junction of the North and the South Platte rivers, it was a different tale. The elk country lay to the north of us, with a slight preponderance of the larger herds towards the east. The herds were generally found along that net-work of streams known as the various forks of the Loup, and the nearer to the head of the Loup one hunted, the more numerous they became, though among the lakes and marshes and high rolling sandhills of Nebraska, just west of the Loup's head-waters, they again disappeared. As a hunting-district this region was almost entirely monopolized by military parties and by such people as were escorted by them; for nearly all of it was on the great Sioux reservation, and, in consequence of the small war parties of Sioux that constantly infested it, was extremely unsafe.

In the fall of 1873 I was told that a number of distinguished and titled people would be at the post in a few days, with the usual papers from high officials that would entitle them to every consideration they could ask for and we could grant. Above all things, they wished to go on an elk-hunt to the northward, and I was asked to take command of the little escort. Hunting and scouting was the principal field duty of the frontier stations, and the former only differed from the latter in that it was volunteer work so long as enough volunteers could be found; but since a hunt for buffalo or elk counted as "a tour of field duty," we never wanted for volunteers.

Our visitors arrived in good time, and we soon made ready for the hunt. With two six-mule teams to haul our ten days' rations and forage, and with other necessary outfits, we got away one fine forenoon in early October, with the air so crisp and clear that half the

horses of our troop of thirty or forty danced along as if going to a tournament, and not on a trip that would bring them back with hanging heads. Where we crossed the line of the railroad for the last time—for we had been winding along it for four or five miles—we partly loaded our wagons with discarded railroad ties, to serve us as fuel. On the banks of many of the streams of this part of the country no firewood, not even a twig, can be found; and nothing can be more cheerless and disconsolate to a little troop of cavalry that has marched all day in the cold than to reach, in the bleak evening, a stream where it is evident that camp must be made and find no sign of wood as far as the eye can reach. But add to a soldier's hard-tack and bacon his regulation quart of hot coffee, and he will be satisfied with his repast.

Our course, after leaving the railroad, was over what might be called the semi-sandhills of Nebraska, or the sandhills covered with grass, the only turf or soil being that formed by the grass roots. The longer a road is used through such a country, the worse it gets. Wagon wheels soon cut through the thin turf, and it becomes a road of sand. Another is then started alongside, and so on indefinitely, until the first is once more grown up with grass and fit to be used again. Along these roads sunflower stalks are particularly prone to grow (they really do wherever the ground is stirred up), and from a slight elevation it is often possible to trace by them an old, abandoned road for many miles.

Our first camp was made on the South Loup, so near its head that one could jump across the stream, and in a barren tract of low, flat country, where the grass grew a little higher in the valley than on the hills, and a few willow brakes marked the course of the stream. Three wall tents in a line indicated where the officers and the visitors slept, and twice as many "A," or "wedge," or common tents, twenty or thirty yards away, showed where the men were sheltered. Between the two camps, tied to the picket-line,—a long rope stretched from wagon wheel to wagon wheel,—the horses munched their oats and corn in their nose-bags, with a sentinel walking at each end of the line. One of the greatest pleasures of a frontier camp is a roaring fire, with its flames climbing into the sky;

but with us wood was too scarce for that. Two half-smothered fires for "kitchens" were all we had. If the chances for Indians were good, military hunting parties always placed a picket of a trusty corporal and from three to six men on the hill a half-mile from and overlooking camp; but a party of our size (about thirty-five in number) is avoided by the few war parties prowling around on the confines of civilization trying to get the scalp of a herder or a stray pony or two. Tracks seen early in the evening, just before camping, had shown that wild horses were in the vicinity, and this made us keep our own horses close to the picket-line; otherwise they would be "lariated out." For wild horses snorting near camp in the dead of night are likely to cause a stampede, and few things are more disastrous to a cavalry command. Any trifling thing may cause a stampede when the herd is scattered out to graze,—the howling of a coyote, a keen flash of lightning, the noise of a big weed carried by the wind, or, as happened in one case, the violent coughing of the sentinel stationed near the horses to keep them quiet.

In a small party like ours, all the stated military calls are laid aside. Even "taps" is omitted; and one by one we dropped asleep, till nothing was left to the ear but the dull pacing of the sentinels or an occasional deep-drawn sigh from some horse at the picket-line. Before dawn the next morning the party was routed out of bed so as to be able to start by sunrise, and the usual preparations for breaking camp were begun,—fortunately by the light of a full moon just sinking in the west. An unfledged recruit, sleepy from having talked too late the night before, dug his fists into his rebellious eyes, and, glinting around, asked for the tenth time if the party were not to start at sunrise. Being gruffly answered in the affirmative by his uncommunicative tent-mate, he gazed listlessly through the tent-flaps to the west, and said, shivering, "I'll be danged if they hain't made a mistake! that's the moon, and not the sun."

The early sun saw the little caravan moving northward in the chill morning air. The officers and visitors were ahead, with ten or twelve troopers, while from half a mile to a mile behind, with an equal number of soldiers, came the two wagons, the two little parties being within ample supporting distance should anything of a serious nature happen. Small companies of flankers of from one to three men were thrown out on both sides of the road from a quarter of a mile to a mile from it and slightly in advance of the main party. These flankers are always composed of the best hunters and trailers among the soldiers, and the

flanking was done because that day's march was supposed to bring us to a possible elk district, and elk are apt to turn back if from an elevation they catch sight of a road ahead of them. Such trails as these retreating herds might make only flankers would be likely to find. Coming near a road in a valley or on a flat plain they are much more likely to cross it; but if a person will take the trouble to study the trail on both sides of the road, he will notice how the elk will fight shy of civilization. The incoming trail may show that they have scattered out over the grassy districts for grazing, and here and there a place will be seen where they have been lying down resting; but as soon as the road is crossed, if it is not an old, abandoned one, the scattered trails converge into one of Indian file, which may be traced at times for three or four miles before the herd shows signs of grazing or being in an easy frame of mind.

That day's march, of from twenty to twenty-five miles, brought us to a picturesque little stream erroneously called the Dismal, which had received this inappropriate title from having been first seen at its mouth, where it empties into the Middle Fork of the Loup in a truly melancholy way. The Indian name of Cedar is much more applicable, however, for its steep banks are here and there covered with patches of cedar, that make it a pleasant-looking stream. It cuts so abruptly through its almost cañon-like bed, that one hardly sees it until it is right under his nose. I remember belonging to the expedition that made the "government road" that cuts across it. It was a hot day in July, and about the hottest part of the day,—2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon,—and we had been marching in the sandhills since morning. Our teams were tired out, and stopping the entire command in a hot little hollow between the hills, we sent one of the best guides ahead to find, if it were possible, the best and shortest road to the first stream to the south. He had not disappeared over the crest in that direction twenty seconds, when he was seen coming back, most persons who had heard his orders supposing that he was returning for something he had lost or left behind. But he reported that the Dismal had been found about two hundred yards ahead, and within half an hour we were all engaged in the pleasant occupation of making camp.

Our hunting party also camped on this stream, and a large amount of wood was secured for the night's camp-fire. On mild nights it was always burned in a huge fire in front of the tents, but when it was uncomfortably chilly, the wood was put into the little Sibley stoves inside the tents, which on the very coldest day can be made warm and cozy

if there be plenty of dry wood. A Sibley camp-stove is simply a great sheet-iron funnel, turned upside down, and furnished with enough small stove-pipe at the neck to protrude from the tent. This funnel is about three feet high, and two feet across the bottom, and in its conical sides is cut a door large enough to admit small stove-wood. The hearth is the earth or sand

A few tracks of elk had been seen not far from camp, and although they were three or four days old, it was decided to spend one day in giving the vicinity a thorough inspection. An excellent method of beating up a country to determine the presence of game is to send out four parties of two to five hunters each at an angle of forty-five degrees to the direction



AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

of the tent floor, and a piece of tin or sheet-iron through which the stove-pipe projects is fastened to the tent roof. Thus fixed, it is comfortable in a wall tent even with the thermometer at twenty-five to thirty degrees below zero. Filled with cedar wood, the stove has a most annoying way of dropping sparks on the canvas roof and burning holes through it, although there is but very little danger of the tent catching afire unless a very strong wind is blowing; even then it is hardly worth any great precaution. When the smell of burning cotton is noticed by the occupant of the tent, looking up he will always see a little circle of fire, from a quarter to a third of an inch in diameter, vividly outlined against the black sky outside, and showing where the spark has fallen. It is always put out by inserting the little finger as far as it will go, and then withdrawing it, all being done with a quick thrust and recover that does not burn one's finger.

VOL. XXXV.—62.

of the stream, all of them, when reaching a certain distance to be agreed upon, say four, five, or even ten, miles, turning to the left or right at the same angle. This brings two parties on the river who turn and hunt back along it to camp. The other two parties hunt parallel to the river from their turning-points until directly opposite camp, when they turn in directly for it. A diagram of such a plan will show that the country has received a pretty good examination by the time all parties are in camp. Of course such a plan depends somewhat on the kind of game to be hunted, and as I have given it is particularly applicable to elk. If only "white-tailed" deer are wanted, there is no great use in leaving the valleys of the streams or the little partly wooded pockets running out from them. If "black-tailed" or mountain deer are wanted, only the hills need be scoured.

Our first day's regular hunt was planned on this method, and after the other three parties



ON THE LOOKOUT.

had taken their choice, there was left for the doctor and me and our attendant a south-east course of six or seven miles to the right, which would make us hunt parallel to the Dismal, which there runs from west to east. It was understood by all four parties that if any small band of elk were seen it would be given chase by the discoverers, but if large, it would be allowed to rest until the morrow, unless circumstances forced an immediate attack. Any small game that fell in the way, as any kind of deer, antelope, etc., would fall a prey at once, if the hunter were only a good-enough shot. Our course was over rolling hills covered with the autumn's somber colors of brown and drab, a most fortunate hue for the elk, almost the same shade, and we had to watch with keen eyes and good field-glasses to prevent our stumbling on top of our game or getting so close that they would get our "wind." By the time we turned back to hunt parallel to the river we had seen nothing but a few old tracks, and as the breeze was now blowing in our faces, thereby increasing our chances of success, at the doctor's suggestion we separated about four hundred yards apart, hoping that we might pick up a black-tailed deer or antelope, their tracks being fresher and much more numerous than the few elk signs we had found. Our man was placed about half-way between us and a little to the rear, to communicate from one to

the other should it be deemed necessary. We had hardly gone a mile on our new course when I discerned a yellowish-brown mass of creatures on the hillside from six to eight hundred yards away. At first I supposed they were elk, but the glass showed them to be a band of eight or ten antelope. Beckoning to the man to approach me cautiously, I dismounted, and, leaving my horse standing, ran forward a couple of hundred yards to a low ridge. Seeing that I could get no closer without considerable manœuvring, and fearing that the doctor might frighten them, I took aim at the most conspicuous fellow in a bunch of them and fired. After a quick scattering dash to the right and then one to the left they seemed to collect their senses and made off through a little gap in the hills, allowing me one more shot "on the wing" as they disappeared. I thought I had been unsuccessful, but the man, looking through the glass, saw a bunch of brown on the ground that "looked mightily like a dead antelope," and we trotted over to find his conjecture true. We dismounted, cut the animal's throat, and bled him by throwing his hindquarters up-hill on the slope, and I was just sending the man after the doctor, when he appeared on the crest, having heard the two shots. There was the usual formula of questions under such circumstances,—*"Where is it shot?"* *"How far did you shoot him?"* *"How many*

were they?" etc., etc. All of these were answered but the first, and the man got down to settle that apparently simple problem. But the longer he looked the more mystified we all became; and when the carcass was thrown behind one of the saddles no one was the wiser, the doctor even going so far as to say that the antelope might have been frightened to death. Reaching camp late that evening, we found that none of the others had seen any game during the day, which made us feel a little more pride about our slight capture. The doctor brought up the subject of the singular killing, which revived in each one a dozen similar instances. We had not finished, when a sharp rap at the tent-flap was heard, and the head of the hunter who had been with us that day appeared. With a grin he said: "Lieutenant, the cook has found out where the antelope was shot." Each one present, in his own eager way, asked for an immediate report, and the hunter continued with the information that the bullet had gone through the gullet, and when he cut it with his hunting-knife to bleed the animal, he had not noticed it. When he started to look it up, the slashed throat precluded all apparent possibility of another wound in the same place.

The most important problem of the chase, however, was what to do as the result of the day's investigations, and we were not long in determining to break camp next morning, and move over to the Middle Fork of the Loup, some twenty miles to the northward, where the prospects were supposed to be better. In fact, this stream was our main objective point in starting out, but the Dismal was always worth giving a fair trial, and in some instances had proved to be better hunting-ground than the main stream. As we approached the Middle Loup the next afternoon, a few scattering snow-flakes were falling softly around us in the gloomy weather, but as a light fall of snow was exactly what we wanted, we saw them more with pleasure than with regret. Too deep a fall, however, was more to be deplored than none at all. Just as camping was nearly completed, an over-zealous flanker, who had pushed his excursions some three or four miles to the westward, put in an appearance, and reported that not only had he seen abundant signs of elk (we ourselves had crossed a small, fresh trail that day), but had seen the animals themselves on the crest of a distant hill. He had made no unusual efforts to ascertain their numbers, for fear of frightening them, but judging from the trail which he had crossed, he had estimated the herd to number from five hundred to a thousand. As he was a trusty trailer and hunter, his statements sent our thermometer of hunting-excitement up to fever

heat. All the evening was employed in getting ready and making the most formidable preparations for the next day's chase, and I was appealed to by the novices for information of all kinds, as if I were a Kit Carson or a Daniel Boone. Ordinarily the horses are fed half their forage at night and half in the morning, whether they be on full or reduced forage; but in this case the rule was departed from, and the "elk" horses received three-quarters forage at night and a quarter forage in the morning. As the weather threatened to be stormy, the horses were blanketed so that none would feel stiff and chilly on starting the next day. Even the mules were given extra feed, to prevent these noisy creatures from breaking forth in stentorian brays, as they are very likely to do when a little hungry and there is any semblance of feeding going on around them. Some energetic soldiers get up early in the morning and spend a good while in a thorough grooming of their horses, which no doubt freshens them for a lively dash of a few miles. The question of arms and ammunition was settled by our being armed with the government Springfield carbines, although a far superior weapon for these horseback chases are any of the trustworthy kinds of magazine guns. Even the old Sharp's carbine was better, because when heated by rapid firing to a point where it would no longer eject the cartridge shell by the usual methods, the open guard could be brought down on the pommel of the saddle with a vehemence that brought out the shell or broke the guard, and ninety-nine cases in a hundred it would be the former. With the Springfield carbine, however, the rider was *hors de combat* under the same circumstances. In hunting game on horseback, the cartridges are taken from the belts; given a good cleaning, and the number that it is expected will be used on a single run—from twenty to thirty—are placed in the right-hand side-pocket of a loose-fitting sacque coat. I know of no improvement on this very simple method. With a Sharp's carbine I have in this way used sixty cartridges in a single run after buffaloes. We went to bed early, with good intentions of rising early for the fray, but, as generally happens, we did not get a wink of sleep till well past our usual hours. We were up in good time, however, for the simple reason that the night sentinels had orders to look after that; and although at first many yawned and stretched in the cold night air, fully an hour before daylight, it was not long before all were thoroughly awake and keener than ever for the sport.

We hurried through our breakfast of half-cooked antelope steak and hot coffee, and when daylight streamed through the dark-gray



A HERD OF ELK.

eastern clouds it saw our little party of about a dozen moving up the valley of the Middle Loup, talking in whispers and closely filing after one another in sets of two. The wagons had orders to follow in about an hour, and sooner if they heard firing; and the mules were being watered and hitched up as we "pulled out" of camp. As the wind was in the south, I thought it best to follow the valley of the Loup to a point directly opposite the place where the herd had been "raised" by the sergeant the day before, and then make squarely for it. When we struck the trail, we could follow it up until we overtook the game. The sergeant had seen the herd so late the evening before, and we had started so early, with a dismal, dreary night and a light fall of snow in our favor, that I had but few doubts of finding it soon after we left the river. One amusing incident of our march will show how narrowly our well-arranged plan escaped utter failure. While riding alongside of me when within about a mile of our point of turning out from the valley, the judge, a venerable Nimrod with white hair that had taken nearly sixty winters to bleach, but with an enthusiasm for the sport of a man of half his years, saw a large pair of fine elk-

horns in the high valley grass near a clump of willow brake about forty yards away. He expressed a desire to examine them more closely, and I sent a trumpeter back to pick them up. He left the ranks to do so, everything, for reasons that are manifest, being done in as noiseless and subdued a manner as possible. When the trumpeter was within about ten yards of the horns, the owner of them, a noble buck five or six years old, with a snort that startled every one jumped high into the air, and with a bound started for the main herd, leaving us all too astounded to know what to do. Seeing the main column, he wheeled abruptly around, and, dashing across the Loup, made to the northward. Had this animal reached the main herd, as he at first attempted to do, our fun would have been ended for that day. It was a great temptation to shoot at him, and the trumpeter, forgetting all the surroundings, started to pull his pistol and fire; but his rearing horse, half frightened out of his wits, by wheeling and plunging prevented him from doing so.

I remember, on another hunt after elk in the Nebraskan hills, planned on the same method as this, that when nearing the herd

of elk that we had pretty definitely located, and while crossing the "pocket" of a cañon liberally wooded or "brushed" with wild plums and rose-bushes, a couple of white-tailed deer jumped up just beyond the clump, from forty to fifty yards away, and remained in full view

bush on the crest of the hill a third of a mile away. The bush proved to be the fine antlers of a young buck, and when we had crept a little higher we saw twenty or thirty other elk about him, some of them lying down and plainly outlined against the white snow. When



THE EXPECTANT HORSES.

until we had ridden by. They were so close that any one of the party could have easily killed them. Not till we had passed did they run away. There were a number of experienced hunters in the party who had often hunted this wary animal, and every one acknowledged it to be the boldest effrontery ever shown by that species of deer. Surely these two must have known how fatal to our success with the elk the sound of a gun-shot would have been at that moment.

After the incident of the elk-horns we advanced up the valley of the Loup for nearly a mile; then turning abruptly southward against the wind, we began to ascend a long winding acclivity up through a little valley where luxuriant grass grew as high as our stirrups. Looking ahead even a couple of hundred yards, we could see stripes of darker green cutting at all angles through this grass, and advancing warily we saw the tracks of elk in the light covering of snow. Our party huddled together in the ravine while two of us dismounted and slowly crawled up the slight ascent. About two-thirds of the way up we saw a moving

we had returned and mounted our horses again there came the difficult feat of winding around through the lowest levels and depressions and gaps, and at the same time making headway towards the game while keeping completely out of their sight. Another ravine was reached, and once more two of us dismounted and crawled forward to the crest to get a view of the situation. It was also necessary to do so rapidly, for it was perfectly evident that the outlying members of the herd were close by, and the snorting and snuffing of a horse might send them away with the speed of the wind. I felt perfectly satisfied, before I got half-way across the slope, that a substratum of sand makes a much better support for a covering of snow for crawling purposes than can ever be found in the thick growth of the prickly-pear of the plains, although on this particular slope Nature seemed to think otherwise. Nearing the crest of the ridge, I secured a "tumble-weed" or "rolling-weed,"—one of those globular perennials of the plains that when dead is pulled up by the wind and goes rolling around over the prairies at the mercy

of the blast,—and, keeping it in front of my face, took a careful view ahead.

Not more than a hundred yards away was a fine grouping of game that would have delighted the heart of Landseer, and certainly delighted mine. Slowly retreating until the friendly ridge once more covered us, we crawled back through the cactus to rejoin

fell home in their chambers. All the horses' ears were as rigidly set towards the crest about a hundred yards away as if they were a charge of fixed bayonets, and the red, dilated nostrils, the fixed eyes, and the heaving breasts showed that they, too, felt all the excitement of their masters. We had arranged our plans the night before, and now we hur-



IN THE MAIN HERD.

our horses and our impatient comrades. As I mounted, I said briefly that our time was at hand and the battle not far off. I believe the horses knew this better than the men, for as I came crawling back through the snow every equine ear in the party followed me as closely as if I had a bushel of oats in my possession; and when I mounted my own little sorrel he was trembling from head to foot, and he lay his nose against my knee as if to gain information in his own peculiar way. Every horse in that platoon knew as well as every man what was ahead of him,—and better, too, for all of them had been in those exciting chases more times than two-thirds of the party. The only noises that broke the hush of the still morning were a few hurried whispers and the ominous clicks of the breech-locks as the cartridges

ried to carry them out. Down the hollow of the ravine the hunters, separated from one another by a space of from three to four yards and facing the ridge that hid us from the unsuspecting elk, were stretched like a skirmish-line, while I rode out in front of the center of the line just far enough to be easily seen by all. Looking hurriedly along the little line, I saw that all were ready, with the loaded carbines pointing in the air, the butts resting on the right thighs, and a couple of spare cartridges in each man's hand. Raising the butt of my carbine high in the air as a signal for starting, I took a half-dozen steps forward at a prancing walk, brought the carbine down to a level, and the line took up a trot for a dozen yards. Then I raised the carbine muzzle up and the party broke into a long, swinging gallop. Half-way

across the frosted slope, the carbine was raised to full arms-length, and we burst over the ridge at a gait that "Hanover" or "Iroquois" might envy, and with an unbroken line worthy of the *Cent-Gardes*. The swift impetus carried the sweeping crowd half-way from the ridge to

there was a singular silence, incongruous with so much rapidly varying excitement; for orders had been given that not a whisper should be heard till the elk had broken in an organized run in a definite course. As the western wall of elk-horns opened in that direction,



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

the sleepy elk before the latter gained their feet, and by the time the dumfounded brutes had "bunched," — the first act of an affrighted herd, — we were right in among them. Many of the older hunters dropped their carbines across their saddle-bows, and pulling their revolvers delivered a deadly fire at blinding range. Dashing through this little bewildered herd like a gust of wind, the hunting party swung to the left of the slope of the long ridge where, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards away, the main herd had "bunched," six to eight hundred, if not a thousand, strong. With all the rough rattle of shots, the hard hitting of horns against horns, and the drum-like clatter of the hoofs,

with a princely buck at the head, there went up from us a yell that clove the very clouds, and scattered the band only to bunch again. That shout delayed them hardly three seconds, but that three seconds made a success of the hunt, and before it ended we were among them, every citizen and soldier now his own individual commander, and responsible for his own success. Far down on my right the marshal's carbine had been knocked from his hand by the horns of a plunging buck, while near me, on the left, a burly Würtemberger corporal, with empty, smoking pistol, brought the barrel down like a club on the head of an elk that was trying, in the crush, to push its way directly over his horse. The elk fell to the ground



SNOW-BALLED BY THE HERD.

stunned. It was hand to hoof and horns for a brief second or two, and then the great surging mass broke to the westward, and the long chase began. It had been all our way so far, but to the assistance of the herd there now came one of the most unexpected allies that even an old hunter could imagine. It was the soft snow, that up to this time had helped us in tracking them; for, as the herd surged ahead, there came from their feet one of the most persistent showers of snow-balls, of iron-like consistency, that any one was ever called on to face, and was surpassed only by those thrown by the horses themselves, which, strung out in disorder, the men and horses in the rear had to face as well. Every ball that struck a horse delayed him. One man, struck

on the head, was disabled from managing his reins, while another, struck full in the face, had his upper lip split open to the teeth. Many followed his example and withdrew from the battle. The chase over, the party slowly assembled near the bodies of the first victims, and the two wagons with a number of men putting in an appearance from camp, we retraced our steps to it, each one recounting his personal adventures.

It was growing dark as the sergeant in charge of the wagon party rapped at my tent and reported: "The wagons are in with the carcasses of nineteen elk, and I am satisfied we have gotten them all, sir." The next day we started for home.

Frederick Schwatka.



THE ARTIST.

SLEEP is an artist of the night,
With moods of mirth or pain,—
Dreams are his pictures dark and bright,
Etched swiftly on the brain!

William H. Hayne.

MEISTERSCHAFT: IN THREE ACTS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[EXPLANATORY. I regard the idea of this play as a valuable invention. I call it the Patent Universally-Applicable Automatically-Adjustable Language Drama. This indicates that it is adjustable to any tongue, and performable in any tongue. The English portions of the play are to remain just as they are, permanently; but you change the foreign portions to any language you please, at will. Do you see? You at once have the same old play in a new tongue. And you can keep on changing it from language to language, until your private theatrical pupils have become glib and at home in the speech of all nations. *Zum Beispiel*, suppose we wish to adjust the play to the French tongue. First, we give Mrs. Blumenthal and Gretchen French names. Next, we knock the German Meisterschaft sentences out of the first scene, and replace them with sentences from the French Meisterschaft — like this, for instance: "Je voudrais faire des emplettes ce matin; voulez-vous avoir l'obligeance de venir avec moi chez le tailleur français?" And so on. Wherever you find

German, replace it with French, leaving the English parts undisturbed. When you come to the long conversation in the second act, turn to any pamphlet of your French Meisterschaft, and shovel in as much French talk on any subject as will fill up the gaps left by the expunged German. Example — page 423 French Meisterschaft:

On dirait qu'il va faire chaud.
J'ai chaud.
J'ai extrêmement chaud.
Ah! qu'il fait chaud!
Il fait une chaleur étouffante!
L'air est brûlant.
Je meurs de chaleur.
Il est presque impossible de supporter la chaleur.
Cela vous fait transpirer.
Mettons nous à l'ombre.
Il fait du vent.
Il fait un vent froid.
Il fait un temps très-agréable pour se promener aujourd'hui.

And so on, all the way through. It is very easy to adjust the play to any desired language. Anybody can do it.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MR. STEPHENSON. MARGARET STEPHENSON.
GEORGE FRANKLIN. ANNIE STEPHENSON.
WILLIAM JACKSON. MRS. BLUMENTHAL, the Wirthin.
GRETCHEN, Kellnerin.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Scene of the play, the parlor of a small private dwelling in a village.

MARGARET. (*Discovered crocheting — has a pamphlet.*)

MARGARET. (*Solus.*) Dear, dear! it's dreary enough, to have to study this impossible German tongue: to be exiled from home and all human society except a body's sister in order to do it, is just simply abscheulich. Here 's only three weeks of the three months gone, and it seems like three years. I don't believe I can live through it, and I 'm sure Annie can't. (*Refers to her book, and rattles through, several times, like one memorizing:*) Entschuldigen Sie, mein Herr, können Sie mir vielleicht sagen, um wie viel Uhr der erste Zug nach Dresden abgeht? (*Makes mistakes and corrects them.*) I just hate Meisterschaft! We may see people; we can have society: yes, on condition

that the conversation shall be in German, and in German only — every single word of it! Very kind — oh, very! when neither Annie nor I can put two words together, except as they are put together for us in Meisterschaft or that idiotic Ollendorff! (*Refers to book, and memorizes: Mein Bruder hat Ihren Herrn Vater nicht gesehen, als er gestern in dem Laden des deutschen Kaufmannes war.*) Yes, we can have society, provided we talk German. What would such a conversation be like! If you should stick to Meisterschaft, it would change the subject every two minutes; and if you stuck to Ollendorff, it would all be about your sister's mother's good stocking of thread, or your grandfather's aunt's good hammer of the carpenter, and who's got it, and there an end. You could n't keep up your interest in such topics. (*Memorizing: Wenn irgend möglich, — möchte ich noch heute Vormittag dort ankommen, da es mir sehr daran gelegen ist, einen meiner Geschäftsfreunde zu treffen.*) My mind is made up to one thing: I will be an exile, in spirit and in truth: I will see no one during these three months. Father is very ingenious — oh, very! thinks he is, anyway. Thinks he has invented a way to force us to learn to speak German. He is a dear good soul, and

all that; but invention is n't his fash'. He will see. (*With eloquent energy.*) Why, nothing in the world shall — Bitte, können Sie mir vielleicht sagen, ob Herr Schmidt mit diesem Zuge angekommen ist? Oh, dear, dear George — three weeks! It seems a whole century since I saw him. I wonder if he suspects that I — that I — care for him — j — just a wee, wee bit? I believe he does. And I believe Will suspects that Annie cares for him a little, that I do. And I know perfectly well that they care for us. They agree with all our opinions, no matter what they are; and if they have a prejudice, they change it, as soon as they see how foolish it is. Dear George! at first he just could n't abide cats; but now, why now he's just all for cats; he fairly welters in cats. I never saw such a reform. And it's just so with all his principles: he has n't got one that he had before. Ah, if all men were like him, this world would — (*Memorizing: Im Gegenheil, mein Herr, dieser Stoff ist sehr billig. Bitte, sehen Sie sich nur die Qualität an.*) Yes, and what did they go to studying German for, if it was n't an inspiration of the highest and purest sympathy? Any other explanation is nonsense — why, they'd as soon have thought of studying American history. (*Turns her back, buries herself in her pamphlet, first memorizing aloud, until Annie enters, then to herself, rocking to and fro, and rapidly moving her lips without uttering a sound.*)

Enter Annie, absorbed in her pamphlet — does not at first see Margaret.

ANNIE. (*Memorizing: Er liess mich gestern früh rufen, und sagte mir dass er einen sehr unangenehmen Brief von Ihrem Lehrer erhalten hatte. Repeats twice aloud, then to herself, briskly moving her lips.*)

M. (*Still not seeing her sister.*) Wie geht es Ihrem Herrn Schwiegervater? Es freut mich sehr dass Ihre Frau Mutter wieder wohl ist. (*Repeats. Then mouths in silence.*)

(*Annie repeats her sentence a couple of times aloud; then looks up, working her lips, and discovers Margaret.*) Oh, you here! (*Running to her.*) O lovey-dovey, dovey-lovey, I've got the gr-reatest news! Guess, guess, guess! You'll never guess in a hundred thousand million years — and more!

M. Oh, tell me, tell me, dearie; don't keep me in agony.

A. Well, I will. What — do — you — think? They're here!

M. Wh-a-t! Who? When? Which? Speak!

A. Will and George!

M. Annie Alexandra Victoria Stephenson, what do you mean!

A. As sure as guns!

M. (*Spasmodically unarming and kissing her.*) 'Sh! don't use such language. O darling, say it again!

A. As sure as guns!

M. I don't mean that! Tell me again, that —

A. (*Springing up and waltzing about the room.*) They're here — in this very village — to learn German — for three months! Es sollte mich sehr freuen wenn Sie —

M. (*Joining in the dance.*) Oh, it's just too lovely for anything! (*Unconsciously memorizing:*) Es wäre mir lieb wenn Sie morgen mit mir in die Kirche gehen könnten, aber ich kann selbst nicht gehen, weil ich Sonntags gewöhnlich krank bin. Juckhe!

A. (*Finishing some unconscious memorizing.*) — morgen Mittag bei mir speisen könnten. Juckhe! Sit down and I'll tell you all I've heard. (*They sit.*) They're here, and under that same odious law that fetters us — our tongues, I mean; the metaphor's faulty, but no matter. They can go out, and see people, only on condition that they hear and speak German, and German only.

M. Is n't — that — too lovely!

A. And they're coming to see us!

M. Darling! (*Kissing her.*) But are you sure?

A. Sure as guns — Gatling guns!

M. 'Sh! don't child, it's schrecklich! Darling — you are n't mistaken?

A. As sure as g — batteries!

They jump up and dance a moment — then —

M. (*With distress.*) But, Annie dear! — we can't talk German — and neither can they!

A. (*Sorrowfully.*) I did n't think of that.

M. How cruel it is! What can we do?

A. (*After a reflective pause, resolutely.*) Margaret — we've got to.

M. Got to what?

A. Speak German.

M. Why, how, child?

A. (*Contemplating her pamphlet with earnestness.*) I can tell you one thing. Just give me the blessed privilege: just hinsetzen Will Jackson here in front of me and I'll talk German to him as long as this Meisterschaft holds out to burn.

M. (*Joyously.*) Oh, what an elegant idea! You certainly have got a mind that's a mine of resources, if ever anybody had one.

A. I'll skin this Meisterschaft to the last sentence in it!

M. (*With a happy idea.*) Why, Annie, it's the greatest thing in the world. I've been all this time struggling and despairing over these few little Meisterschaft primers: but as sure

as you live, I'll have the whole fifteen by heart before this time day after to-morrow. See if I don't.

A. And so will I; and I'll trowel-in a layer of Ollendorff mush between every couple of courses of Meisterschaft bricks. Juckhe!

M. Hoch! hoch! hoch!

A. Stoss an!

M. Juckhe! Wir werden gleich gute deutsche Schülerinnen werden! Juck —

A. — he!

M. Annie, when are they coming to see us? To-night?

A. No.

M. No? Why not? When are they coming? What are they waiting for? The idea! I never heard of such a thing! What do you —

A. (*Breaking in.*) Wait, wait, wait! give a body a chance. They have their reasons.

M. Reasons? — what reasons?

A. Well, now, when you stop and think, they're royal good ones. They've got to talk German when they come, have n't they? Of course. Well, they don't *know* any German but Wie befinden Sie sich, and Haben Sie gut geschlafen, and Vater unser, and Ich trinke lieber Bier als Wasser, and a few little parlor things like that; but when it comes to *talking*, why, they don't know a hundred and fifty German words, put them all together.

M. Oh, I see!

A. So they're going neither to eat, sleep, smoke, nor speak the truth till they've crammed home the whole fifteen Meisterschafts auswendig!

M. Noble hearts!

A. They've given themselves till day after to-morrow, half-past 7 P. M., and then they'll arrive here, loaded.

M. Oh, how lovely, how gorgeous, how beautiful! Some think this world is made of mud; I think it's made of rainbows. (*Memorizing.*) Wenn irgend möglich, so möchte ich noch heute Vormittag dort ankommen, da es mir sehr daran gelegen ist,—Annie, I can learn it just like nothing!

A. So can I. Meisterschaft's mere fun — I don't see how it ever could have seemed difficult. Come! We can be disturbed here: let's give orders that we don't want anything to eat for two days; and are absent to friends, dead to strangers, and not at home even to nought-peddlers —

M. Schön! and we'll lock ourselves into our rooms, and at the end of two days, whosoever may ask us a Meisterschaft question shall get a Meisterschaft answer — and hot from the bat!

BOTH. (*Reciting in unison.*) Ich habe einen Hut für meinen Sohn, ein Paar Handschuhe für

meinen Bruder, und einen Kamm für mich selbst gekauft.

(Exit.)

Enter MRS. BLUMENTHAL, the Wirthin.

WIRTHIN. (*Solus.*) Ach, die armen Mädchen, sie hassen die deutsche Sprache, drum ist es ganz und gar unmöglich dass sie sie je lernen können. Es bricht mir ja mein Herz ihre Kummer über die Studien anzusehen . . . Warum haben sie den Entschluss gefasst in ihren Zimmern ein Paar Tage zu bleiben? . . . Ja—gewiss—dass versteht sich: sie sind entmuthigt — arme Kinder!

(*A knock at the door.*) Herein!

Enter Gretchen with card.

G. Er ist schon wieder da, und sagt dass er nur Sie sehen will. (*Hands the card.*) Auch—

WIRTHIN. Gott im Himmel — der Vater der Mädchen! (*Puts the card in her pocket.*) Er wünscht die Töchter nicht zu treffen? Ganz recht; also, Du schweigst.

G. Zu Befehl.

WIRTHIN. Lass ihn hereinkommen.

G. Ja, Frau Wirthin!

Exit Gretchen.

WIRTHIN. (*Solus.*) Ah—jetzt muss ich ihm die Wahrheit offenbaren.

Enter Mr. Stephenson.

STEPHENSON. Good morning, Mrs. Blumenthal — keep your seat, keep your seat, please. I'm only here for a moment — merely to get your report, you know. (*Seating himself.*) Don't want to see the girls — poor things, they'd want to go home with me. I'm afraid I could n't have the heart to say no. How's the German getting along?

WIRTHIN. N-not very well; I was afraid you would ask me that. You see, they hate it, they don't take the least interest in it, and there is n't anything to incite them to an interest, you see. And so they can't talk at all.

S. M-m. That's bad. I had an idea that they'd get lonesome, and have to seek society; and then, of course, my plan would work, considering the cast-iron conditions of it.

WIRTHIN. But it has n't so far. I've thrown nice company in their way — I've done my very best, in every way I could think of — but it's no use; they won't go out, and they won't receive anybody. And a body can't blame them; they'd be tongue-tied — could n't do anything with a German conversation. Now when I started to learn German — such poor German as I know — the case was very different: my intended was a German. I was to live among Germans the rest of my life; and so I *had* to learn. Why, bless my heart! I nearly *lost* the man the first time he asked me

— I thought he was talking about the measles. They were very prevalent at the time. Told him I did n't want any in mine. But I found out the mistake, and I was fixed for him next time. . . Oh, yes, Mr. Stephenson, a sweet-heart's a prime incentive!

S. (*Aside.*) Good soul! she does n't suspect that my plan is a double scheme — includes a speaking knowledge of German, which I am bound they shall have, and the keeping them away from those two young fellows — though if I had known that those boys were going off for a year's foreign travel, I — however, the girls would never learn that language at home; they're here, and I won't relent — they've got to stick the three months out. (*Aloud.*) So they are making poor progress? Now tell me — will they learn it — after a sort of fashion, I mean — in the three months?

WIRTHIN. Well, now, I'll tell you the only chance I see. Do what I will, they won't answer my German with anything but English; if that goes on, they'll stand stock still. Now I'm willing to do this: I'll straighten everything up, get matters in smooth running order, and day after to-morrow I'll go to bed sick, and stay sick three weeks.

S. Good! You are an angel! I see your idea. The servant girl —

WIRTHIN. That's it; that's my project. She does n't know a word of English. And Gretchen's a real good soul, and can talk the slates off a roof. Her tongue's just a flutter-mill. I'll keep my room, — just ailing a little, — and they'll never see my face except when they pay their little duty-visits to me, and then I'll say English disorders my mind. They'll be shut up with Gretchen's wind-mill, and she'll just grind them to powder. Oh, they'll get a start in the language — sort of a one, sure 's you live. You come back in three weeks.

S. Bless you, my Retterin! I'll be here to the day! Get ye to your sick-room — you shall have treble pay. (*Looking at watch.*) Good! I can just catch my train. Leben Sie wohl! (*Exit.*)

WIRTHIN. Leben Sie wohl! mein Herr!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Time, a couple of days later.
(The girls discovered with their work and primers.)

ANNIE. Was fehlt der Wirthin?

MARGARET. Dass weiss ich nicht. Sie ist schon vor zwei Tagen ins Bett gegangen —

A. My! how fließend you speak!

M. Danke schön — und sagte dass sie nicht wohl sei.

A. Good! Oh, no, I don't mean that! No — only lucky for us — glücklich, you know I

mean because it 'll be so much nicer to have them all to ourselves.

M. Oh, natürlich! Ja! Dass ziehe ich durchaus vor. Do you believe your Meisterschaft will stay with you, Annie?

A. Well, I know it *is* with me — every last sentence of it; and a couple of hods of Ollendorff, too, for emergencies. May be they'll refuse to deliver, — right off — at first, you know — der Verlegenheit wegen — aber ich will sie später herausholen — when I get my hand in — und vergisst Du dass nicht!

M. Sei nicht grob, Liebste. What shall we talk about first — when they come?

A. We'll — let me see. There's shopping — and — all that about the trains, you know, — and going to church — and — buying tickets to London, and Berlin, and all around — and all that subjunctive stuff about the battle in Afghanistan, and where the American was said to be born, and so on — and — and ah — oh, there's so many things — I don't think a body can choose beforehand, because you know the circumstances and the atmosphere always have so much to do in directing a conversation, especially a German conversation, which is only a kind of an insurrection, any way. I believe it's best to just depend on Prov — (*Glancing at watch, and gasping*) — half past — seven!

M. Oh, dear, I'm all of a tremble! Let's get something ready, Annie!

(*Both fall nervously to reciting*): Entschuldigen Sie, mein Herr, können Sie mir vielleicht sagen wie ich nach dem norddeutschen Bahnhof gehe? (*They repeat it several times, losing their grip and mixing it all up.*)

(A knock.)

BOTH. Herein! Oh, dear! O der heilige —

Enter Gretchen.

GRETCHEN. (*Ruffled and indignant.*) Entschuldigen Sie, meine gnädigsten Fräulein, es sind zwei junge rasende Herren draussen, die herein wollen, aber ich habe ihnen geschworen dass — (*Handing the cards.*)

M. Du liebe Zeit, they're here! And of course down goes my back hair! Stay and receive them, dear, while I — (*Leaving.*)

A. I — alone? I won't! I'll go with you! (*To G.*) Lass en Sie die Herren näher treten; und sagen Sie ihnen dass wir gleich zurückkommen werden. (*Exit.*)

GR. (*Solus.*) Was! Sie freuen sich darüber? Und ich sollte wirklich diese Blödsinnigen, dies grobe Rindvieh hereinlassen? In den hilflosen Umständen meiner gnädigen jungen Damen? — Unsinn! (*Pause — thinking.*) Wohlan! Ich werde sie mal beschützen! Sollte man nicht glauben, dass sie einen Sparren zu

viel hätten? (*Tapping her skull significantly.*) Was sie mir doch Alles gesagt haben! Der Eine: Guten Morgen! wie geht es Ihrem Herrn Schwiegervater? Du liebe Zeit! Wie sollte ich einen Schwiegervater haben können! Und der Andere: "Es thut mir sehr leid dass Ihrer Herr Vater meinen Bruder nicht gesehen hat, als er doch gestern in dem Laden des deutschen Kaufmannes war!" Potztausendhimmelsdonnerwetter! Oh, ich war ganz rasend! Wie ich aber rief: "Meine Herren, ich kenne Sie nicht, und Sie kennen meinen Vater nicht, wissen Sie, denn er ist schon lange durchgebrannt, und geht nicht beim Tage in einen Laden hinein, wissen Sie,—und ich habe keinen Schwiegervater, Gott sei Dank, werde auch nie einen kriegen, werde ueberhaupt, wissen Sie, ein solches Ding nie haben, nie dulden, nie ausstehen: warum greifen Sie ein Mädchen an, das nur Unschuld kennt, das Ihnen nie Etwas zu Leide gethan hat?" dann haben sie sich beide die Finger in die Ohren gesteckt und gebetet: "Allmächtiger Gott! Erbarme Dich unser!" (*Pauses.*) Nun, ich werde schon diesen Schurken Einlass gönnen, aber ich werde ein Auge mit ihnen haben, damit sie sich nicht wie reine Teufel geberden sollen. (*Exit, grumbling and shaking her head.*)

Enter William and George.

W. My land, what a girl! and what an incredible gift of gabble!—kind of patent climate-proof compensation-balance self-acting automatic Meisterschaft—touch her button, and br-r-r! away she goes!

GEO. Never heard anything like it; tongue journaled on ball-bearings! I wonder what she said; seemed to be swearing, mainly.

W. (*After mumbling Meisterschaft awhile.*) Look here, George, this is awful—come to think—this project: *we* can't talk this frantic language.

GEO. I know it, Will, and it *is* awful; but I can't live without seeing Margaret—I've endured it as long as I can. I should die if I tried to hold out longer—and even German is preferable to death.

W. (*Hesitatingly.*) Well, I don't know; it's a matter of opinion.

GEO. (*Irritably.*) It is n't a matter of opinion either. German is preferable to death.

W. (*Reflectively.*) Well, I don't know—the problem is so sudden—but I think you may be right: some kinds of death. It is more than likely that a slow, lingering—well, now, there in Canada in the early times a couple of centuries ago, the Indians would take a missionary and skin him, and get some hot ashes and boiling water and one thing and another, and by and by, that missionary—well, yes, I can see that, by and by, talk-

ing German could be a pleasant change for him.

GEO. Why, of course. Das versteht sich; but *you* have to always think a thing out, or you're not satisfied. But let's not go to bothering about thinking out this present business; we're here, we're in for it; you are as moribund to see Annie as I am to see Margaret; you know the terms: we've got to speak German. Now stop your mooning and get at your Meisterschaft; we've got nothing else in the world.

W. Do you think that 'I'll see us through?

GEO. Why it's *got* to. Suppose we wandered out of it and took a chance at the language on our own responsibility, where the nation would we be? Up a stump, that's where. Our only safety is in sticking like wax to the text.

W. But what can we talk about?

GEO. Why, anything that Meisterschaft talks about. It ain't our affair.

W. I know; but Meisterschaft talks about everything.

GEO. And yet don't talk about anything long enough for it to get embarrassing. Meisterschaft is just splendid for general conversation.

W. Yes, that's so; but it's so *blamed* general! Won't it sound foolish?

GEO. Foolish? Why, of course; all German sounds foolish.

W. Well, that is true; I did n't think of that.

GEO. Now, don't fool around any more. Load up; load up; get ready. Fix up some sentences; you'll need them in two minutes now.

(*They walk up and down, moving their lips in dumb-show memorizing.*)

W. Look here—when we've said all that's in the book on a topic, and want to change the subject, how can we say so?—how would a German say it?

GEO. Well, I don't know. But you know when they mean "Change cars," they say *Umsteigen*. Don't you reckon that will answer?

W. Tip-top! It's short and goes right to the point; and it's got a business whang to it that's almost American. *Umsteigen*!—change subject!—why, it's the very thing.

GR. All right, then, *you umsteigen*—for I hear them coming.

Enter the girls.

A. TO W. (*With solemnity.*) Guten morgen, mein Herr, es freut mich sehr, Sie zu sehen.

W. Guten morgen, mein Fräulein, es freut mich sehr Sie zu sehen.

(*Margaret and George repeat the same sentences. Then, after an embarrassing silence, Margaret refers to her book and says:)*

M. Bitte, meine Herren, setzen Sie sich.

THE GENTLEMEN. Danke schön. (*The four seat themselves in couples, the width of the stage apart, and the two conversations begin. The talk is not flowing—at any rate at first; there are painful silences all along. Each couple worry out a remark and a reply: there is a pause of silent thinking, and then the other couple deliver themselves.*)

W. Haben Sie meinen Vater in dem Laden meines Bruders nicht gesehen?

A. Nein, mein Herr, ich habe Ihren Herrn Vater in dem Laden Ihres Herrn Bruders nicht gesehen.

GEO. Waren Sie gestern Abend im Konzert, oder im Theater?

M. Nein, ich war gestern Abend nicht im Konzert, noch im Theater, ich war gestern Abend zu Hause.

General break-down—long pause.

W. Ich störe doch nicht etwa?

A. Sie stören mich durchaus nicht.

GEO. Bitte, lassen Sie sich nicht von mir stören.

M. Aber ich bitte Sie, Sie stören mich durchaus nicht.

W. (*To both girls.*) Wenn wir Sie stören so gehen wir gleich wieder.

A. O, nein! Gewiss, nein!

M. Im Gegentheil, es freut uns sehr, Sie zu sehen—alle Beide.

W. Schön!

GEO. Gott sei Dank!

M. (*Aside.*) It's just lovely!

A. (*Aside.*) It's like a poem.

Pause.

W. Umsteigen!

M. Um—welches?

W. Umsteigen.

GEO. Auf English, change cars—oder subject.

BOTH GIRLS. Wie schön!

W. Wir haben uns die Freiheit genommen, bei Ihnen vorzusprechen.

A. Sie sind sehr gütig.

GEO. Wir wollten uns erkundigen, wie Sie sich befinden.

M. Ich bin Ihnen sehr verbunden—meine Schwester auch.

W. Meine Frau lasst sich Ihnen bestens empfehlen.

A. Ihre Frau?

W. (*Examining his book.*) Vielleicht habe ich mich geirrt. (*Shows the place.*) Nein, gerade so sagt das Buch.

A. (*Satisfied.*) Ganz recht. Aber—

W. Bitte empfehlen Sie mich Ihrem Herrn Bruder.

A. Ah, dass ist viel besser—viel besser.

(*Aside.*) Wenigstens es wäre viel besser wenn ich einen Bruder hätte.

GEO. Wie ist es Ihnen gegangen, seitdem ich das Vergnügen hatte, Sie anderswo zu sehen?

M. Danke bestens, ich befinde mich gewöhnlich ziemlich wohl.

Gretchen slips in with a gun, and listens.

GEO. (*Still to Margaret.*) Befindet sich Ihre Frau Gemahlin wohl?

GR. (*Raising hands and eyes.*) Frau Gemahlin—heiliger Gott! (*Is like to betray herself with her smothered laughter, and glides out.*)

M. Danke sehr, meine Frau ist ganz wohl.

Pause.

W. Dürfen wir vielleicht—umsteigen?

THE OTHERS. Gut!

GEO. (*Aside.*) I feel better, now. I'm beginning to catch on. (*Aloud.*) Ich möchte gern morgen früh einige Einkäufe machen und würde Ihnen sehr verbunden sein, wenn Sie mir den Gefallen thäten, mir die Namen der besten hiesigen Firmen aufzuschreiben.

M. (*Aside.*) How sweet!

W. (*Aside.*) Hang it, I was going to say that! That's one of the noblest things in the book.

A. Ich möchte Ihnen gern begleiten, aber es ist mir wirklich heute Morgen ganz unmöglich auszugehen. (*Aside.*) It's getting as easy as 9 times 7 is 46.

M. Sagen Sie dem Brieffäger, wenn's gefällig ist, er möchte Ihnen den eingeschriebenen Brief geben lassen.

W. Ich würde Ihnen sehr verbunden sein, wenn Sie diese Schachtel für mich nach der Post tragen würden, da mir sehr daran liegt einen meiner Geschäftsfreunde in dem Laden des deutschen Kaufmanns heute Abend treffen zu können. (*Aside.*) All down but nine; set 'm up on the other alley!

A. Aber Herr Jackson! Sie haben die Sätze gemischt. Es ist unbegreiflich wie Sie das haben thun können. Zwischen Ihrem ersten Theil und Ihrem letzten Theil haben Sie ganze fünfzig Seiten übergeschlagen! Jetzt bin ich ganz verloren. Wie kann man reden, wenn man seinen Platz durchaus nicht wieder finden kann?

W. Oh, bitte, verzeihen Sie; ich habe dass wirklich nicht beabsichtigt.

A. (*Mollified.*) Sehr wohl, lassen Sie gut sein. Aber thun Sie es nicht wieder. Sie müssen ja doch einräumen, dass solche Dinge unerträgliche Verwirrung mit sich führen.

(*Gretchen slips in again with her gun.*)

W. Unzweifelhaft haben Sie Recht, meine holdselige Landsmännin. . . . Umsteigen!

(As George gets fairly into the following, Gretchen draws a bead on him, and lets drive at the close, but the gun snaps.)

GEO. Glauben Sie dass ich ein hübsches Wohnzimmer für mich selbst und ein kleines Schlafzimmer für meinen Sohn in diesem Hotel für fünfzehn Mark die Woche bekommen kann, oder würden Sie mir rathen, in einer Privatwohnung Logis zu nehmen? (*Aside.*) That's a daisy!

GR. (*Aside.*) Schade! (*She draws her charge and reloads.*)

M. Glauben Sie nicht Sie werden besser thun bei diesem Wetter zu Hause zu bleiben?

A. Freilich glaube ich, Herr Franklin, Sie werden sich erkälten, wenn Sie bei diesem unbeständigen Wetter ohne Ueberrock ausgehen.

GR. (*Relieved—aside.*) So? Man redet von Ausgehen. Das klingt schon besser. (*Sits.*)

W. (*To A.*) Wie theuer haben Sie das gekauft? (*Indicating a part of her dress.*)

A. Das hat achtzehn Mark gekostet.

W. Das ist sehr theuer.

GEO. Ja, obgleich dieser Stoff wunderschön ist und das Muster sehr geschmackvoll und auch das Vorzüglichste dass es in dieser Art gibt, so ist es doch furchtbar theuer für einen solchen Artikel.

M. (*Aside.*) How sweet is this communion of soul with soul!

A. Im Gegentheil, mein Herr, das ist sehr billig. Sehen Sie sich nur die Qualität an.

(*They all examine it.*)

GEO. Möglicherweise ist es das allerneueste dass man in diesem Stoff hat; aber das Muster gefällt mir nicht.

(Pause.)

W. Umsteigen!

A. Welchen Hund haben Sie? Haben Sie den hübschen Hund des Kaufmanns, oder den hässlichen Hund der Urgrossmutter des Lehrlings des bogenbeinigen Zimmermanns?

W. (*Aside.*) Oh, come, she's ringing in a cold deck on us: that's Ollendorff.

GEO. Ich habe nicht den Hund des — des — (*Aside.*) Stuck! That's no Meisterschaft; they don't play fair. (*Aloud.*) Ich habe nicht den Hund des — des — In unserem Buche leider, gibt es keinen Hund; daher, ob ich auch gern von solchen Thieren sprechen möchte, ist es mir doch unmöglich, weil ich nicht vorbereitet bin. Entschuldigen Sie, meine Damen.

GR. (*Aside.*) Beim Teufel, sie sind alle blödsinnig geworden. In meinem Leben habe ich nie ein so närrisches, verfluchtes, verdammtes Gespräch gehört!

W. Bitte, umsteigen.

(Run the following rapidly through.)

M. (*Aside.*) Oh, I've flushed an easy batch! (*Aloud.*) Würden Sie mir erlauben meine Reisetasche hier hinstellen?

GR. (*Aside.*) Wo ist seine Reisetasche? Ich sehe keine.

W. Bitte sehr.

GEO. Ist meine Reisetasche Ihnen im Wege?

GR. (*Aside.*) Und wo ist seine Reisetasche?

A. Erlauben Sie mir Sie von meiner Reisetasche zu befreien.

GR. (*Aside.*) Du Esel!

W. Ganz und gar nicht. (*To Geo.*) Es ist sehr schwül in diesem Coupé.

GR. (*Aside.*) Coupé.

GEO. Sie haben Recht. Erlauben Sie mir, gefälligst, das Fenster zu öffnen. Ein wenig Luft würde uns gut thun.

M. Wir fahren sehr rasch.

A. Haben Sie den Namen jener Station gehört?

W. Wie lange halten wir auf dieser Station an?

GEO. Ich reise nach Dresden, Schaffner. Wo muss ich umsteigen?

A. Sie steigen nicht um, Sie bleiben sitzen.

GR. (*Aside.*) Sie sind ja alle ganz und gar verrückt! Man denke sich sie glauben dass sie auf der Eisenbahn reisen.

GEO. (*Aside, to William.*) Now brace up; pull all your confidence together, my boy, and we'll try that lovely good-bye business a flutter. I think it's about the gaudiest thing in the book, if you boom it right along and don't get left on a base. It'll impress the girls. (*Aloud.*) Lassen Sie uns gehen: es ist schon sehr spät, und ich muss morgen ganz früh aufstehen.

GR. (*Aside—grateful.*) Gott sei Dank dass sie endlich gehen. (*Sets her gun aside.*)

W. (*To Geo.*) Ich danke Ihnen höflichst für die Ehre die sie mir erweisen, aber ich kann nicht länger bleiben.

GEO. (*To W.*) Entschuldigen Sie mich gütigst, aber ich kann wirklich nicht länger bleiben.

Gretchen looks on stupefied.

W. (*To Geo.*) Ich habe schon eine Einladung angenommen; ich kann wirklich nicht länger bleiben.

Gretchen fingers her gun again.

GEO. (*To W.*) Ich muss gehen.

W. (*To Geo.*) Wie! Sie wollen schon wieder gehen? Sie sind ja eben erst gekommen.

M. (*Aside.*) It's just music!

A. (*Aside.*) Oh, how lovely they do it!

GEO. (*To W.*) Also denken sie doch noch nicht an's Gehen.

W. (*To Geo.*) Es thut mir unendlich leid,

aber ich muss nach Hause. Meine Frau wird sich wundern, was aus mir geworden ist.

GEO. (*To W.*) Meine Frau hat keine Ahnung wo ich bin: ich muss wirklich jetzt fort.

W. (*To Geo.*) Dann will ich Sie nicht länger aufhalten; ich bedaure sehr dass Sie uns einen so kurzen Besuch gemacht haben.

GEO. (*To W.*) Adieu — auf recht baldiges Wiedersehen.

W. UMSTEIGEN!

Great hand-clapping from the girls.

M. (*Aside.*) Oh, how perfect! how elegant!

A. (*Aside.*) Perfectly enchanting!

JOYOUS CHORUS. (*All.*) Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt, wir haben gehabt, ihr habet gehabt, sie haben gehabt.

Gretchen faints, and tumbles from her chair, and the gun goes off with a crash. Each girl, frightened, seizes the protecting hand of her sweetheart. Gretchen scrambles up. Tableau.

W. (*Takes out some money—beckons Gretchen to him. George adds money to the pile.*) Hübsches Mädchen (*giving her some of the coins*), hast Du etwas gesehen?

GR. (*Courtesy—aside.*) Der Engel! (*Aloud—impressively.*) Ich habe nichts gesehen.

W. (*More money.*) Hast Du etwas gehört?

GR. Ich habe nichts gehört.

W. (*More money.*) Und Morgen?

GR. Morgen—wäre es nöthig—bin ich taub und blind.

W. Unvergleichbares Mädchen! Und (*giving the rest of the money*) darnach?

GR. (*Deep courtesy—aside.*) Erzengel! (*Aloud.*) Darnach, mein gnädigster, betrachten Sie mich also taub—blind—todt!

ALL. (*In chorus—with reverent joy.*) Ich habe gehabt, du hast gehabt, er hat gehabt, wir haben gehabt, ihr habet gehabt, sie haben gehabt!

ACT III.

Three weeks later.

SCENE I.

Enter Gretchen, and puts her shawl on a chair.

Brushing around with the traditional feather-duster of the drama. Smartly dressed, for she is prosperous.

GR. Wie hätte man sich das vorstellen können! In nur drei Wochen bin ich schon reich geworden! (*Gets out of her pocket handful after handful of silver, which she piles on the table, and proceeds to re-pile and count, occasionally ringing or biting a piece to try its quality.*) Oh, dass (*with a sigh*) die Frau Wirthin nur ewig krank bliebe! . . . Diese edlen jungen Männer—sie sind ja so lebenswürdig! Und so fleissig!—und so treu! Jeden Morgen kommen sie gerade um drei Viertel auf neun; und plaudern und schwatzen, und plappern, und schnattern, die jungen

Damen auch; um Schläge zwölf nehmen sie Abschied; um Schläge eins kommen sie schon wieder, und plaudern und schwatzen und plappern und schnattern; gerade um sechs Uhr nehmen sie wiederum Abschied; um halb acht kehren sie noch'emal zurück, und plaudern und schwatzen und plappern und schnattern bis zehn Uhr, oder vielleicht ein Viertel nach, falls ihre Uhren nach gehen (und stets gehen sie nach am Ende des Besuchs, aber stets vor Beginn desselben), und zuweilen unterhalten sich die jungen Leute beim Spazierengehen; und jeden Sonntag gehen sie dreimal in die Kirche; und immer plaudern sie, und schwatzen und plappern und schnattern bis ihnen die Zähnen aus dem Munde fallen. Und ich? Durch Mangel an Uebung, ist mir die Zunge mit Moos belegt worden! Freilich ist's mir eine dumme Zeit gewesen. Aber—um Gotteswillen, was geht das mir an? Was soll ich daraus machen? Täglich sagt die Frau Wirthin "Gretchen" (*dumb-show of paying a piece of money into her hand*), "du bist eine der besten Sprach-Lehrerinnen der Welt!" Ach, Gott! Und täglich sagen die edlen jungen Männer, "Gretchen, liebes Kind" (*money-paying again in dumb-show—three coins*), "bleib' taub—blind—todt!" und so bleibe ich. . . . Jetzt wird es ungefähr neun Uhr sein; bald kommen sie vom Spaziergehen zurück. Also, es wäre gut dass ich meinem eigenen Schatz einen Besuch abstatte und spazieren gehe. (*Dons her shawl.*)

Exit. L.

Enter Wirthin. R.

WIRTHIN. That was Mr. Stephenson's train that just came in. Evidently the girls are out walking with Gretchen;—can't find them, and she does n't seem to be around. (*A ring at the door.*) That's him. I'll go see.

Exit. R.

Enter Stephenson and Wirthin. R.

S. Well, how does sickness seem to agree with you?

WIRTHIN. So well that I've never been out of my room since, till I heard your train come in.

S. Thou miracle of fidelity! Now I argue from that, that the new plan is working.

WIRTHIN. Working? Mr. Stephenson, you never saw anything like it in the whole course of your life! It's absolutely wonderful the way it works.

S. Succeeds? No—you don't mean it.

WIRTHIN. Indeed I do mean it. I tell you, Mr. Stephenson, that plan was just an inspiration—that's what it was. You could teach a cat German by it.

S. Dear me, this is noble news! Tell me about it.

WIRTHIN. Well, it's all Gretchen — ev-ery bit of it. I told you she was a jewel. And then the sagacity of that child — why, I never dreamed it was in her. Sh-she, "Never you ask the young ladies a question — never let on — just keep mum — leave the whole thing to me," sh-she.

S. Good! And she justified, did she?

WIRTHIN. Well, sir, the amount of German gabble that that child crammed into those two girls inside the next forty-eight hours — well, I was satisfied! So I've never asked a question — never *wanted* to ask any. I've just lain curled up there, happy. The little dears! they've flitted in to see me a moment, every morning and noon and supper-time; and as sure as I'm sitting here, inside of six days they were clattering German to me like a house afire!

S. Sp-lendid, splendid!

WIRTHIN. Of course it ain't grammatical — the inventor of the language can't talk grammatical; if the Dative didn't fetch him the Accusative would; but it's German all the same, and don't you forget it!

S. Go on — go on — this is delicious news —

WIRTHIN. Gretchen, she says to me at the start, "Never you mind about company for 'em," sh-she — "I'm company enough." And I says, "All right — fix it your own way, child"; and that she *was* right is shown by the fact that to this day they don't care a straw for any company but hers.

S. Dear me; why, it's admirable!

WIRTHIN. Well, I should think so! They just dote on that hussy — can't seem to get enough of her. Gretchen tells me so herself. And the care she takes of them! She tells me that every time there's a moonlight night she coaxes them out for a walk; and if a body can believe her, she actually bullies them off to church three times every Sunday!

S. Why the little dev — missionary! Really, she's a genius!

WIRTHIN. She's a bud, I tell you! Dear me, how she's brought those girls' health up! Cheeks? — just roses. Gait? — they walk on watch-springs! And happy? — by the bliss in their eyes, you'd think they're in Paradise! Ah, that Gretchen! Just you imagine *our* trying to achieve these marvels!

S. You're right — every time. Those girls — why, all they'd have wanted to know was what we wanted done — and then they would n't have *done* it — the mischievous young rascals!

WIRTHIN. Don't tell *me*? Bless you, I found that out early — when I was bossing.

S. Well, I'm im-mensely pleased. *Now* fetch them down. I'm not afraid now. They won't want to go home.

WIRTHIN. Home! I don't believe you could

drag them away from Gretchen with nine span of horses. But if you want to see them, put on your hat and come along; they're out somewhere tramping around with Gretchen. (*Going.*)

S. I'm with you — lead on.

WIRTHIN. We'll go out the side door. It's toward the Anlage.

Exit both. L.

Enter George and Margaret. R.

Her head lies upon his shoulder, his arm is about her waist; they are steeped in sentiment.

M. (*Turning a fond face up at him.*) Du Engel!

G. Liebste! (*Kiss.*)

M. Oh, das Liedchen dass Du mir gewidmet hast — es ist so schön, so wunderschön. Wie hätte ich je geahnt dass Du ein Poët wärest!

G. Mein Schätzchen! — es ist mir lieb wenn Dir die Kleinigkeit gefällt.

M. Ah, es ist mit der zärtlichsten Musik gefüllt — klingt ja so süß und selig — wie das Flüstern des Sommerwindes die Abenddämmerung hindurch. Wieder, — Theuerste! — sag' es wieder.

G. Du bist wie eine Blume! —

So schön und hold und rein —

Ich schau Dich an, und Wehmuth

Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist als ob ich die Hände

Aufs Haupt Dir legen sollt,

Betet dass Gott Dich erhalte,

So rein und schön und hold.

M. A-ch! (*Dumb-show sentimentalisms.*) Georgie —

G. Kindchen!

M. Warum kommen sie nicht?

G. Dass weiss ich gar nicht. Sie waren —

M. Es wird spät. Wir müssen sie antreiben. Komm!

G. Ich glaube sie werden recht bald ankommen, aber —

Exit both. L.

Enter Gretchen, R., in a state of mind. Slumps into a chair limp with despair.

Gr. Ach! was wird jetzt aus mir werden! Zufällig habe ich in der Ferne den verdammten Papa gesehen! — und die Frau Wirthin auch! Oh, diese Erscheinung, — die hat mir beinahe das Leben genommen. Sie suchen die jungen Damen — dass weiss ich wenn sie diese und die jungen Herren zusammen fänden — du heiliger Gott! Wenn das geschieht, wären wir Alle ganz und gar verloren! Ich muss sie gleich finden, und ihr eine Warnung geben!

Exit. L.

Enter Annie and Will. R.

Posed like the former couple, and sentimental.

A. Ich liebe sich schon so sehr — Deiner edlen Natur wegen. Dass du dazu auch ein

Dichter bist! — ach, mein Leben ist uebermässig reich geworden! Wer hätte sich doch einbilden können dass ich einen Mann zu einem so wunderschönen Gedicht hätte begeistern können!

W. Liebste! Es ist nur eine Kleinigkeit.

A. Nein, nein, es ist ein echtes Wunder! Sage es noch einmal — ich flehe Dich an.

W. Du bist wie eine Blume! —
So schön und hold und rein —
Ich schau Dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt Dir legen sollt,
Betend dass Gott Dich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

A. Ach, es ist himmlisch — einfach himmlisch! (*Kiss.*) Schreibt auch George Gedichte?

W. Oh, ja — zuweilen.

A. Wie schön!

W. (*Aside.*) Smouches 'em, same as I do. It was a noble good idea to play that little thing on her. George would n't ever think of that — somehow he never had any invention.

A. (*Arranging chairs.*) Jetzt will ich bei Dir sitzen bleiben, und Du —

W. (*They sit.*) Ja, — und ich —

A. Du wirst mir die alte Geschichte die immer neu bleibt, noch wieder erzählen.

W. Zum Beispiel, dass ich Dich liebe!

A. Wieder!

W. Ich — sie kommen!

Enter George and Margaret.

A. Das macht nichts. Fortan!

(*George unties M.'s bonnet. She re-ties his cravat — interspersings of love-pats; etc., and dumb-show of love-quarrelings.*)

W. Ich liebe Dich.

A. Ach! Noch einmal!

W. Ich habe Dich von Herzen lieb.

A. Ach! Abermals!

W. Bist Du denn noch nicht satt?

A. Nein! (*The other couple sit down, and Margaret begins a re-tying of the cravat. Enter the Wirthin and Stephenson, he imposing silence with a sign.*) Mich hungert sehr, ich verhungre!

W. Oh, Du armes Kind! (*Lays her head on his shoulder. Dumb-show between Stephenson and Wirthin.*) Und hungert es nicht mich? Du hast mir nicht einmal gesagt —

A. Dass ich Dich liebe? Mein Eigener! (*Frau Wirthin threatens to faint — is supported by Stephenson.*) Höre mich nur an: Ich liebe Dich, ich liebe Dich —

Enter Gretchen.

GR. (*Tears her hair.*) Oh, dass ich in der Hölle wäre!

M. Ich liebe Dich, ich liebe Dich! Ah, ich

bin so glücklich dass ich nicht schlafen kann, nicht lesen kann, nicht reden kann, nicht —

A. Und ich! Ich bin auch so glücklich dass ich nicht speisen kann, nicht studieren, arbeiten, denken, schreiben —

STEPHENSON. (*To Wirthin — aside.*) Oh, there is n't any mistake about it — Gretchen's just a rattling teacher!

WIRTHIN. (*To Stephenson — aside.*) I'll skin her alive when I get my hands on her!

M. Komm, alle Verliebte! (*They jump up, join hands, and sing in chorus*) —

Du, Du, wie ich Dich liebe,
Du, Du, liebst auch mich!
Die, die zärtlichsten Triebe —

S. (*Stepping forward.*) Well!

The girls throw themselves upon his neck with enthusiasm.

THE GIRLS. Why, father!

S. My darlings!

The young men hesitate a moment, then they add their embrace, flinging themselves on Stephenson's neck, along with the girls.

THE YOUNG MEN. Why, father!

S. (*Struggling.*) Oh come, this is too thin! — too quick, I mean. Let go, you rascals!

GEO. We'll never let go till you put us on the family list.

M. Right! hold to him!

A. Cling to him, Will!

Gretchen rushes in and joins the general embrace, but is snatched away by the Wirthin, crushed up against the wall and threatened with destruction.

S. (*Suffocating.*) All right, all right — have it your own way, you quartette of swindlers! W. He's a darling! 'Three cheers for papa!

EVERYBODY. (*Except Stephenson, who bows with hand on heart.*) Hip — hip — hip; hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

GR. Der Tiger — ah-h-h!

WIRTHIN. Sei ruhig, you hussy!

S. Well, I've lost a couple of precious daughters, but I've gained a couple of precious scamps to fill up the gap with; so it's all right. I'm satisfied, and everybody's forgiven — (*With mock threats at Gretchen.*)

W. Oh, wir werden für Dich sorgen — du herrliches Gretchen!

GR. Danke schön!

M. (*To Wirthin.*) Und für Sie auch; denn wenn Sie nicht so freundlich gewesen wären, krank zu werden, wie wären wir je so glücklich geworden wie jetzt?

WIRTHIN. Well, dear, I was kind, but I did n't mean it. But I ain't sorry — not one bit — that I ain't.

Tableau.

S. Come now, the situation is full of hope,

and grace, and tender sentiment. If I had in the least the poetic gift, I know I could improvise under such an inspiration (*each girl nudges her sweetheart*) something worthy to — to — is there no poet among us?

Each youth turns solemnly his back upon the other and raises his hands in benediction over his sweetheart's bowed head.

Both youths at once.

Mir ist als ob ich die Hände

Aufs Haupt Dir legen sollt —

They turn and look reproachfully at each other — the girls contemplate them with injured surprise.

S. (*Reflectively.*) I think I've heard that before somewhere.

WIRTHIN. (*Aside.*) Why the very cats in Germany know it!

Curtain.

Mark Twain.



THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

ACROSS the mead, with giant stride,
My shadow lengthens as I go;
The cheery winds of even-tide,
The winds of Eld, begin to blow.

They blow the crimson from the pane;
In ruder gusts, with stronger will,
The sunset from the golden vane
At last they blow, and then are still.

And lo! in twilight's tender mist,
Becalmed above the western bar,
The star that times the lover's tryst! —
The star of eve — the lustrous star!

O pleasant homes and haunts of men,
By which my random journey lies! —
The brooklet babbling down the glen!
The hamlet on the leafy rise!

As one who leans apart from strife,
Towards the peace he longs to know,
I pause to hear the wheels of life
In lane and by-way grinding low.

The shepherd sends his restful call;
Again the windows glimmer red,
From where in cot, or manse, or hall,
The hearth is heaped, the board is spread.

Across the grateful sense is borne
The musky odors of the vine —
The balm of meadows newly shorn,
And clover-laden breath of kine.

I see the tower, cut in jet,
And bordered by the jetty wold,
Upon its ancient hill-top set,
The guardian of farm and fold:

And doors are swung with sudden gleam,
Where laughing children hold carouse;
The shrill cicada by the stream
Is wakeful in the orchard boughs:

While sweetly, coyly, as the bird
That mocks her from the distant vale,
Sings the fair mistress of the herd,
Unseen, above her foaming pail.

She sings: across the world afar,
Now grave, now gay, her carol rings;
Her eyes are fixed upon the star
That trembles o'er her while she sings.

O singer, all unknown to fame,
Too soon thy voice is hush'd again!
O happy hamlet, without name
In all the tales of travel'd men!

Though homeless be the lands we leave,
Yet, whether east or west we roam,
Wherever shines the star of eve,
Beneath it burn the lights of home.

William Young.



"DE VALLEY AN' DE SHADDER."

By the Author of "The Two Runaways," "Sister Todhunter's Heart," "Elder Brown's Backslide," etc.



LOG hut with a stack chimney, at the foot of a long, low hill where the path that winds around it disappears under a great spreading black-gum; another log hut with a stack chimney, over by a belt of pine woods; and another of like build beyond, where a group of water-oaks marks a bend in the swamp; and others still, right and left in the distance, until the number runs up into the dozens,—this is Black Ankle. But not all of it. Yonder are a shed and a corn-crib, and a leaning stack of fodder, and a blue-stem collard patch, and snake fences, and vehicles that have stood in the weather until sunstruck; a forlorn mule; a cow that all her life has evidently practiced the precept, "It is better to give than to receive"; a stray hen with her little family under a gorgeous sunflower,—this is Black Ankle.

But hold! There are little negroes in single garments that reach to their knees only, and the ten-year-old girl bearing in her arms the infant. There are the clothes fluttering on the knotted lines propped up by fork saplings. There are black women, with tucked-up dresses, scrubbing over the wash-tub, and in the air the marvelously mellow plantation hymn, and on the ground the shadow of the circling hawk, and the grasshopper balancing himself in mid air, and the dipping mocking-bird on the haw-bush. Ah, now indeed is this Black Ankle!

The sun had gone down, and the shadows were creeping out of the swamp, veiling Black Ankle. All the poverty sign-boards were buried in the gloom, and where the cabins stood fiery eyes twinkled through the night. But under the great black-gum, where the spring gushed, a pine-knot fire blazed merrily, piling up the shadows and painting in wavering light the cabin front. The little porch, over which ran the morning-glory and the cypress-vine, stood forth as though projected by the brush of a mighty artist. From every direction, by every path, there came dusky figures, the simple children of the soil, filling the air with songs and laughter, and passed into the light. In a chair upon a table, his back against the black-gum, sat a little wrinkled fiddler with his battered instrument under his chin, the bow

twisting and sawing. And by his side, drumming on the strings with a straw, stood a boy, who ever and anon turned his head to laugh at some gay sally from the company gathered upon the smooth and well-trodden ground. A favorite dancer exhibited his skill until breathless, and was turning away amidst the plaudits of the crowd when a young woman forced her way in, crying:

"Git erway, niggers; lemme come!" The crowd shouted, "Lou, Lou!" "Lou'll knock de shine off er'im." "You got ter shuffl' now, Beeswing."

The teeth of the young man who beat with the straw shone whiter and broader as a short, active girl broke into the circle. Beeswing grinned.

"Come back, nigger," she cried. The crowd laughed again, and as the girl's feet began to keep time with the music, a dozen hands patted upon as many thighs, and a voice, to which the chorus replied, added words to the strains of the fiddle, the dancer adapting her steps to the hints given:

"Shuffl', littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Same as you;
Pretty littl' Lou;
My gal too;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Forwood too;

"Pretty littl' Lou;
Come 'long, Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Back step, Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Look at Lou!"

The dancer held her dress back and "walked around," turning her toes in, and the crowd laughed. But the song continued:

"Pretty littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Cross step, Lou;

"Pretty littl' Lou;
Balance too;
Pretty littl' Lou."

The girl whirled around amidst a cloud of cotton, revealing her ankles, and the leader started the laugh by chiming in, followed by the refrain, again:

"Oom oom oo;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Short dog Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Pidgin wing Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;

"See yer froo;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Turkey trot Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Shuffl', littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;"

Beeswing broke out of the circle, and the dance ended amidst the shouts of the company.

The tune changed. Old Morris, the fiddler, began a quaint march, and two by two the dancers promenaded around, the clear voices of the women leading the song:

"Turn 'er high, turn lady, Turn lor'.
Turn dat lady Cymlin; Turn 'er high, turn lady, Turn lor'.
Turn dat lady 'roun'."

The men turned their partners with one hand held overhead, and "the lady" spun until her dress swelled out like a balloon. Then she bowed and the men patted quick time, all singing, while their partners sprang to the center and danced:

"Knock candy, Candy gal;
Knock candy, Candy gal;
No harm to knock candy;
Littl' in de wais' an' pretty in de face;
No harm to knock candy;
Two ways to knock Candy gal;
No harm to knock candy."

Again came the quaint song, "Turn 'er high, turn lady"; again the slow march, and again the whirl. This time the men sprang to the center, and old Morris, sweeping his head to his knee, struck up a breakdown, to which the women sang:

"You sif' de meal, you gimme de husk;
You bake de bread, you gimme de crus;
You bile de pot, you gimme de grease;
Ole Kate, git over;
Git over, ole Kate;
Git over!"

Several verses followed, first the women dancing, then the men, ever returning to the promenade song.

Dance followed dance, jig, shuffle, song, and refrain, and the hours glided by. A tiny silver crescent was the moon, but it had long since sunk behind the hill. Old Morris nodded, but his bow kept moving. "Wake up, old man," shouted a voice as the rout went round. "Hush yo' mouf, nigger," he answered back. "Dis fiddle knows me, an' hit'u'd keep er-singin' ef I uz to go plum ter sleep"; and the livelier wave in "Sallie Gooden," which the interruption had stimulated, faded away into monotony again.

So went the night. But a gaunt specter stood unseen on the black bank piled up beyond the gum-tree. Into these old plantation dances, harmless once and picturesque, had come, with the new freedom, a new element. On the porch in the shadow, where he had rolled over unnoticed, stupid with drink, lay Ben Thomas, the host. A heavy, brawny negro, he seemed some forty years old when the stirred logs flashed a light upon him. At the far end of the little porch his young mulatto wife was tossing small coins amidst groups of men, who applauded when she won

and were silent when she lost. Suddenly the game ended, the woman empty-handed.

What stirred the sleeper? Who can tell? But stir he did, then waked, and gazed about him. The last throw of the coin attracted his attention. He felt in his pocket; then letting his feet to the ground, he staggered forward and supported his wavering form against a post.

"Mandy," he said gently, and he seemed to sober as he spoke, "did you tek my money?"

"Yes," she laughed, "I did." Her tones were careless and defiant.

"Whar hit, Mandy?"

"Whar you reck'n?"

"Whar hit, Mandy?" The man's voice was still calm. Silence had fallen on the group.

"Los'."

"Oh, w'at yer mekin' er fuss erbout er littl' money fur? Ain' er man's wife got er right ter hit ef hit's his 'n?" The speaker was a low-browed, vicious-looking negro, Mandy's late opponent. Ben did not notice him, but returned to his query:

"Who got dat money, Mandy?"

The gambler contemptuously threw three silver quarters into her lap, for she was still sitting.

"Heah, Mandy, I len' you nuff ter pay 'im. Dern er man w'at 'il 'buse es wife 'fo' folks, an' en 'er own house." The gambler looked around for indorsement, but got none. All eyes were upon the husband. He stooped forward and took the coins, placing them in his pocket.

"No man kin len' money ter my wife," he said gently, for the first time addressing the gambler; "an' hit ain' len'in' w'en money w'at 's stole comes back."

"Who stole hit? Who stole hit?" A savage look gleamed in the gambler's eye.

"Fuss she stole hit," said the husband, "an' den you stole hit; fur ter cheat er ooman es des same es stealin'."

Quick as the spring of a panther was the movement of the gambler as he threw himself upon the now sober man who had accused him. There was a brief struggle; the gambler clasped one hand over his breast and staggered. A knife dropped from his hand as he suddenly extended his arm, and with a deep sigh he sank lifeless in his tracks.

The crowd opened, letting the red firelight flood the scene. Ben stood with folded arms, gazing upon the corpse, but like a shadow falling, the woman glided from the low porch by the prostrate figure and snatched the bloody knife from the ground. For an instant she crouched, her yellow face upturned to her husband, a strange light in her eyes, and her

long black hair tumbling down upon her shoulders. She seemed about to spring at his throat. But only for an instant. The knife vanished in the folds of her dress, and she pointed straight into the black depths of the swamp.

"Run, run!" she whispered. Ben gazed about him defiantly, then turned and strode away into the shadow. None pursued. His arms dropped as he disappeared, but no eye was strong enough to follow and see the faint flash of light that trembled for an instant upon the steel in his hands, like the glimmer of a glow-worm through the texture of a dead leaf that sheltered him.

The woman still crouched by the corpse, but she saw it not. Her eyes were fixed upon the shadow that had closed over her husband. Horror and fear seemed to have frozen her. The wondering group discussed the tragedy, and constructed a rude litter for the dead. But as they bore the body off, a man approached her and asked to see the knife. She turned her yellow face to his for an instant, then bounded by him and was swallowed up in the swamp. Forward she went through brake and bramble. A great gnarled oak reached out to stop her, but in vain; and from the grasp of the bushes that clutched her she rushed madly. Suddenly the silent stretch of a great lagoon was before her. She lifted her arm and frantically hurled the knife far out into the night. No sound came back, though she held her breath until her eyes started from their sockets. But yes, at last—a far, faint splash, as when a cooter glides from his log and seeks his couch in the slime below.

"Ben!" she whispered, "Ben!" There was no answer. "Ben!" This time it was a scream. A thousand echoes darted here and there in the sounding swamp, and as they died away a strange, sad sigh was wafted out of the depths. Turning, she fled back to life, pursued by a host of terrors. How she reached it she knew not, but presently she fell prostrate upon the floor of the cabin. Crouching there in the shadow was the aged form of her husband's mother, crooning to his babe. Neither spake, and lying on her face the young woman spent the remaining hours of the night. But ever and anon she heard the splash of the knife in the waters, the echoes calling "Ben," and that strange, sad sigh of the spirit as it left the dead man's body.

II.

WEEKS passed. The little brown baby fell to the care of its grandmammy. A spell was upon Mandy. With her long hair down upon her shoulders, elbows upon her knees, and face in her hands, she sat by the hour under the great black-gum, gazing down into the shad-

owy depths of the swamp. With an intuition and refinement of kindness not uncommon to the race, the elder woman kept silent upon the events of that dreadful night. Not once did she refer to the tragedy, not once to the wild life of the young wife of which it was the culmination,—wild, for it had been the same old story of mismatched ages and foolish playing with fire. Quietly she had gone on doing the cooking and the washing, and the little brown baby, as she toiled, played with its rag doll and preached to the sleepy cat. When the baby cried for food she placed it in its mother's arms, where, as it lay, Mandy studied the round face vaguely. But no tear fell upon the child, and the old mammy wondered as she watched the two.

"Mandy ain' come 'roun' yit," she said to a neighbor once. "De Lord es 'flictin' her mighty hebbey; but she'll come bimeby, she'll come bimeby." Yet the time seemed long.

One day, as thus they sat, the Rev. Kesiah Toomer, or "Unc' 'Siah," as he was called, leaned over the split-oak picket. His aged face, full of wrinkles, and its white eyebrows, beamed down kindly upon them.

"Mornin', Aunt Charlotte," he said, touching the battered old straw hat that kept the sun from his bald head and its kinky fringe of snowy hair; "how you do des mornin'?" His was a soft, flexible voice, full of conciliatory curves.

"I'm tolerable," replied the woman simply.

"How Mandy?"

"She's tolerable." The young woman was dreaming into the depths, and heard nothing.

"How littl' Ben?"

"He's tolerable."

"How Sis Harriet?"

"She's tolerable."

"Yes 'm." Unc' 'Siah's face mellowed a little more, and he shifted his weight to the other foot.

"How you, Unc' 'Siah?"

"I'm tolerable, bless God!"

"How Phyllis?"

"She's tolerable."

"The chillun all got well?"

"Yes 'm, dey all tolerable."

"Won't yer come en an' res'?"

Unc' 'Siah replied by limping slowly into the yard. He had a leg that was stiff with rheumatism and gave him a painful-looking gait. He seated himself in the splint-bottom chair proffered him. For some time he was silent. Every now and then his eye rested upon the sleeping child and the brooding mother. Charlotte knew that he had something to say.

"You seen Ben?" she asked quietly. The old man stirred in his seat.

"Yes 'm," he said; "seen him yestiddy."

There was a slight change in the face of Mandy; no movement, but the eyes seemed to lose their far-away look and fix themselves on something nearer.

"W'at 'e say?"

"Well," replied the old man, thrusting out his stiffened limb, "he ain' say much. Hit's mighty nigh unto fo' weeks sence he uz put en jail, an' dey es gointer have es trial next Chuesday." Then presently: "You bin deir, Mandy?" Mandy turned her hunted eyes upon him.

"Yes," she whispered, after awhile; "an' he druv me 'way." Silence fell upon the little group. The old woman was studying the face of the man, turned towards the ground. The other had sunk again into hopelessness above the baby. Presently Unc' 'Siah spoke:

"He do say dat dem lyyers 'low dat deir's mighty littl' chance fur 'im 'less 'n dat knife er Bill's 'd been picked up by somebody w'at uz leanin' ter our side er de case, 'cause Bill's name uz on hit ef hit uz Bill's, an' 'u'd show fur hitsef. Plenny uv 'em seed Mandy snatch hit fum de groun', an' sum ses es how et uz Ben's an' she uz erfraid ter show hit, an' sum ses es how hit uz Bill's an' she uz er-hidin' hit 'cause she liked Bill more 'n Ben; an' so hit goes. Now, ses I, deir ain' nuth'n' en dat, an' Mandy 'll sw'ar in de court-house she flung hit en de swamp fur Ben's 'thout lookin' at hit,—des like you say, honey,—but dey 'low, does dem lyyers, es how Mandy, bein' de prisoner's wife, can't sw'ar en de case. But ef de knife uz deir, ses dey, hit 'u'd tork fur hitsef 'cause deir ain' no 'sputin' de name, an' Sam Toliver an' Bob Johnsins knowed hit bysight. You could n't fin' hit, you reck'n, Sis Mandy?" The woman shuddered. "No," she said, "I bin deir en de day, but de place es changed fum en de night; an' et night,—I can't go deir, Unc' 'Siah! I can't go deir! An' hit ain' no use ter go en de dark, an' hit en de water." Unc' 'Siah was silent a moment. Presently he added:

"Ben ses, ses he, 'Ef Marse Bob uz heah hit 'u'd be all right.' But deir ain' no chance now, fur 'e live 'way off yander sebenty odd mile an' no railroad half-way. An' heah 't is er Thu'sday 'bout sundown." Mandy turned her face to his, but his eyes looked away, and he had given himself up to reflection. Presently he said, as if addressing no one in particular:

"My ole Mis' tell me oncet, 'Siah,' ses she, des so, 'w'en de heart es sick an' lonesome, deir ain' no med'cin' like work. Ef you got ter set down an' study 'bout hit, hit's gointer eat, es dis heah sickness; but ef you es er-workin', hit gits out into suthin' else.' Lord, but she live up ter hit too; an' w'en Marse Sam uz shot et Chinck'nhominy, es dey say,

she tu'n en an' cut up cyarpets fur de sogers, an' knit socks, an' scrape lint twell bimeby hit uz all done; an' one day I seen 'er pickin' cotton in de orchud patch like er common nigger, an' I ses den, 'Ole Mis', hit's er sin an' er shame fur you ter do like dat.' An' right deir she lif' up 'er han's, dat de sun almos' shine troo, an' say, 'Gimme work ter do, 'Siah; gimme work ter do!' An' lemme tell yer right deir too I broke down. But hit kep' 'er up, an' she ain' dead yit, but as peart as anybody. Yes, sir, work es er big t'ing for hebbly eyes."

On the face of the yellow woman over her babe a thought was dawning. A new spirit shone in her eyes, and a quickening breath shook her form. As she gazed upon the old man he took a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles from his pocket and adjusted them. Then he drew out a worn Bible. The woman sank back again, but the thought in her eyes remained.

"Sis Mandy," said he, "let de Lord speak, fur deir's trouble in sto' fur you an' yourn." Charlotte rested her chin upon her hand, and her knitting, which she had drawn out, dropped to the ground. The old man began, but his progress was slow. He had to spell out many words, and explain as he read:

"*De Lord es my sheppard, I shall not want.* Bless de Lord fur dat! 'Shall not want'; you heah dat, Sis Mandy; not want fur nuth'n'. Don' care w'at hit es, you shall not want hit long, sha'n't keep on er-want'n' hit ef de Lord es yo' sheppard,—an' you es one er de flock. No, chile!

"*He makes me to lay down in green pastures, 'e leads me beside de still waters.*—yes, Lord, we know w'at dat means fur er sheep,—whar de grass es long an' green an' de water es cole, an' deir es shade all day long; dat's de place fur yo' sheep an' yo' lam's.

"*He resto'ith my soul, he leads up de paf er de righteous fur es name's sake.* Des heah dat! Hit makes no diffunce whar dat paf es er-goin'; by de big road, or ercross de corn-rows, or troo de swamp hitsef,—he's gointer lead de way; an' hit's all de same ef hit's day or night; hit's all one wid de Lord.

"*Yea, though I walk troo de valley er de shadder er death, I'll fear no devil.*—no sir-r! No devil gointer hu't you deir, fur deir's er han' en de shadder an' hit's more 'n er match fur him an' his kind; dat hit es!

"*Fur thou art wid me, thy rod an' thy staff dey comforts me.* Oh, yes, chillun, Jesus es deir by de side er de troo berlievers, ef dey only knowed hit. An' w'en dey es come out er de valley an' de shadder, w'at den?

"*Thou prepares er table fur me en de presence uv my enemies: thou a-n-o-i-n-t-e-t-h my*

head with oil, an' my cup hit runs over'—Dat'll be er happy day den! Oh, yes, oh, yes, w'en de cup es full de heart es full, an' de eyes dey runs ober, 'cause uv de fullness erway down below; yes, ma'am. W'en dat tayble es spread hit'll make anybody's eyes run over; barbecued shote, briled chicken, fat ham, biscuits, white bread, 'simmun beer, all spread right deir en de presunce er de enemy, de ole devil hisse'f fairly bustin' wid hunger an' spite, but pow'less, pow'less 'cause de sheppud es deir ter guard de lam's.

"An' w'en hit's all done w'at ses de prophet? W'en de hard heart done lay down hits load an' de feet been en de valley an' de shadder, an' by de waters an' 'cross de pastures er-fearin' nuth'n', w'at den?"

"*Sholy!*' ses he, '*sholy!*'—oh, hit's er great word is dat sholy,—"*sholy goodness an' mussy shall foller me all de days er my life, an I'll dwell den en de house er de Lord.*" Bless him fur de promise!"

'Siah closed his book, and drew off his glasses, and wiped them carefully upon the lining of his coat. But the young woman stood up with the new thought fairly speaking in her round brown eyes, and a new vigor trembling in her frame.

"Tek de baby, Mammy," she almost shouted, placing little Ben in the other's lap. "I'm er-goin',—don't you heah?—I'm goin' troo de valley an' de shadder an' by de waters an' 'cross de pastures twell He show me Marse Bob! I bin bline, Mammy, I bin bline, but I ain't bline now! He done op'n my eyes an' I see de way—Good-bye! Good-bye, Mammy! Good-bye, Unc' 'Siah! Keep de baby en yo' bed, Mammy, en de night, an' don't let 'im cry fur me.—En de valley an' de shadder an' by de pastures!—En yo' bed, Mammy—"

She turned away. Her voice died out as she passed beyond the live-oaks. Then, and then only, did Unc' 'Siah lift up his face from his hands and fix it skyward.

"De Lord, he has spoke at las'. Hit's all right, Sis Charlotte. De Lord's han' es er-reachin' out fur Ben. Dat es Bill's knife."

Charlotte spoke not. Bending until her head rested against the one ragged garment of the sleeping child, she rocked him in silence. The old man gazed upon her doubtfully, but presently he rose, and in silence too limped out across the field.

III.

ON went the young woman, her straight, strong limbs bearing her bravely; on into the great road, on through the village with its lazy groups sitting about in the afternoon shade, on past the jail, never stopping. She moved

as one in a trance, and the strange light shone from her eyes.

"'En de valley an' de shadder,' Ben," she shouted, "but er-fearin' nuth'n'. An' I 'm comin' back leanin' on His rod an' His staff; I'm er-comin' back." People looked at her curiously, but she stopped for none. The shadows fell; night found her upon the lonely highway. The tall pines crooned above; it seemed as though a spirit sighed from the lips of the dying man. A whippoorwill called from the depths of the forest; to her it was a voice from the past, and strange things caught at her dress as she glided by.

"'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she whispered, "'an' leanin' on His rod an' staff.'" No moon rose to comfort her, but a mocking-bird sang as he used to sing in the haw-bush by the cabin when the baby was rolling on its back in the sand and she was sewing. On, never faltering; tired of limb, hungry and athirst, but onward still.

At dawn of day she dropped down by a friendly door in the city's suburbs, and told her story. The hospitality of the South animates the humblest dwelling, and the humbler the roof the broader the unquestioning hospitality. Her thirst quenched, her hunger appeased, she dragged her stiffening limbs into a new road, and continued her journey. The sun came forth and parched the ground, but the trees lent her shade here and there. Thirst came back, but the sparkling brook danced across her way. Hunger too came again, yet the hospitable cabin followed it,—night; and sleep, when, far in the night, she sank in a fence-corner murmuring, "'En de valley an' de shadder.'" And as she slept, nothing evil passed the sentinel that there stood guard beside her.

With the dawn the blistered feet resumed their weary way. The history of one day was the history of the next. She started on Thursday; on Monday morning she passed through the great white columns of a princely home, and told her story for the last time; and at 10 o'clock the next morning the trial of Ben Thomas for murder was to begin at Jeffersonville, in Twiggs county, seventy odd miles away.

The evening of the same day found Mandy back in the city, and with her was a gray-haired man—Marse Bob, she called him; and the people who passed him on the street touched their hats to him, and looked back as his tall form went by. A buggy was to bear him to Jeffersonville in the early morning, but for her there was work yet to be done.

"W'en you pass Black Ankle," she said to him, "I'll be deir." Before he could stop her she had gone.

Not a voice broke the stillness of the ham-



"EN DE VALLEY AN' DE SHADDER AN' BY DE PASTURES."

let as she entered among the brooding cabins, save the far barking of Bill Fowler's dog. She had heard that animals see spirits: was he barking at his master's ghost come back again? Her flesh crept, and she almost screamed as she trod unawares on the spot where the man died. There was no light in the little house, no sound: should she enter? The wail of a baby came out to her,—a feeble wail, as of one sick or starving. She laid her hand upon the latch.

"No," she moaned, "not now. Hit 's de las' chance, de las'." She passed down into the black swamp, lying there in the clouded moon like the grave itself.

VOL. XXXV.—65.

"'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she whispered, "'an' er-fearin' nuth'n'.'" As she entered there, that other night came back, and its horrors rose about her. There was the bush that clasped her knees, there the crooked tree that barred the way, and there the tangled brake.

Then the lagoon, with its wide, still stretch of water, lay at her feet.

"Ben!" she called; but the name died in her throat. She raised her head again and threw the knife with all her might,—aye, for the handle seemed in her grasp as hard and bloody as on that fatal night! Yonder it will fall, she thought, straining her eyes to where the black

night rested upon the cold, pale sheen of waters, and lo! so it seemed to fall. There came back from the carpeted gloom the same splash! She gasped, and clutched an overhanging vine.

"'En de valley an' de shadder, thy rod an' thy staff, an' er-fearin' nuth'n'," she whispered brokenly; and so, half moaning, she let herself down into the silent water. The chilly flood rose to her armpits, but she moved forward straight into the gloom. Once she stumbled, and the flood rolled over her, but straight on she passed with a precision seemingly supernatural. As she moved she felt with her bruised and torn feet in the soft ooze and in the slime; slowly and patiently, for she fancied she could tread every foot of the dark depths until the knife was found.

But there is a limit to human progress in Black Ankle Swamp; and just as the spot was reached to which she had calculated that her strength could have hurled the bloody weapon, the ground passed from under her feet. Frantically she clutched at a cypress knee to draw back, when instantly a sharp, swift pain ran along her arm. She had touched a snake, and he had struck his fangs into her clenched hand! She must not lose her hold; she did not. But her lips opened and sent up one wild, frenzied cry from that dreadful place,—*"O my God!"*

But what was that? There was no serpent in her grasp; only the long, keen blade of a knife, thrust into the tender cypress. Ignorant and superstitious, her frame trembled with terror; then the truth was upon her. The weapon she had hurled out into the night had stuck where it had struck; the splash was the plunge of a startled cooter. She drew it from its rest and rushed from the place, as when a brown deer, the hounds pressing hard, breaks through the swamp and the cane and the treacherous ooze into the clear fields beyond.

But gone now fatigue! The woman passed the cabin, with its crib and its memories, almost without knowing it, and took the road back to the city. It would have been as well to crouch there and wait for the buggy or to have sought the village, but wait she could not. The fever was upon her; she must move. So she ran cityward to meet the gray-haired rescuer. Mile after mile passed, hour after hour, and still he came not. Day broke, and the sun rose. A prescience of mortal danger was upon her, faintly at first, a terror at last; and mastering the fevered energy of her great struggle, it slew her strength and hurled her by the wayside,—to lie with her hunted eyes fixed upon the tree-arched lane overhead.

As thus she lay, an old man riding a flying gray horse rose in the shadowed light of the lane and presently burst into the full sunlight there before her. The thundering feet of the

animal were almost upon her as she staggered dizzily to her feet and thrust upward the knife. Wonder shone in the face of the rider as, divining the truth, he caught the weapon and passed swiftly from her view. A smile came over her wan face. "'En de valley an' de shadder,'" she whispered feebly, then set her feet towards home.

Tired? Yes, tired near unto death, but leaning upon a rod and a staff that mortal vision could not compass.

IV.

It was a sultry noon, and Jeffersonville was brisk. As Jeffersonville is brisk only during the court week, when the lawyers from Macon ride down to look after the warehousemen's mortgages, and the leading attorneys from the adjoining counties run over to look after the Macon lawyers and attend to the criminal docket, it may be inferred that court was in session.

About the large, white, square frame building with its green blinds and three entrances, little groups of farmers were gathered and many unhitched teams were visible. Within the one great room that takes up the whole of the first floor, and from which ascend steps to the various county offices above, were the usual court-house habitués,—jurors who hope in vain to "get off," and citizens of limited income who yet hope to "get on." In front of the door was the judge's elevated desk, with the clerk lower down, whose feet rested in a chair while his mouth twisted a tooth-pick. The midday meal had just ended, and the court had not reentered. To the right and left were the jury benches. The front half of the room was devoted to the Bar, which by courtesy included all leading citizens, and the rear to negroes and the promiscuous crowd on curiosity bent.

Apparently there was nothing exciting on hand just then, though a murder trial had been interrupted by a temporary adjournment. But the defendant was a negro, and a negro murderer is not a novelty. While the court was assembling, the curious might have noted the prisoner's points. His face, if it had any marked characteristics, was noted chiefly for its singularly inexpressive lines, and his attitude was one of supreme indifference. His stout, heavy frame was clad in a common jean suit stained with months of wear, and his kinky hair was liberally sprinkled over with gray. He sat quietly in his place, not even affecting stolidity, but suffering his eyes to roam from face to face as the genial conversation drifted about in the group around him. He was evidently not impressed by any sense of peril, though when the court had adjourned, a clear

case of murder had been proved against him, and only his statement and the argument remained.

Slowly the court assembled. The prisoner's counsel had introduced no testimony. A man had been stabbed by his client, had fallen dead, his hand clasped over the wound; and from beneath this hand, when convulsively loosened, a knife had dropped, which the defendant's wife seized and concealed. This had been proved by the state's witnesses.

The prisoner took the stand to make his statement. He declared emphatically that the deceased, knife in hand, had assaulted him and that he had killed him in self-defense; that the knife which fell from the relaxing hand was the dead man's. He told the story simply, and as he began it a tall, thick-set gentleman in a gray suit, with iron-gray hair, and walking with the aid of a stout stick, entered the room and stood silent by the door,—heard him through, losing never a word. As the prisoner resumed his seat the new-comer entered within the rail. He shook hands gravely with several of the older lawyers, and took the hand that the court extended over the desk. Then he turned and, to the astonishment of every one, shook hands with the defendant, into whose face a light had suddenly dawned, which resolved itself into a broad, silent grin. This done, the old gentleman seated himself near the defendant's lawyer, and, resting his hand upon his massive cane, listened attentively to the speech.

The speaker was not verbose. He rapidly summed up, and laid his case before the jury in its best light. Really there was not a great deal to say, and he soon reached his peroration. He pictured the blasted home of the poor negro, his wife and babe deprived of his labor, and dwelt long upon the good name he had always borne. In the midst of the most eloquent periods, wherein he referred to the prisoner "sitting before you, gentlemen of the jury, broken-hearted and borne down by the weight of this horrible tragedy," he turned and extended his hand to where his client sat. A sight met his glance that sent the flush of confusion to his face and started a ripple of laughter around the room. The "broken-hearted" was calmly munching away on an enormous ginger-cake, the liberal moon in which proved the vigor of his appetite. The eloquence of the speaker was fatally chilled. He stammered, repeated, hesitated, and was lost. After an awkward summing up, he took his hat and books and precipitately retired to a secluded part of the room. He had been appointed by the court to defend the prisoner and had made considerable preparation, even to the extent of training his client when to weep.

The solicitor arose, and with a few cold words swept away the cobwebs of the case. The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court?—the defendant's wife had picked it up.

He passed the case to the jury, and the judge prepared to deliver his charge, when the old gentleman in gray rose to his feet.

"If your Honor please," he said in a deep tone, the honesty and purpose of which drew every eye upon him, "the prisoner is entitled to the closing, and in the absence of other counsel I beg that you mark my name for the defense. With the permission of my young friend who has so cleverly stated the defense, I will speak upon the case."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defense." The silence was absolute. The jurymen moved in their seats. Something new was coming. The old gentleman laid his hat and stick upon the table, and drawing himself up to his great height fixed his bright eye upon first one and then another of the jury, looking down into their very hearts. Only this old man, grim, gray, and majestically defiant, stood between the negro behind him and the grave. The fact seemed to speak out of the silence to every man on that bench. Suddenly his lips opened, and he said with quick but quiet energy:

"The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man, a strong man; he would not have used a weapon upon him unarmed!" As he spoke he drew from his bosom a long, keen knife, and gently rested its point upon the table. The solicitor's watchful eye was upon him. The attention of all was gained, and the silence was intense. "It has been asked, Where is the dead man's knife? Let me give you my theory: When Bill Fowler staggered back under the blow of Ben Thomas, clutching his wound, and the knife fell to the ground, the lightning's flash was not quicker than the change born in a moment in the bosom of that erring woman, the unwitting cause of the tragedy. Up to that moment she had been weak and yielding; she had turned aside from the little home, that should have been her all, to gamble with strange men; to tread the dangerous paths which beset the one safe road a true woman's feet may know. It had thrown a shadow over the humble home; the husband drunk upon its porch was the mute evidence of its presence. In the awful moment of that tragedy, when the dancers stood horrified, this woman became, as by an inspiration, a wife again. Deceived herself, she caught up



"LOOK!" HE CRIED, "AND BLESS THE SIGHT, FOR THAT SCAR WAS WON BY A SLAVE."

the tell-tale knife and hurled it into the swamp, destroying the evidence of her husband's innocence when she sought to conceal one evidence of his guilt. This, I say, is a theory. You remember her cry was, 'Run!'" His listeners stirred, and a whisper went round the room.

"But there is other evidence, gentlemen of the jury. Should I be forced to ask for a new trial, it will be developed that this poor woman, repentant now, thank God! walked in three days from the scene of that tragedy to my home, seventy miles away, to ask my aid and counsel; that, eluding me in Macon, though footsore and weary and crazed with grief she returned by night to that swamp, and laboring under an excitement as intense as the first, that brought the scene before her so vividly that she was enabled to find the knife, did find it, and but that an accident to my vehicle delayed me it would have been offered here in evidence—"

"May it please your Honor," said the solicitor, "much as I dislike to interrupt the

honorable gentleman, I do not think it is proper to introduce with the argument evidence that has not been offered upon trial."

"If your Honor please,"—and the speaker turned to the prosecuting officer with quiet dignity and gentleness that disarmed him at once,—*"a decision upon such a proposition is not needed. I willingly admit what is claimed. But, sir, I offer no evidence, not even this knife, with the name of the deceased upon it, though it comes to me direct from the hand of the woman who, it has been proved, snatched almost from under his hand a weapon, when he fell to the ground. I am but arguing a theory to account for the facts that have been proved. But, gentlemen of the jury,"—and the knife fell to the table as he turned away from it,—*"not upon this theory, not upon these facts, do I base the assertion that the deceased had a knife in his hand when he made the assault,—I speak from a knowledge of men. Ben Thomas would never have stabbed an unarmed man." The General looked around

slowly and searched the court-house with his eye, as if daring contradiction. "Why do I say this?" he continued, turning to the court. "Because I know he is as brave a man as ever faced death; a faithful man; a powerful man, and conscious of his power. Such men do not use weapons upon unarmed assailants." The audience stirred in their seats. The speaker turned again to the jury. "I speak to men who reason. True reasoning with such is as strong as proof. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a simple assault. The defendant drew when he saw a glittering knife in the hand of his foe,—not from fear, because he could have fled, but to equalize the combat. He was cool and calm; you know the result.

"Why do I say he is brave? Every man on this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Most of you followed the lamented Pickett. Some perhaps were at Gettysburg." Two or three heads nodded assent. "I was there too!" A murmur of applause ran round the room,—the old man's war record was a household legend. It is even said that the court joined in. "I, and the only brother God ever gave me." The veteran bowed his head; his voice sank to a whisper. "A part of him is there yet,"—his hand shook slightly as he moved his cane farther on the desk, and rested upon the Code,—“a part of him, but not all; for, God be praised, we picked up whatever was left of him and brought it back to Georgia.

"I well remember that fight. The enemy stood brave and determined, and met our charges with a courage and grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away during those days, and at last came Pickett's charge. When that magnificent command went in, a negro man, an humble African, a captain's body-servant, stood behind it, shading his eyes with his hand, waiting. You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back. From one to another this man of black skin ran, then turned and followed in the track of the charge. On, on, he went, under my very glass, for it was my misfortune to stay behind; on through the smoke and the flame; gone one moment and in sight the next; on up to the flaming cannon themselves. Then there he

bent and lifted a form from the ground. Together they fell and rose, and this three times, until, meeting them half-way, I took the burden from the hero and myself bore it on to safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother,"—here he turned and walked rapidly to the prisoner, his hand lifted on high, his voice ringing like a trumpet,—“gashed, and bleeding, and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who came to me with him in his arms as a mother would carry a sick child, himself shot with the fragment of a shell until his great heart was almost dropping from his breast,—that man, O my friends, sits here under my hand! See, if I speak not the truth!" He tore open the prisoner's shirt and laid bare his breast, on which the silent splendor of the afternoon sun streamed. A great ragged seam marked it from left to right. "Look!" he cried, "and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the souls of freemen and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say it."

It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of "not guilty," and the solicitor, who bore a scar on his own face, smiled as he received it.

"The prisoner," said the court, rapping for order, "is discharged."

"Yes, sah," said Ben, rising and flashing a set of dazzling ivories at the judge. "I knowed hit uz all right soon es I laid eyes on Marse Bob's ole gray head."

THE evening shadows gather over Black Ankle. A young woman with a baby at her breast sits, weary of eye and limb, under the spreading gum-tree by the spring. Slowly the yellow rooster leads his followers up the rail to the shed, and the lean cow at the picket-gate lows for entrance. Suddenly out of the valley of the shadow—of death itself—a man comes and rests his hand upon the woman's head. Then the twilight deepens, and we see them no more.

H. S. Edwards.



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Union War Songs and Confederate Officers.

THE reading of Mr. Brander Matthews's "Songs of the War," in the August number of *THE CENTURY*, vividly recalls to mind an incident of my own experience which seems to me so apt an illustration of the effect of army songs upon men that I venture to send it to you, as I remember it, after twenty-two years.

A day or two after Lee's surrender in April, 1865, I left our ship at "Dutch Gap," in the James River, for a run up to Richmond, where I was joined by the ship's surgeon, the paymaster, and one of the junior officers. After "doing" Richmond pretty thoroughly we went in the evening to my rooms for dinner. Dinner being over and the events of the day recounted, the doctor, who was a fine player, opened the piano, saying: "Boys, we've got our old quartette here; let's have a sing." As the house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers, no patriotic songs were sung. Soon the lady of the house handed me this note: "Compliments of General——and Staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?" Of course we consented, and they came. As the general entered the room, I recognized instantly the face and figure of one who stood second only to Lee or Jackson, in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual interchange of civilities, we sang for them glees and college songs, until at last the general said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully, but what *we* want to hear is your army songs." Then we gave them the army songs with unction, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body," "We're Coming, Father Abraham," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," through the whole catalogue, to the "Star-spangled Banner,"—to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the "music of the Union,"—and closed our concert with "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." When the applause had subsided, a tall, fine-looking fellow in a major's uniform exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have licked you out of your boots! Who could n't have marched or fought with such songs? While we had nothing, absolutely nothing, except a bastard 'Marseillaise,' the 'Bonny Blue Flag,' and 'Dixie,' which were nothing but jigs. 'Maryland, my Maryland' was a splendid song, but the true, old 'Lauriger Horatius' was about as inspiring as the 'Dead March in Saul,' while every one of these Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit." Then turning to the general he said: "I shall never forget the first time I heard 'Rally Round the Flag.' 'T was a nasty night during the 'Seven Days' Fight,' and if I remember rightly it was raining. I was on picket, when, just before 'taps,' some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus until it seemed to me the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sung out, 'Good heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of, anyway? Here we've licked

'em six days running and now, on the eve of the seventh, they're singing "Rally Round the Flag." I am not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the 'knell of doom,' and my heart went down into my boots; and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an up-hill fight with me ever since that night."

The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the general shook hands at parting, he said to me: "Well, the time *may* come when we can *all* sing the 'Star-spangled Banner' again." I have not seen him since.

Richard Wentworth Browne.

General Edwards's Brigade at Spotsylvania.

IN the interesting article in the June *CENTURY*, entitled "Hand-to-Hand Fighting at Spotsylvania," the author, while generally accurate and graphic, unaccountably omits any reference to that brigade of the Sixth Corps which was first engaged there, which was holding the key to the position when his own (Upton's) brigade came upon the field, and which, without egotism, can claim to have fought longer and more effectively than any other brigade of the Sixth Corps engaged. This honorable claim is made for the Fourth Brigade, Second Division, commanded by Colonel Oliver Edwards, which on that day had present for duty three small regiments, the 10th and 37th Massachusetts and the 2d Rhode Island. This claim is based upon the following facts:

When the two divisions of the Sixth Corps, which had been massed the previous evening, were summoned to the support of General Hancock, whose Second Corps had penetrated the Confederate lines, General Wright, who had just assumed command of the Sixth Corps, directed that the first brigade under arms and ready to move should lead the way. Edwards's brigade was first in line and led the march of the corps. It moved to the vicinity of the Landrum House, passing the Confederate generals and some of the prisoners who had been captured by Hancock, and, reaching the edge of woods facing the scene of action, came into line of battle facing by the rear rank, and advanced toward the captured works with the 10th Massachusetts on the right, the 2d Rhode Island in the center, and the 37th Massachusetts on the left.

The situation at this time was simply this,—the force of the Second Corps' attack had of itself broken up the organization of that command; the mass of men had been withdrawn to the outer face of the Confederate works and re-formed as well as possible under the circumstances. By the time this was accomplished the Confederates were prepared to undertake the recapture of the works they had lost. Then it was that Edwards's brigade moved forward and occupied the outer face of the intrenchments, relieving some troops already there

and connecting with the Excelsior Brigade. As the command came into position, it covered the nose or apex of the angle with the Rhode Island regiment, the 10th Massachusetts extending along the right face.

The brigade was scarcely in position when the Confederates advanced to the attack, the ground being extremely favorable for their purpose. On their side of the works it was wooded, and, in addition, scarcely forty yards to the rear of the fortifications was a hollow or a ravine which formed a natural siege approach. In that ravine, almost within pistol-shot of the Union lines, they were enabled to form columns of assault entirely screened from view, and the resulting attack had the appearance of lines of battle suddenly springing from the bosom of the earth. Three times in rapid succession their columns formed and rushed upon the angle held by Edwards and his nine hundred men, and as often did the deliberate fire of the Fourth Brigade repel the attack with terrible slaughter. To the right of Edwards's position, however, the defense was not so successful; the Union troops were driven back from the intrenchments, a force of Confederates crossing the works and taking position in a piece of woods, which gave them an enfilading fire on Edwards's right, so severe and well directed that it threw his 10th Regiment into confusion. It was at this time that Upton's brigade came upon the field and, in the words of that officer himself, encountered so severe a fire that he was unable to occupy the intrenchments, but resting his left upon them, near Edwards's right, his brigade lay down and opened fire.

Thus three assaults had been repulsed by Edwards's brigade before any other troops of the Sixth Corps came upon the field. As soon as the development of the Union line to the right relieved the flank fire somewhat, the 10th Regiment was returned to its place in the works, and throughout the remainder of that memorable day the brigade held its position with a fire so deadly and well directed that no hostile lines of battle could live to cross the few yards between the works and the ravine spoken of. Once, indeed, by the use of a white flag the Confederates came near accomplishing by stratagem what they had failed to do by force of arms. This emblem of peace being displayed in front of the Fourth Brigade, an officer ranking Edwards, but himself ranked by General Eustis, who was present, unjustifiably ordered the Fourth Brigade to cease firing. Instantly the purpose of the movement was shown by the dash of the Confederate line of battle for the coveted works. Fortunately, however, Edwards and his command were on the alert, and repulsed the attack, but not until the hostile colors were for a moment planted on the works,—the only instance during the day in which anything like a line of battle was enabled to advance so far at that point.

Near night the brigade was relieved, but the 37th Regiment was almost immediately ordered back to hold the works which had been unceremoniously vacated by a regiment of the Second Corps out of ammunition. The guns of the 37th also were empty, but the brave fellows pushed their bayonets under the head log, and thus held the works until a fresh supply of ammunition could be procured, when the firing was resumed and continued until 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th.

This regiment was thus in action continually for more

than twenty hours, during which time it fired over four hundred rounds per man. At one time its guns became so foul that they could no longer be used, many of them bursting in the hands of the men. As it was impossible to relieve the line, a regiment from the Second Corps exchanged guns with the 37th, enabling the latter to continue their fire without interruption. It was in front of the right wing of this regiment and almost directly in the rear of the apex that the oak-tree, twenty-one inches in diameter, was cut down by bullets and fell within the Confederate lines.* I believe every regiment that fought anywhere in that part of the field claims to have shot down this particular tree; but in truth no single organization is entitled to all the credit. Certainly the Fourth Brigade, and especially its 37th Regiment, may claim the lion's share. Not only was this command engaged longer than any other, but all day the fire of the entire brigade was delivered under the head log, deliberately and well directed, and from the position of the troops a large portion of their fire concentrated at this point. Another fact, which would seem to settle the matter, was that the tree fell during the night, near midnight in fact, and hours after the firing had practically ceased on all parts of the line save at this vital point.

James L. Bowen.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Lost War Maps of the Confederates

IN several published articles, and in several books by Confederate generals and civilians, there have been severe criticisms (some just and some unjust) in regard to the want of suitable maps for the guidance of our commanders. General D. H. Hill in *THE CENTURY*, and General Dick Taylor and Mr. Jefferson Davis in their books, have made special mention of this want, and General Long in his recent "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" comes to the defense of that distinguished general from this implied blame, and remarks that "the want of maps should be placed where it properly belongs,—with the war-directing authority at Richmond," and he further states that "the blunders complained of were more the result of inattention to orders and want of proper energy on the part of a few subordinate commanders than any lack of knowledge of the country." These remarks of General Long are substantially true. The writer has the best of reasons from personal knowledge and observation, and from an interview with General Lee a little after daybreak on Sunday morning, June 29th, 1862, for confirming the truth of the latter remarks as to "inattention to orders and want of proper energy," in this particular campaign up to that date. The escape of McClellan's army from White Oak Swamp was undoubtedly due to these short-comings, and I am persuaded that General Long and others have proved conclusively that the same cause prevented the concentration of Lee's army at the proper time before Gettysburg and occasioned its defeat there. It is one of the many failings of humanity to shift blame from one shoulder to another, as it is also to claim the merit of success where it is not due. Any simpleton can now untie a Gordian knot, knowing how Alexander did it.

* Several trees were cut down.—See foot-note, page 306, of *THE CENTURY* magazine for June, 1887.—EDITOR.

It is true that there were no maps of any account in existence at the time when General Lee assumed the command, that were of use to the Army of Northern Virginia, June 1st, 1862. Incomplete tracings or fragments of the old "Nine-Sheet" map of Virginia were probably all that our commanders had for guidance. General Long has, therefore, seemingly made an error in asserting in his note at the close of chapter ten of his book that the map accompanying that chapter was "used by General Lee during this campaign," as will be seen by reference to the indorsements on the map itself. The "Seven Days' Fight" occurred in June-July, 1862. This map was approved by me April 3d, and was "sent from the Engineer Bureau with letter of April 4th, 1863." It may, as alleged in the note, have been *filed* subsequent to these dates, but it was not in existence at the time stated by General Long, as will be seen further on.

Up to this period the blame, if any is due, must lie with the "war-directing power at Richmond." It is probable that weightier matters filled the minds of the higher authorities at this time, and that too much reliance was placed by commanders in the field in the efficiency of local guides and the insane and ridiculous notion that was affected that one Southern man could lick three Yankees under any and all circumstances; and besides, our armies as yet had not had sufficient battlings and unnecessary losses of men, to develop the indispensable necessity of a more intimate knowledge of topographical details of regions over which troops must be manoeuvred. The march up the peninsula from Yorktown, the battle of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, Jackson's collision with Hill's line of march from Mechanicsville to Gaines's Mill, and the whole seven days' campaign brought out this fact in strong colors, bloody colors, at Beaver Dam Creek.

One of the first things that engaged General Lee's attention on taking command of the army was the organization of some plan for procuring accurate maps for his own use and that of his commanders. A few days after this event, on the 3d or 4th of June, the writer was sought by Major Walter H. Stevens, Chief Engineer of the army at that time, and Major Jasper S. Whiting, his associate, and was informed that they had been sent from headquarters by General Lee to find a suitable person to take charge of a topographical organization which he was desirous of having formed as soon as possible, and proceed to the field, as he found no maps of consequence on taking command of the army; and as maps were indispensable, no means must be spared to procure them. I was asked if I would undertake the duty and on what terms. They were informed that I had an application for the appointment to a captaincy in the Engineer Corps, favorably indorsed by the President, which for several months had been conveniently pigeon-holed in the Engineer Bureau, and that if they would procure that appointment I would accept it and proceed immediately to work. It was done by order of General Lee on recommendation of those officers, and my commission was dated and received on June 6th. Two or three surveying parties furnished with the necessary instruments were immediately organized and started from Richmond as a center, to radiate thence to the picket-lines of the army, from Meadow Bridge around to James River, each party taking an allotted sector of that circumscribed

space. This work had not sufficiently far advanced to be of any use in June, for no part of the region beyond our lines was accessible to survey until June 30th, when orders were given to follow in the wake of our army and extend the surveys as fast and as far as possible. The field work was mapped as fast as practicable, but as the army soon changed its location, more immediate attention was given to other localities. Therefore, this map in question was dated 1862-3: it was not available as complete until the spring of 1863. Other parties, soon after these first ones were started, were sent into Hanover and Spotsylvania counties, and as fast as possible other parties, amounting in all to about thirteen, were formed and sent into other counties of northern and north-eastern portions of Virginia, until in the course of time detailed surveys were made and at the close of the contest nearly all the work was mapped, from the western part of Fauquier and Rappahannock counties to Wilmington, North Carolina; from the strategic lines on the eastward to the Piedmont region of Virginia; and down the valley of Virginia as far as the Potomac River in Jefferson and Berkeley counties; and into south-western Virginia as far as Smyth county; and nearly all the counties south of James River east of Lynchburg unoccupied by the Federal forces. The surveys in North Carolina embraced a considerable belt on each side of the Weldon and Wilmington R. R. The exact limits of these extensive surveys can not now be recalled, for these maps have all been lost.

The general plan of operations was adopted of placing full parties in each county, and maps of each county thus successively surveyed in detail were constructed on a comparatively large scale, giving full credit to heads of field corps in the titles; and also general maps, one north and one south of James River, were prepared on a smaller scale, preserving all the details. So great was the demand for maps occasioned by frequent changes in the situation of the armies, that it became impossible by the usual method of tracings to supply them. I conceived the plan of doing this work by photography, though expert photographers pronounced it impracticable, in fact impossible. To me it was an original idea, though I believe not a new one, but not in practical use. Traced copies were prepared on common tracing-paper in very black India ink, and from these sharp negatives by sun-printing were obtained, and from these negatives copies were multiplied by exposure to the sun in frames made for the purpose. The several sections, properly toned, were pasted together in their order, and formed the general map, or such portions of it as were desired; it being the policy, as a matter of prudence against capture, to furnish no one but the commanding general and corps commanders with the entire map of a given region.

From this statement it will be seen that to General Lee is due the credit of promptly originating methodical means for procuring accurate maps to supply the want that has been, by implication mainly, so unfavorably commented on. Many maps that grace various memoirs, and personal recollections, and descriptions of campaigns and battle-fields in Virginia have their basis in the maps made as above described, though accredited to others. "I could a tale unfold" in regard to some of these stolen maps, but *cui bono? Nil proprium ducas quod mutari potest.*

General Woodruff, United States Engineer, orally, and Generals Lee and Gilmer and several other persons have from time to time, by letter, inquired of me the fate of these maps. It may be of public interest to give all the information I have concerning them, for it does not seem to be known how extensive, how complete, and how valuable these surveys were. It was gratifying to my pride to learn that the United States Engineer Bureau was desirous of obtaining our maps, and to hear one of the distinguished officers attached thereto remark that our maps were better than their own. His expressed reasons in nowise reflected on his own service, but accounted for it from the fact that no regular system could be maintained in consequence of the frequent change of commanders of the Army of the Potomac. On Sunday, April 2d, the night of the evacuation of Richmond, about 10 o'clock P. M., I placed in charge of an engineer officer and a draughtsman, upon an *archive* train bound for Raleigh, North Carolina, a box or two containing all the original maps and other archives of my office, except the field notebooks, which were burned by order of my superior. This officer in charge never has reported to me the fate of this property, nor his own fate. It is supposed it was burned with the train, or pillaged, for fragments of some of the maps were reported to have been seen along that route in North Carolina. Nineteen years after the shipment of this property I received a package of worthless securities, personal property, from a son of General Gilmer in Savannah. He could give no information as to how this package came into his father's possession. I presume General Gilmer did not have them in 1867-8, when I saw him in Savannah, for he did not mention them. This package was in one of those boxes, my camp-desk. Who sent those papers to General Gilmer? and did the sender retain the maps and correspondence? There were many autograph letters from various generals acknowledging with thanks the receipt of maps, with commendations as to their completeness and accuracy. I should like to recover these letters. The *negatives* of the general maps, to divide the chances of capture, I gave to my private secretary. Some time after, he informed me that he had carried them with him in his flight as far as Macon, Georgia, and on his return, for greater security, had placed them in a lady's trunk, a fellow-passenger's. Hearing *en route* that all baggage of returning fugitives was to be examined at Augusta, Georgia (which proved to be a false rumor), he incontinently burned them *to save them*. This is the extent of my information concerning the fate of these valuable maps. On learning this sad fate

of all the evidences of our three years' labor, and that my modicum of glory was thus dissipated in thin air, my feelings were akin to those of Audubon when he learned that the rats had destroyed his labor of years in the wilderness of woods; or, more congenially, perhaps, to those of General Magruder on being informed in advance of written orders that he was to make preparations for evacuating his lines before Yorktown at an early hour. Raising himself on one elbow, when he was roused from his slumbers to hear the verbal order to that purport from General Johnston, he remarked with mingled astonishment and disgust, in that peculiar manner of speech which all who knew him will recognize: "Stevens (Stevens) *this tranthit gloria pe-nin-thu-le.*"

Albert H. Campbell.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., May 17th, 1887.

**General Robert B. Potter and the Assault
at the Petersburg Crater.**

IN THE CENTURY magazine for September (page 764), in an account of the Explosion of the Mine at Petersburg, it is stated that

"each of the three commanders of the white divisions presented reasons why his division should *not* lead the assault. General Burnside determined that they should 'pull straws,' and Ledlie was the (to him) unlucky victim. He, however, took it good-naturedly."

There are the best reasons for saying that this statement is incorrect, and among them is a letter written by General Robert B. Potter to one who especially enjoyed his confidence, in which he says:

"My division expected and was anxious to have the advance, because they knew the ground, had an interest in the work, were in the best condition, and known to be the best division in the corps."

That he did not have this task committed to him was well known by his friends to have been the one great disappointment of General Potter's army life, and there are those who have often heard him say that, so far from there having been reluctance on the part of any of the division commanders of the Ninth Corps to take the leading place in the charge, they were all desirous of that honor. The question was decided by General Burnside in order that in the choice there should not seem to be any favoritism, and, especially, to avoid that appearance of partiality for a very dear personal friend which would not improbably have been said to have influenced him had he chosen General Potter.

Henry C. Potter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5th, 1887.



A CAVALRY ORDERLY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Manual Training in Common Schools.*

THE argument against common schools has been put in its strongest form by a distinguished English thinker, as follows: "Conceding for a moment that the Government is bound to educate a man's children, what kind of logic will demonstrate that it is not bound to feed and clothe them?" The argument ignores and refuses to meet the only excuse which has ever been offered for a common-school system,—the political basis. The system is not a largess to the recipient, but a natural measure of self-defense on the part of the government which educates. It is necessary, in a democratic form of government, that the voters should be so far educated as to be reasonably relieved from danger of deception by interested parties; when that is accomplished, the duty of the government ceases. To look at the function of government in the matter, as so many of those interested in public education are apt to look at it, as "the prevention of ignorance," is really but another phase of the feeling that the function of government is "the prevention of poverty."

While the purpose of the system is political, it seems legitimate to attempt to attain as much other good as possible on the way to the goal. If, as a part of the process of making the boy a reasonably good voter, it is possible also to give him the rudiments of a mechanical training, surely time and money spent in this way are very far from being wasted. It is on this ground that the appeal has been made for a certain proportion of manual training in the public schools. It is not intended that the public schools shall be diverted from their proper work into that of graduating expert plumbers, carpenters, or shoemakers: the basis of the system, as above stated, should guard one from any such error. All that is meant is that the training of the hands and eyes should have a place alongside of the training of the mind, body, and heart. There are elementary principles of execution which are common to all trades, or most of them. The boy who has mastered these is prepared, in a measure, for any trade, though he is master of none. It is only asked that boys in the public schools who desire it should have the opportunity, as a part of their ordinary work, of receiving instruction in these elementary principles. They would thus receive education which the State is under obligations to provide for all its voters, and, at the same time, a preparation through which they will be better apprentices and better workmen when they pass out of school.

The argument is offered in reply that the public schools are for all, while this is a preparation designed for a special class. In this form the argument has little weight so long as German, French, music, the higher mathematics, and most of the features of a preparation for college are a recognized part of the educational system of so many States. But the argu-

ment really has a different foundation. It implies that the proposition is a disguised attempt to develop a permanent artisan class, to fit a part of our boys for "that state of life unto which it shall please God to call" them, and to make it pretty certain that they shall stay there. Nothing could be more baseless than such an idea. It is quite sure that this feature in education would incline boys to be *good* mechanics, and not mere bunglers; and that this training, if it should become general, would tend to increase the total working force of the country, even though it did not increase the number of mechanics. But it is far from true that this training would be of benefit only to him who is to be an artisan. Even the clergyman or the editor would be the better as a man and in his profession for a practical knowledge of the proper use of those wonderful tools, the human hands. There is no man, in any profession, who would not be better able to do his usual work, at times, for just this training. It is, above most others, a training whose benefits are not restricted to a special class, but are bestowed upon all.

The argument assumes, also, the odd position that the better artisans are the most likely to remain permanently in the artisan class. There are too many examples to the contrary to make it necessary to do more than state this position. So far as the proposition for manual training touches the "special class" which has been spoken of, it aims only to clear the way of the artisan's children to any position which he may think higher and better for them. But the essence of the proposition has no such restricted aim. It aims to help eradicate that pestilent feeling of contempt for work which is the bane of this generation. Better that the rich man's son should be compelled to work with his hands for a year or two than that he should grow up to feel, and to impress upon others, that work is degrading. Better that the sons of our men of moderate means should learn that there is a science and beauty in manual labor than that they should come to believe that there are easier ways of getting a dollar than by working for it. Better that we should have manual training in our public schools than that all our public-school boys should want to begin life as clerks in brokers' offices, or in any position which is not smirched with manual labor. That feature which has made our country what it is, work and the love of it, is at stake, and the new proposition is a means of saving it.

The only other objection which has been seriously offered caters to one of the worst errors of our modern labor organizations. They aim to restrict the number of apprentices, in order to "make more work" for those already in the trade. What will they say when they see apprentices of a higher grade of intelligence and ability swarming out of our public schools? In answer, it should be said frankly and distinctly that the effect which is implied would be one of the most weighty benefits of the new system. Suppose the lawyers should form an organization for the purpose of

* See "Open Letters," in this number.

abolishing all the law-schools, restricting the number of students in each office, and so "making more work" for the present number of lawyers: would that accomplish their object? They know that the higher the standard of law in a country is, the more confidence the people feel in the lawyers, and that this is the proper way to "make more work" for all of them; and they wisely multiply law-schools and aim to increase their efficiency. Is it wiser for plumbers, for example, to fight against manual training? Or rather should they encourage it, better the grade of their apprentices and their work, and thus gain a public confidence in their capacity which is very far from existing now? Work is "made" by raising the character of the work. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, has most acutely pointed out the fact that the introduction of nickel-plating into the manufacture of stoves in this country has "made work" for 30,000 additional operatives, and crowded no one out. It is in this way that thorough manual training is to help the workingman in the future, by making possible branches of work which did not exist before.

A proposition to add fully developed trade-schools to our common-school system is open to objections which do not apply to that of simple manual training. The latter would do no more than show the pupil, by a practical test which is clear to his own apprehension, whether he has an aptitude for such work, and give him an insight into the principles of symmetry and order which underlie it. If there is any valid objection to giving it a place in the State's scheme of common-school education it should be considered at once, for the support of the manual-training proposition is a growing one.

A Southern Man Ahead of his Time.

ON page 435 of the present number of this magazine, the authors of the Lincoln history have referred briefly to the opposition made to disunion in South Carolina by James Louis Petigru in 1861, and on page 432 is given a photograph of his bust.

Something in the character of the independent, far-seeing man, and in the peculiarly generous appreciation of his worth displayed by his fellow-citizens, calls for further attention. Clear-eyed and just, he rarely failed to see and follow the eternal truth that underlies all prejudice, education, and passion. In his private practice, in the courts, in his personal relations to all men, in the nullification troubles in South Carolina, where nothing but his efforts and those of James Hamilton kept the State from civil war, this was always shown. But the time came, when, foremost man of the State as he was, he had no power to stem the flood of passion setting in toward disunion. Not for a moment then did he lose his keen insight nor the firm hand with which he held himself in check. He was not an abolitionist, and he had no feeling against slavery; but he had no hope or faith in revolution. He felt that it was wrong in policy and false in principle. He put no trust in the prevailing faith of the Southern people, that a State would be permitted to secede in peace. He saw that secession would put into the hands of the North a power over the South and slavery that nothing else could give,—a power to gain the aid and sympathy of the whole world, to make war on Southern soil, and to free the slave. If the South

were alarmed at the possibilities of danger in a raid like that of John Brown's, what remedy, he asked, could be gained by rushing into war with the wealthy and populous North—with the civilized world? He saw in secession ambition and wounded vanity; he saw anarchy and civil war; he saw the abolitionist triumphant; he saw the South devastated; he saw division, and sorrow, and ruin; he saw crime. On the other hand, he felt that there was nothing to fear in Lincoln's election. He recognized the fact that the North was outstripping the South in numbers, and wisely counseled the South to yield her political supremacy with good grace. He discerned many reasons for Lincoln's success, but in none read danger. Time, he claimed, would right all wrongs, and avert all disaster. But his arguments were less than useless: secession came; war followed. For the rest of his life he was never again in sympathy with the purposes of his people, though he yielded to their decision, and held common cause in their sorrow. He was a solitary scholar in a world where all others were fighting men. He went his way, and his people went theirs. Whenever their paths crossed he was unflinching in courtesy and kindness; but he never concealed his regret for their action, nor his fear of the ultimate downfall of their hopes.

On the part of the people of South Carolina there was displayed a more generous tolerance of his obnoxious views than would seem possible. Even during the tumult of secession they elected him to their highest salary and most important trust—to codify the State laws. In spite of the satire and ridicule that he hurled at them, they continued to elect him until the work was done. His freedom of speech never destroyed their confidence in him, nor lessened their magnanimity; neither did he restrain it to gain their favor. The case can have few parallels in the history of any country.

The fame of such a man, renowned lawyer and great private citizen, is necessarily fleeting; it is forgotten when the generation in which he lived has passed away. That there might remain some slight token of one who was great in many ways, and, above all, great in his faith in the indissolubility of the Union, it was a fitting incident in the centennial celebration of Charleston, in 1883, that Mayor William A. Courtenay brought about by presenting to the city a bust of James Louis Petigru. It ought to stand to the city as a perpetual reminder of the magnanimity of its people and the faith in the Union which its great citizen held in an hour when apparent self-interest and patriotism and right all cried out against his firm belief. It is a token of the renewed love of his fellow-citizens for our common country; it is a sign that the past is utterly past, and that the same future lies before us all.

Our Daily Bread.

IN commenting upon a paper in which this subject was presented by Professor Atwater at the meeting, last August, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the "New York Times" speaks as follows:

"It is much to be wished that his conclusions might be presented to the people who most need them, and in a form that they could understand and would accept. These people are manual workmen, both skilled

mechanics and common laborers. Their extravagance in food is reckless and is one important cause why, with the high rates of wages that prevail here, workmen save so little more than in countries where wages are lower and where food is dearer. . . . If the facts could be brought to the knowledge of the spend-thrifts who most need them, a very great work could be done. It is one which the priests of the Roman Catholic Church have peculiar facilities for doing, and they would doubtless undertake it if they appreciated its importance."

These suggestions are excellent. But why not other clergymen as well? The people of limited means are not all Catholics, nor do Protestant ministers fail to appreciate the need of caring for the material as well as the spiritual wants of their flocks. They, too, are anxious for the great mass of humanity outside the churches, and know that such means as these are among the most efficient for getting the multitudes who ignore the Church to feel that it and its spiritual ministrations are for them. Is it not a matter for all who are intent upon bringing New Testament Christianity more and more into the affairs of daily life and using it to elevate the masses of mankind? Christianity and the Church are the great agents of the world's charity and its "higher education." In different ages these functions have necessarily been exercised by the Church in different ways. One way which the present phase of material and intellectual progress makes essential is the application of the teachings of science to the material, and hence the moral, elevation of men. Not that churches should set up cooking-schools or clergymen become experts in chemistry, but that the rightfulness of economy should be taught, its simpler principles explained, and people encouraged to think and learn about them, and helped to use them. The members of the medical profession, too, might aid greatly, as indeed they do. They see the practical needs and can, in their daily intercourse with the families they visit, suggest much that is helpful.

Of course the facts of food-economy must be got into popular shape, but this is being done. It is only in these later days that science is getting hold of them. In the series of articles now appearing in *THE CENTURY* it has been necessary to devote many pages to explanations of the fundamental principles of nutrition and the experiments upon which they are based, because much that is important has not yet been put into English: even the latest text-books do not contain these things. Further articles, like the one in the present number, will give practical details and their application in the directions of domestic and social economy, health, and morals. In due time simple manuals and other publications will doubtless become common, and the subject thus be placed more fully before the people.

The industrial schools are taking up the chemical, physiological, and economic phases of the subject. There is a demand that instruction in this, as in other branches of applied science, be given to the pupils of the public schools, and the first steps in this direction have already been taken in some cities.

But one great difficulty is the lack of information. More research is needed. The work of some of our boards of health and labor bureaus is beginning to tell. The agricultural experiment stations established and to

be established in each State and Territory of the Union, by an Act of the last Congress, will acquire information of value. But much that is pressingly demanded requires peculiar facilities for its production, such as are found only in the laboratories and libraries of the great educational institutions, and is dependent for its best development upon the intellectual attrition and the opportunities for continuous study which such establishments alone can offer. In the European universities these facilities are provided by the Government; with us they depend upon private munificence. The investigations which Professor Atwater has told of in *THE CENTURY* as carried on in this country have been largely dependent upon private aid. Those in which he has been engaged at Wesleyan University would have been impossible without it.

The endowment of research is one of the most useful forms of public benefaction. Here is a way in which it may be made extremely useful. A few hundreds of dollars will make a valuable piece of investigation, a few thousands, an important research, possible. A laboratory built and equipped for a sum which many a man invests in a house at a watering-place, or a pleasure yacht, and an endowment that would yield a revenue equal to the annual cost of the house or yacht, would bring results of untold value to the world.

A gratifying illustration of the progress in this direction is being shown by one of our popular scientific journals. "Science," taking up the subject as treated in the columns of *THE CENTURY*, is instituting an inquiry into the subject of the wastefulness in the purchase and use of food by wage-workers and the poor. The results can hardly fail to be of great value.

America is not Russia.

WE do not see how anything could more clearly demonstrate the folly and crime of an anarchical movement in America than the papers by Mr. Kennan, on the condition of affairs in the Russian Empire, now being published in *THE CENTURY*.

These criticisms proceed from a country whose relations with Russia are particularly cordial. They are printed in a periodical where "The Life of Peter the Great," published as a two-years' serial, did much to increase the amicable interest of Americans in the affairs of Russia, and they are from a hand that has shown conspicuously its friendliness toward the Russian Government.

Without favoring or defending the methods of the Russian revolutionists, Mr. Kennan shows that the violence which individuals, or groups of individuals, are guilty of in Russia, is a natural result of the absence of civil liberty. The Russian Liberals (not revolutionists) demand — what? The readers of the November *CENTURY* have seen the moderation of their demand: they desire freedom of speech, freedom of the press, security for personal rights, and a constitutional form of government. America, above all nations of the world, means these very things. Anarchy, and the dastardly methods of the anarchist, have no slightest color of excuse to exist in a free country. And, thank Heaven! America is continually making it evident that a free country is abundantly adapted to the defense of its own freedom; that is to say, of its own existence.

OPEN LETTERS.

Industrial Training in the Public Schools.

PHILADELPHIA.

IT gives me great pleasure to state that the efforts made to introduce industrial training into the public schools of Philadelphia have been attended with the most unqualified success. The provisions thus far made for carrying it into operation are as follows:

1. *The Kindergarten.* This feature of our school system is of recent origin, and is as yet imperfectly organized. It is our purpose, however, ultimately to make the Kindergarten the foundation of all the education given in the public schools of the city.

2. *Instruction in Sewing to Girls.* All the girls above the first two years of the school course receive systematic instruction in sewing. The classes now number about twenty-five thousand girls. Our experience has been that from the age of nine years it is possible for girls to make rapid progress in the elementary processes of sewing, and, as they advance, to make practical application of these processes to the making of garments. The sewing lessons do not interfere in the slightest with the other work of the schools. They afford a pleasant rest to the children, who seem greatly to enjoy the hour devoted to this occupation. My opinion is that there is a good deal of educational value in the sewing work, over and above the practical application which will be made of it in real life.

3. *Industrial Art Training.* A school is maintained for the children attending the grammar schools, in which instruction is given in free-hand drawing, modeling in clay, wood-carving, and simple joinery work. This school is open to both boys and girls, who receive two hours' instruction per week. The training has a marked influence upon the productive faculties of the pupils, and the results prove how strong the artistic tendency is in the general average of children.

4. *The Manual Training School.* This is the chief feature of our industrial education. It is a school to which boys who have finished the grammar-school course are admitted upon examination. In addition to a good secondary education in the English language, history, mathematics, and science, and a thorough course in drawing, instruction is given in the nature and use of the fundamental tools, and in their application to the chief materials used in the industries of the world. The success of this school has exceeded our highest anticipations. The manual training has a marked influence upon the mental and moral character of the boys—producing a thoroughness and earnestness in every task which is quite unusual among boys of their age. The average age of the pupils when admitted is about fifteen years. The course of instruction occupies three years.

It will thus be seen that in Philadelphia we have made a beginning in several directions with industrial, or as I prefer to call it, manual, training. The problem remaining to be solved is such an extension and coördination of these elements as shall furnish a con-

tinuous and progressive course of manual training all along the line of the pupils' education.

It is scarcely three years since these efforts to graft industrial training on the public schools of the city was begun, but it has already won the confidence of the community, and there is a growing demand for its further extension throughout the school system. I believe that the incorporation of industrial training into the public schools of this country is only a question of time. The misunderstanding as to its purposes arises chiefly among those who have no personal knowledge of its practical operation and management. My conviction is that before a great while it will be universally accepted as the greatest advance which has been made in the public education of the United States for half a century.

Yours very truly,

James MacAlister,
Superintendent Public Schools, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW HAVEN.

IN trying to incorporate industrial training as a part of our public-school course, we have avoided attempting anything that would interfere materially with work already established. Plain sewing has been introduced in all intermediate schools, much to the satisfaction of both parents and children. Although only one hour per week is assigned to this branch, considerable skill has been acquired, and very neat specimens of needlework are now to be seen in many schools.

An attempt to adapt the occupations of the Kindergarten to primary schools has been measurably successful. This "busy work," so called, is intended to train the hand and the eye, assist the teaching of reading, writing, and numbers, employ the activities of children in a pleasant way, and lay the foundation for drawing and higher manual work.

During the past year, Prang's models for teaching form have been introduced, with exercises in clay modeling. This furnishes the best basis for industrial drawing, which is now a part of our curriculum.

Early in the year a manual-training shop, capable of accommodating twenty-four boys at once, was opened, and ten classes, selected from the several grammar schools of the city, have received two hours' instruction each week. The boys thus instructed have, as a rule, been full of interest, and with about thirty lessons have become fairly proficient in the use of tools.

The effect of these several forms of industrial effort upon teaching generally is good. The value of dealing with things rather than with words is becoming an axiom in all our schools.

Very truly yours,

S. T. Dutton,
Superintendent Public Schools, New Haven, Conn.

AN ADVERSE VIEW.

THE public-school system of this country has developed steadily for more than two and a half centuries. It has been modified and improved from time to time, and adapted to new conditions and different localities.

Consequently we have a highly intelligent citizenship, great business activity, and a high degree of inventive skill by which machinery is made to do the work of man and to cheapen every product which his need requires.

Now these very results of our education are so much admired that they are used as an argument against the system which produced them. Mental training has resulted in great industrial progress: and now we are exhorted to abandon that training and work directly for industrial progress. Industrial education is the popular fetic; and if any one tries to advocate anything else he is suppressed by the old cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Technical schools undoubtedly are in demand; and they are essential and highly useful. Special industrial schools are also to be encouraged, and they may be beneficial. But the public schools should not be subverted or overthrown in order to make a place for such schools.

In the first place, a distinct phase of this kind of education was begun more than fifty years ago, and it proved a dead failure. It has been my fortune to be connected with three institutions of this kind, in the States of Maine and Massachusetts, where were to be seen the decaying ruins of a system as promising to its advocates as any which is now proposed.

In the second place there is a fallacy in the claim that manual training in school is necessary in order to produce intellectual honesty; that accuracy of thought and statement can not be secured without muscular work in the production of material things; that geometry, for example, can not be learned thoroughly without cutting out blocks, nor astronomy without going up in a balloon to see the stars;—for this is what the advocates of manual training claim when their claim is reduced to its bald and concrete form. In the third place there is a materialistic tendency, in the present advocacy of manual training as an adjunct of public-school education, which is destructive of that virile quality of thought and mental power which it is the province of education to beget. Within a fortnight one of these advocates is reported to have said: "The important thing to keep before a boy's mind in school is, 'How will all this help me in getting a living?'"—as if the American people need to be stimulated in money-getting; and as if the high object of education is the almighty dollar!

Finally, when the public-school system undertakes to do everything for a pupil; to train his mind to clear and vigorous thinking; to develop all his physical powers and teach him a trade by which he may earn a livelihood; and to train his moral nature so that he may have a clear passport to heaven, then this system will fall to pieces of its own weight. For ours is not a paternal government whose design is to care for each individual, but a democracy in which each has not only to take care of himself but to help also in making regulations for all; and till the family relation is overthrown in the onward "progress" of our age, something must be left to parents; and it can best be left there in spite of the protestations of those self-constituted philanthropists who so much desire to educate every child for his "sphere in life."

A. P. Marble,
Superintendent Public Schools, Worcester, Mass.

Industrial Training in the New York Catholic Protectory.

THE New York Catholic Protectory is a remarkable instance of a reformatory in which industrial training is carried on to an extent unsurpassed by that of any similar institution in the world. The work and methods of the Protectory are but little known to the people of the State, although it is annually visited by many European educators and economists, and has been repeatedly noticed and extolled in the columns of such papers as the London "Times," "Standard," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Pall Mall Gazette." The superiority and excellence of its industrial training consist chiefly in the variety of trades taught, thus affording a scope for differing tastes and aptitude; the thorough, efficient nature of the instruction; the size and superior appointments of the shops; and the high standard attained as workmen by boys trained there. The following trades are taught: printing, electrotyping, silk-weaving, shoemaking, tailoring, chair-making, blacksmithing, carpentry; the business of machinists, wheelwrights, bakers, and practical farming and gardening. The girls, who are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, are instructed in sewing, embroidery, kid-glove making, dress and shirt making. Last year the proceeds of the sewing and glove-making departments alone amounted to \$11,031.32.

Mental and manual training are combined in the most admirable manner, the time of the children being about equally divided between the school-room and the work-shop, with ample opportunities for recreation. From October until May evening classes are formed in free-hand, mechanical, and architectural drawing, and in designing and modeling. In all the trades the precision and taste which the habit of drawing gives are clearly perceptible. The children of the Junior Department, who are kept entirely separate from the others, have their own work-shops, where, for a few hours daily, they are initiated into the elementary principles of trade instruction, as a preparation for the real shop-work of the Senior Department. Every boy in the Protectory is taught some trade in its entirety, and if, for any reason, he leaves before finishing his particular trade, he is at least thoroughly grounded in an elementary knowledge of it, and can readily find employment outside.

The various work-shops are each under the supervision of one of the Christian Brothers, who watches over the manners and morals of the boys, and maintains order and discipline; but the trade instruction is, in every case, given by skilled, trained mechanics, who are paid liberal salaries to act as instructors and foremen to the youthful workmen. The superior quality of the work done by very young children proves conclusively what may be done by judicious, intelligent training. Take, for example, the shoe-shop, which employs 260 boys and turns out over 300 pairs of shoes a day; or the printing-office, which does the entire work of two large publishing houses. The average age of the boys is twelve years. At the New Orleans Exhibition the work of the Protectory attracted universal attention, as it had done the year before at the London International Exhibition. Among the exhibits were finely woven silks, engravings, exquisite carvings and designs, beautiful specimens of printing, electrotyping, embroidery and sewing, well-made and really finished shoes,

suits of clothing, and gloves. The work in wood was well represented by tables, chairs, and excellent examples of carpentry.

The production of work for a regular market by the Protectory is also an important factor in promoting the efficiency and value of the industrial training. Thus, in filling an order for a certain amount of work to be ready at a stated time, many practical questions must be taken into consideration, a knowledge of which is of the highest value to the workman. So a boy is taught not only the execution of the work, but the time required for its performance; the cost of production; the quality and nature of materials; and many other practical matters which can only be learned by the production of work destined for actual use.

Boys trained in the shops of the Protectory are eagerly sought as workmen by the leading manufacturers, and many now fill positions as foremen and superintendents in large establishments in New York and neighboring cities.

Ida M. Van Etten.

The American Book.

THERE is one thing which, more than any other, would nationalize our literature. It is a question of a little common honesty—a matter of a little every-day sort of justice; and it would be twice blessed in the giving and in the receiving. We need a broadening of our copyright laws, a better protection for ideal and intellectual property, which is, after all, a more natural property than lands and corporeal hereditaments. It is a case where the ideal is most real; but it is also a property most liable to theft, most easily stolen, and least protected of all property.

It is gravely urged, in opposition to copyright legislation, that it would bewrong to force people to pay for what they can now have free—that to allow copyright to foreigners would be to pay an enormous tax for what we can have for the taking. Shoes and shirts are an enormous tax paid to decency and comfort. Shall we, therefore, in order to evade the tax, take the wares of the shoemaker and the tailor without compensation? It is the argument of Captain Kidd and the banditti. Proudhon said, "Property is robbery." America says, by her attitude on the copyright question, property in brains is robbery, if the brains are under a foreign scalp. A foreign author has no rights an American is bound to respect, and because of this theory, and this only, the converse is true in fact—that an American author has no rights in the hands of a foreigner.

We bear with composure the charge, and the fact, of being robbers in the fields of literature, but our blood runs cold at the thought of the torch of the mob applied to the tinder of a factory, or at the vision of a piece of gas-pipe, charged with dynamite, flung into the streets of a great city. We can not afford to suspend the truest maxims of our freedom at the call of interest or expediency. We can not allow our love of dollars to overshadow the future and forge fetters for our principles, nor let communism of brains emasculate our literature and make us a nation of literary beggars. There is something better than cheapness. The smuggler's goods are cheap. Is the smuggler, therefore, a great reformer and a public benefactor? The people

must read, they must educate; but to do these things shall we steal or smuggle? James Russell Lowell says, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by." The argument that cheapness is a national blessing largely resolves itself into an argument that is individual and selfish. If it is of any force as against international copyright, let us carry it out to its logical sequence and abolish home copyright as well, and then sit down and forecast the result.

It is true that it is the duty of the State to legislate primarily in the interests of its own citizens. But "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." American progress can not be built up on cheapness alone. We sometimes buy cheap and ask no questions, glad that our wants and our purses so nearly agree; but there is, after all, a universal sentiment of honesty that is always glad to see one's neighbor come into his own. And it would seem to be the simplest possible proposition, that if one has made anything, whether a baby-jumper, or a book that is sufficiently valued by his fellow-men to be used by them, he has an ownership in his work, and is fairly entitled to a profit therefrom. Justice is better than cheapness, honesty is more to be desired than culture, righteousness is higher than expediency.

But expediency seems to be the highest reach of international law, and, abandoning any higher principle, it is full time for America to get into line with other states, and nations, and amend her copyright laws on the ground of policy.

Competition is desirable, but our copyright laws put us beyond competition, and, as we have seen, into the range of pillage. Commercial monopoly tends to robbery. Mercantile competition is a matter of public policy. But an honest merchant can not compete with the pirate and the smuggler. Piracy and smuggling under governmental protection would soon destroy all home market and home manufacture, and home honesty as well. It is a regular "Stand and deliver" to all fair trade. This is just what the United States Government is doing in literary matters. It puts the American book in competition with the book for whose production nothing is paid. It is not "Chinese cheap labor," but stolen and absolutely unpaid labor!

If the alien's book is to be forever the cheapest book, it will be the book most read. American thought and action fed on foreign diet will, in time, be but an echo of foreign types. If we are to promote a national culture, we must keep abreast of our neighbors in all that tends to the advancement of a sound national literature. The state ought to have a literature in sympathy with it, for literature is one of the strongest forces in shaping social life and national character.

It is argued against international copyright that it will increase the price of books, and that cheap reading is a large factor in cheap education. Cheap reading is, perhaps, desirable, and cheap education may be a blessing, but things may sometimes be too cheap. I think the facts would be, that new foreign books would be higher in price, by reason of copyright, and new American books would be cheaper, by reason of a wider market. There is a large class of books which would not be affected by copyright, for it would not be retroactive. Year after year the books that age can

not wither nor custom stale—the books that are “immortalities”—are dropping into the common fund by the expiration of the “limited period.” Let us take these spoils of time freely and without price, under the policy of all governments, but in all justice and good conscience let us recompense the author for his work, under whatsoever skies he writes, for the statute time.

The United States, whose literature owes more to the world than that of any other nation, is, in the matter of intellectual property, behind the age. She wraps the mantle of selfishness about her and legislates for her own family only, saying to her citizens, “Thou shalt not rob thine own brother, but if there be a stranger within thy gates, thou mayest plunder him with a high hand and a free conscience.” It is one against the world, and her plunder weakens her capacity for producing work that is good at home, or work that the world will even steal. A governmental policy in copyright, that would grant common rights to others, would secure for ourselves rights which we need, and rights which would largely help us to higher standards, purer taste, and added nationality in our literature.

John E. Cleland.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Piedmont Exposition, Atlanta.

COUNTY and State fairs are locally advantageous whenever they are intelligently conducted. If planned so as to attract wide attention and induce general interest, they always arouse a spirited rivalry among the contestants for awards of merit, and such competitive efforts necessarily result in material benefit to all branches of industry and all departments of husbandry that are represented. Likewise inter-State and national expositions, when successfully managed, are proportionately beneficial throughout the wider fields of their influence. They are all eye-openers to the possibilities of energy, incentives to enterprise, and powerful factors in the creation of thrift and prosperity.

In these respects it is impossible to estimate what they have done for the South within the last ten years. Probably all of the others together are not equal in the value of their effect to the Piedmont Exposition, which occurred at Atlanta, Ga., about three months ago. It is now sufficiently a thing of the past to be reviewed calmly, with some chance of determining its practical results and substantial benefits.

It was only 104 days in course of preparation, and it lasted just two weeks. The fair-grounds, consisting of 197 acres, were farm-lands in cultivation when the Exposition was organized; and yet 104 days from that time, when the gates of the great fair were formally thrown open, all the necessary buildings and other arrangements, including an excellent race-track, stood in such admirable readiness that they seemed no less than the creditable result of many months of laborious preparation.

The Exposition itself was undeniably higher in its aim, wider in its scope, greater in its magnitude, and fuller in its success than any affair of the kind which has ever been held in the South.

If asked to express in one word the best result and most invaluable benefit of the Piedmont Exposition, I

should say—revelation! Revelation, deep and wide, of a common interest in our common country; revelation of local pride without the slightest disposition to insist upon the perpetuation of sectional lines between the States; revelation of a sincere desire for the profitable development of every resource of our broad land; revelation of that true patriotism which should make Massachusetts rejoice in the prosperity of Georgia's cotton-mills, and make Pennsylvania glad at Alabama's mineral wealth; revelation of the truth that we are one people, with no violently conflicting interests, no ground for jealous ambitions, and no cause for internal dissensions, but bound together by a union of purposes, a sympathy in aspirations, and an indestructible fellowship in destiny. These were the revelations of inter-State significance.

Locally the Piedmont Exposition was a revelation of marvelous excellence in all varieties of manufacturing industry; of surprising advance in every phase of mercantile enterprise; of vast improvement in stock and cattle-breeding; of admirable progress in methods of farming; and of an inexhaustible wealth in mineral and other natural resources.

It showed too that the Southern people “have pulled themselves together,” and so energized their ambitions as to insure a rapid march in all ways of material development and substantial prosperity. In this spirit of revived hope they are greatly sustained by the constant realization of encouragement from all the other branches of our great family of States.

It can not fairly be claimed that the immense crowd which gathered in Atlanta during the Exposition was all attracted by the exhibition of the Piedmont resources. It must be admitted that the President and his wife were incalculably strong magnets. No doubt thousands went to Atlanta to see them who never approached the Exposition grounds. But the crowd was great enough to stand a very liberal allowance for the hero-worshipping element, and still leave a balance altogether ample to attest a deep and wide interest in the purposes and success of the Exposition itself.

The visitors numbered more than twice as many as the resident population. I mean it as no complaint against the provision which Atlanta made for her guests, but only as evidence of how the city was packed do I mention the fact that several churches and other public buildings were thrown open as sleeping-houses for strangers who were without shelter. I saw at least five hundred men, women, and children sleeping on their trunks in the Union Depot; and the cold marble steps of the Kimball House, for three flights up, were every night literally packed with men who dropped down on them in absolute exhaustion and slept.

If most of these people suffered all these discomforts merely for a glimpse of the President, it argues powerfully the Southern interest in national affairs. If, on the other hand, even a fair proportion of them were simply in attendance upon the Exposition, it proves a lively awakening of interest in the vast wealth and infinite resources of the Piedmont region. The fair was the first of its kind in the South which I ever knew to be profitable. The total cost was \$199,530. The total receipts from all sources were \$209,096. Thus is shown a net profit of \$9566. In this calculation the permanent buildings and the grounds are put down in the

receipts at their cost, and counted as property on hand fully worth in cash the estimated value.

I think possibly the most astounding fact in connection with the affair was its freedom from serious casualties. There was but one accident of any sort reported during the two weeks; a young boy working around the machinery in one of the main buildings was caught in a wheel and had his leg broken.

When it is remembered that there are eight railroads running into Atlanta, and that for ten days extra schedules were operated over all of them, and that during that time no train ever came into or went out of the town that was not packed to its utmost capacity, the escape from accidents seems almost miraculous.

The mineral exhibit alone would have justified the total cost of the Exposition. With one display in this department there was a casket of jewels (in the rough) found in North Carolina, which an expert valued at over \$30,000. But I dare not trust myself to specify even the most conspicuous exhibits. The effect of the Exposition will be felt far beyond the bounds of the region it embraced, and its results will be manifested in endless phases of energy and usefulness. It is only just to say that to Henry W. Grady is due the credit for the conception of this important enterprise, as well as the chief praise for its successful fulfillment.

Marion J. Verdery.

Hawthorne's Loyalty.

AN autograph letter of Hawthorne, dated July 20th, 1863, has recently been brought to an auction sale, but without the knowledge or consent of the person to whom it was addressed.

Its publication touched me deeply, I confess, especially as Hawthorne indicates, in the letter itself, the confidence in which it was written. He says:

"I do not write (if you will please to observe) for my letter to be read by others, for this is the first time that I have written down ideas which exist in a gaseous state in my mind; and perhaps they might define themselves rather differently on another attempt to condense them."

The publication of this letter has led to harsh and bitter comments, and to inferences entirely at variance with Hawthorne's opinions as expressed to me at different periods during the war, in our various conversations and in his letters herewith printed. There is in the letter spoken of intrinsic evidence that all its statements were not intended to be taken literally. For instance (in controverting the charge that Pierce was a traitor), Hawthorne exclaims, "A traitor! Why, he is the only loyal man in the country, North or South." Again, he says, in a jocular strain to the lady addressed, "I offer you the nook in our garret which Mary contrived as a hiding-place for Mr. Sanborn."

Remarks like these show that the letter was written in a careless manner, and ought not, all, to be taken seriously.

It should be observed that Hawthorne did not—in this letter or elsewhere—speak of the Peace Democrats as if he were one of them; and I believe there is no proof whatever that he could fairly be so classed.

Did he at any time utter a wish that the "rebels" might succeed? Did he ever rejoice in any victory of theirs? Did he praise resistance to the military draft?

or discourage Union enlistments or the granting of liberal military supplies? Did he, in any case, send messages to the enemy or encourage them to persevere in rebellion? Did he express respect or esteem for the Southern people while at war with us? If he did none of these things, but, on the contrary, always approved and applauded the vigorous prosecution of the war after it had broken out, then there is no justice in calling him a Peace Democrat. While Hawthorne made no pretension to the character of a statesman, he felt deeply the importance of the national interests at stake; and some of his expressed views were wise and far-reaching. Certainly he was an ardent well-wisher for the success of the North.

Speculating in this letter upon what the rebels might do in a certain contingency, he gives it as his own opinion that "the best thing possible, as far as I can see, is to effect a separation of the Union, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording us as much Southern soil as we can hope to digest in another century."

Looking at the condition of the country to-day after the successful termination of the war and the settlement of our national difficulties, it should not be forgotten that—during the struggle—there were times when the most earnest lovers of the Union contemplated in sadness the probability of a division of the States, whose interests were then so widely different.

Letters from distinguished Republican statesmen and loyal editors are in existence which show that under the terrible financial, political, and military strain to which the North was subjected, they seriously considered the prospect of being obliged—especially in case of foreign intervention—to accede to some such settlement of the contest as the one suggested by Hawthorne in the letter in question.

Many thoughtful men now living, who were of mature age at the time of the war, will remember that they themselves, though loyal to the core, from time to time had doubts and fears as to the outcome of the struggle, and speculated as to the terms of settlement most advantageous to the North that could be obtained. Nor was it cowardly or disloyal, under the trying circumstances continually occurring, for any man—while doing his utmost for the success of our cause—to think and talk in confidence to his friends of the contingency of separation from the "diseased members," as Hawthorne called them.

In the dark days of the war (and they were frequent almost to its end) many true men echoed the opinion that it would be wise to "let our erring sisters go." But, happily, a stronger and wiser policy prevailed. With these remarks I submit the following extracts from letters of Hawthorne to myself, which show his deliberate judgment—expressed at various times—upon the subject of the War of the Rebellion:

CONCORD, May 26th, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE: . . . The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging woefully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time and to feel that I had a country—a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing, as regards this matter, I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age; but I trust

we shall be either victorious or vanquished before that time.

Meantime (though I approve the war as much as any man), I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we punani the South ever so hard, they will love us none the better for it; and, even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift. If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure, it may be a wise object, and offers a tangible result, and the only one consistent with a future union between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us; and we should see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.

CONCORD, October 12th, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE: I am glad you take such a hopeful view of our national projects, so far as regards the war; but my own opinion is that no nation ever came safe and sound through such a confounded difficulty as this of ours. For my own part I don't hope (nor indeed wish) to see the Union restored as it was. Amputation seems to me much the better plan; and all we ought to fight for is the liberty of selecting the point where our diseased members shall be left off. I would fight to the death for the Northern Slave States, and let the rest go. I am glad Mrs. Bridge has had a little rest from Washington life, and heartily wish you could have been with her.

CONCORD, February 13th, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE: . . . Frank Pierce came here and spent a night, a week or two since, and we mingled our condolences for the state of the country. Pierce is truly patriotic, and thinks there is nothing left for us but to fight it out; but I should be sorry to take his opinion implicitly as regards our chances for the future. He is bigoted to the Union, and sees nothing but ruin without it; whereas I (if we can only put the boundary far enough South) should not much regret an ultimate separation. A few weeks will decide how this is to be; for only a powerful Union feeling shall be developed by the military successes that seem to be setting in, and we ought to turn our attention to the best mode of resolving ourselves into two nations.

It would be too great an absurdity to spend all our Northern strength for the next generation in holding on to a people who insist upon being let loose. If we do hold them, I should think Sumner's territorial plan the best way!

P. S. I ought to thank you for a shaded map of Negrodom which you sent me a little while ago. What a terrible amount of trouble and expense in washing that sheet white! And, after all, I am afraid we shall only variegate it with blood and dirt. [The map referred to was

one showing the comparative destiny of the slave population of the several Southern States.]

On his return home, after a visit to me in Washington, he wrote:

CONCORD, April 15th, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE: Yours inclosing two photographs of Professor Henry's received.

I reached home safe and sound on Thursday. It is a pity I did not wait one day longer, so as to have shared in the joyful excitement about the Pittsburg victory and the taking of Island Number Ten.

In a letter to me, dated April 19th, 1862, he wrote:

"I feel a tremendous anxiety about our affairs at Yorktown. It will not surprise me if we come to grief."

It may be pertinent to add that, just after the first battle of Bull Run, Hawthorne says, in his answer to a dinner invitation from James Russell Lowell, quoted by Lathrop in his "Study of Hawthorne":

"Speaking of dinner, last evening's news will dull the edge of many a Northern appetite; but if it puts all of us into the same grim and bloody humor that it does me, the South had better have suffered ten defeats than won this victory."

From an unbroken friendship beginning with our college days and ending only with his life, I believe that I enjoyed Hawthorne's confidence and understood his personal and political character as thoroughly as any one, and I should hold myself false to the memory of my friend if I did not give my testimony, and furnish the proofs in my possession, of his loyalty to the North, which has recently, and most unfairly, been called in question.

Horatio Bridge,

U. S. Navy.

"THE MOORINGS," ATHENS, PA.

Corrections.

ON page 77 of the November CENTURY, a picture of Gov. Israel Washburn of Maine appeared over the title of his brother E. B. Washburne. A portrait of the latter will appear in an early part of the Lincoln history.

ON page 134 of the same number, a picture of the Washington Monument in the Capitol Square, Richmond, was in a part of the edition incorrectly called the Jackson Monument.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Recollections of Grant.

"I KNEW him well," the old man said.
"We were together in fight:
I with the Left when the charge was led—
The General of course had the Right.

I stood by his side," the old man said,
"When a bullet whizzed down the line:
Scarce forty feet from the General's head—
And but little farther from mine.

"Nay, his friends were many," the old man said,
"A greater distinction I want—
Just say I'm the one who when all was done
Wrote no 'Recollections of Grant!'"

Did I blench at the storm?" the old man said,
"Ah, sir, the bravest may;
And from childhood up I've been always afraid
Of finding myself in the way."

"Shall I write thee down, O hero," I said,
"As a friend of the fallen chief,
And blazon thy name beside that of the dead
In a glorious alto-relief?"

Charles Henry Webb.



THE FOREIGNER TAKING AMERICAN NOTES.

WAITER: "Yaas, sir; dey is two branches of our soldiery. What you see now is got up jes' fo' times o' peace and is styled malicious — what we call de ragiers is only jes' fo' war."

Uncle Ezek's Wisdom.

A **BUSYBODY** is an individual who goes about stealing other people's time, and fooling away his own.

THERE is truth enough in existence for a dozen worlds like this, and there are lies enough for fifty.

PITY and water-gruel are much alike, and a man will thrive on one just about as fast as on the other.

THE man whose most ardent admirers are his own family, never amounts to anything in the world.

IF a man acts natural he is sure to act honest; his conscience never made him dishonest.

THE brain thinks, but the heart decides.

TO BE a successful prude, a woman must be at least two-thirds a coquette.

FORMS and ceremonies are just as necessary as law and gospel; without them mankind would be no better than an organized mob.

A **MULE** is the only creature among the domestic animals who does n't know the difference between praise and abuse.

HAPPINESS is an art, and we have to learn how to be happy, just as we have to learn how to be good.

IF we could see ahead as well as we can see behind, most of us would take the back track at once.

TO THE wicked all things are vile.

THERE are few animals that you can trust with absolute liberty, and fewer men.

UNIFORM politeness is a species of godliness; it may not make a saint of a man, but it makes a lovely sinner.

ADVERSITY links all things closer. Who ever heard of a beggar advertising for a lost dog?

Uncle Ezek.

To Wilding, my Polo-Pony.

My Wilding, I must leave thee!
Does word of parting grieve thee
As it grieves me, thy master, fond, indulgent,
Who see the softness in thine eye refulgent
And think a thousand thoughts are dreaming there
As like my thoughts as love is like love's prayer?

How passing true thou art to me
Thy whinnies apart to me
Make clear. Thy kissing breath upon my cheek
Is warm as June-time love, that needs not speak
To set the heart that beateth true a-bloom —
To stir the sense to quaff the day's perfume.

Thou art a pretty fellow:
Thy brilliant chestnut-yellow
Shines like a changing silk; the driven snows
Have stained thy foot and striped thy Roman nose;
A-top the neck thy bristling mane doth curve,
And every muscle shown doth seem a nerve.

And every step or motion
Gives those who see a notion
Of Pegasus. Thou needest not his wings:
Thy dainty limbs were made for flights and flings;
And if thy feet do touch the earth, 't is done
As one would quickly kiss, 'twixt fear and fun.

If some one now a stranger
Drop apples in thy manger,
And fetch thee sugar in his pocket too,
Thou 'lt eat — perhaps — and yet to me be true,
Nor let the stranger learn the secret sign
That makes thee lift thy foot and bow so fine.

But when I 'm gone, who 'll ride thee,
Caress, or even chide thee?
Will other understand thy playful tricks,
Thy curvetings and antics, bucks and kicks?
Will other let thee shy on loosened rein,
And let thee have thy head o'er every plain?

And who will drive thee, pony,
O'er roughish roads and stony?
Ah, Wilding, cunning rogue, I 'll not forget
The day I paid a friend a friendly debt
And loaned thee: how thou brokest trace and rein
And, leaving him, sped home to me again!

They say that I 'll forget thee
And nevermore will pet thee,
When I have learned to love some maiden fair.
I say that she with thee my love shall share!
If I must love thee less to love her more,
I 'll love thee as I love thee now thrice o'er!

I 'll see thee in the spring-time,
For birds and me the wing-time
To take the northward flight. Together then
We 'll seek the lanes, and run and race again.
But, Wilding-pony, I must leave thee now.
Farewell! Now whinny, lift thy foot, and bow!

John Eliot Bowen.

"The Lady; or, the Tiger?"

HAD I been the hero whose fate is unknown,
Do you think I 'd have wavered in doubt?
I 'd have opened the doors to both beauty and beast,
Saying, "Ladies, you 'll please fight it out!"

Belle A. Mundy.

With Pen and Ink.

WITH pen and ink one might indite
A sonnet, or indeed might write
A billet-doux, or, eke to raise
The wind, a note for thirty days.

Not mine the poem; they 'd send it back
Or shove it into BRIC-À-BRAC.
My flippant muse is never seen
Within the solid magazine.

And not for me the billet-doux;
Indeed, who should I write it to?
I would not thus employ my pen,
Unless to woo my wife again.

Ah me! the while I stop to think
What Shakspeare did with pen and ink,
I wonder how his ink was made, —
If blue or purple was the shade;

His pen, — broad-nibbed and rather stiff,
Like this, or fine? I wonder if
He tried a "Gillott," thirty-nine,
Or used a coarser pen, like mine?

Or was it brains? No ink I know
Will really make ideas flow,
Nor can the most ingenious pen
Make wits and poets of dull men.

So this the miracle explains,
He used his pen and ink with brains.
Mine is the harder task, I think,
To write with only pen and ink.

Walter Learned.

Pepita.

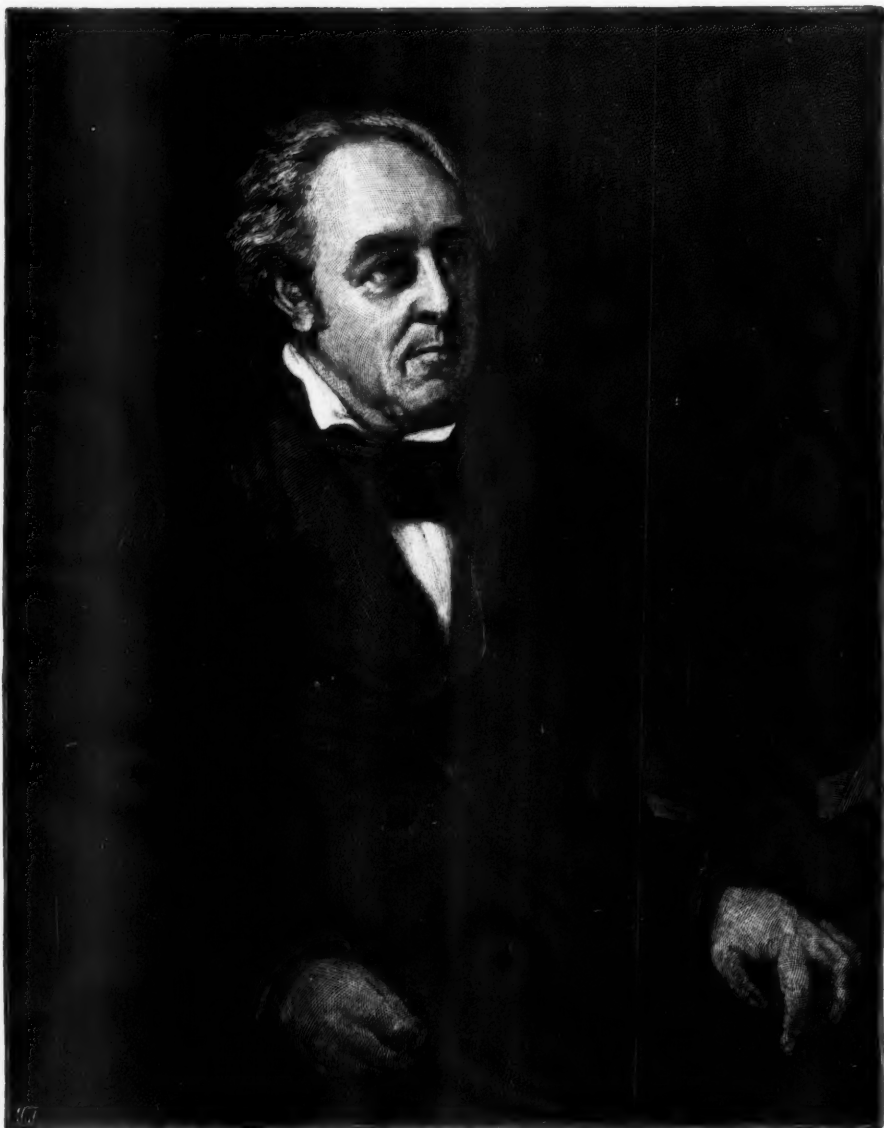
UP in her balcony where
Vines through the lattices run
Spilling a scent on the air,
Setting a screen to the sun,
Fair as the morning is fair,
Sweet as a blossom is sweet,
Dwells in her rosy retreat
Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face
When the wind rustles the vine
Parting the leaves for a space
Gladdens this window of mine, —
Pink in its leafy embrace,
Pink as the morning is pink,
Sweet as a blossom I think
Pepita.

I who dwell over the way
Watch where Pepita is hid —
Safe from the glare of the day
Like an eye under its lid:
Over and over I say, —
Name like the song of a bird,
Melody shut in a word, —
"Pepita."

Look where the little leaves stir!
Look, the green curtains are drawn!
There in a blossomy blur
Breaks a diminutive dawn; —
Dawn and the pink face of her, —
Name like a lisp of the south,
Fit for a rose's small mouth, —
Pepita!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM FISHER, IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.